

# PARADISE LOST.

A

P O E M

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T W E L V E B O O K S.

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The A U T H O R

J O H N M I L T O N.

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L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXX.





T H E  
L I F E of M I L T O N.

By Dr. N E W T O N.

**I**T is agreed among all writers, that the family of Milton came originally from Milton in Oxfordshire; but from which of the Miltons is not altogether so certain. Some say, and particularly Mr. Philips, that the family was of Milton near Abington in Oxfordshire, where it had been a long time seated, as appears by the monuments still to be seen in Milton-church. But that Milton is not in Oxfordshire, but in Barkshire; and upon inquiry I find, that there are no such monuments in that church, nor any remains of them. It is more probable therefore that the family came, as Mr. Wood says, from Milton near Halton and Thame in Oxfordshire: where it flourished several years, till at last the estate was sequester'd, one of the family having taken the unfortunate side in the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. John Milton the poet's grand-father, was, according to Mr. Wood, an under-ranger or keeper of the forest of Shotover, near Halton in Oxfordshire; he was of the religion of Rome, and such a bigot that he disinherited his son only for being a protestant. Upon this the son, the poet's father, named likewise John Milton, settled in London, and became a scrivener by the advice of a friend eminent in that profession: but he was not so devoted to gain and to business, as to lose all taste of the politer arts, and was particularly skilled in music, in which he

was not only a fine performer, but is also celebrated for several pieces of his composition: and yet on the other hand he was not so fond of his music and amusements, as in the least to neglect his business, but by his diligence and œconomy acquired a competent estate, which enabled him afterwards to retire, and live in the country. He was by all accounts a very worthy man; and married an excellent woman, Sarah of the ancient family of the Bradshaws, says Mr. Wood; but Mr. Philips, our author's nephew, who was more likely to know, says, of the family of the Castons derived originally from Wales. Whoever she was, she is said to have been a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness; and by her husband had two sons and a daughter.

The elder of the sons was our famous poet, who was born in the year of our Lord 1608, on the 9th of December in the morning between 6 and 7 o'clock, in Bread Street London, where his father lived at the sign of the spread eagle, which was also the coat of arms of the family. He was named John, as his father and grand-father had been before him; and from the beginning discovering the marks of an uncommon genius, he was designed for a scholar, and had his education partly under private tutors, and partly at a public school. It has been often controverted whether a public or private education is best, but young Milton was so happy as to share the advantages of both. It appears from the fourth of his Latin elegies, and from the first and fourth of his familiar epistles, that Mr. Thomas Young, who was afterwards pastor of the company of English merchants residing at Hamburgh, was one of his private preceptors: and when he had made good progress in his studies at home, he was sent to St. Paul's school to be fitted for the university under the care of Mr. Gill, who was the master at that time, and to whose son are addressed some of his familiar epistles. In this early time of his life such was his love of learning, and so great was his ambition to surpass his equals, that from his twelfth year he commonly continued his studies till midnight, which (as he says himself in his second *Defense*) was the first ruin of his

## The LIFE of *MILTON*. ▼

eyes, to whose natural debility too were added frequent head-akes : but all could not extinguish or abate his laudable passion for letters. It is very seldom seen, that such application and such a genius meet in the same person. The force of either is great, but both together must perform wonders.

He was now in the 17th year of his age, and was a very good classical scholar and master of several languages, when he was sent to the university of Cambridge, and admitted at Christ's College (as appears from the register) on the 12th of February 1624-5, under the tuition of Mr. William Chappel, afterwards Bishop of Cork and Ross in Ireland. He continued above seven years at the university, and took two degrees, that of Bachelor of Arts in 1628-9, and that of Master in 1632. It is somewhat remarkable, that tho' the merits of both our universities are perhaps equally great, and tho' poetical exercises are rather more encouraged at Oxford, yet most of our greatest poets have been bred at Cambridge, as Spenser, Cowley, Waller, Dryden, Prior, not to mention any of the lesser ones, when there is a greater than all, Milton. He had given early proofs of his poetic genius before he went to the university, and there he excelled more and more, and distinguished himself by several copies of verses upon occasional subjects, as well as by all his academical exercises, many of which are printed among his other works, and show him to have had a capacity above his years : and by his obliging behaviour added to his great learning and ingenuity he deservedly gained the affection of many, and admiration of all. We do not find however that he obtained any preferment in the university, or a fellowship in his own college ; which seemeth the more extraordinary, as that society has always encouraged learning and learned men, had the most excellent Mr. Mede at that time a fellow, and afterwards boasteth the great names of Cudworth, and Burnet author of the Theory of the Earth, and several others. And this together with some Latin verses of his to a friend, reflecting upon the university seemingly on this account, might probably have given occasion to the reproach



which was afterwards cast upon him by his adversaries, that he was expelled from the university for irregularities committed there, and forced to fly to Italy: but he sufficiently refutes this calumny in more places than one of his works; and indeed it is no wonder, that a person so engaged in religious and political controversies as he was, should be calumniated and abused by the contrary party.

He was designed by his parents for holy orders; and among the manuscripts of Trinity College in Cambridge there are two draughts in Milton's own hand of a letter to a friend, who had importuned him to take orders, when he had attained the age of twenty-three: but the truth is, he had conceived early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the Church, and subscribing to the articles was in his opinion subscribing slave. This no doubt was a disappointment to his friends, who though in comfortable were yet by no means in great circumstances: and neither doth he seem to have had any inclination to any other profession; he had too free a spirit to be limited and confined; and was for comprehending all sciences, but professing none. And therefore after he had left the university in 1632, he retired to his father's house in the country; for his father had by this time quitted business, and lived at an estate which he had purchased at Horton near Colebrooke in Buckinghamshire. Here he resided with his parents for the space of five years, and, as he himself has informed us, (in his second Defense, and the 7th of his familiar Epistles) read over all the Greek and Latin authors, particularly the historians; but now and then made an excursion to London, sometimes to buy books or to meet his friends from Cambridge, and at other times to learn something new in the mathematics or music, with which he was extremely delighted.

His retirement therefore was a learned retirement, and it was not long before the world reaped the fruits of it. It was in the year 1634 that his mask was presented at Ludlow-Castle. There was formerly a president of Wales, and a sort of a court kept at Ludlow, which has since been abolished; and the president at that

that time was the Earl of Bridgwater, before whom Milton's Mask was presented on Michaelmas night, and the principal parts, those of the two brothers were performed by his Lordship's sons the Lord Brackly and Mr. Thomas Egerton, and that of the lady by his Lordship's daughter the Lady Alice Egerton. The occasion of this poem seemeth to have been merely an accident of the two brothers and the lady having lost one another in their way to the castle: and it is written very much in imitation of Shakespear's *Tempest*, and the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Beaumont and Fletcher; and though one of the first, is yet one of the most beautiful of Milton's Compositions. It was for some time handed about only in manuscript; but afterwards to satisfy the importunity of friends and to save the trouble of transcribing, it was printed at London, though without the author's name, in 1637, with a dedication to the Lord Brackly by Mr. H. Lawes, who compos'd the music, and played the part of the attendant Spirit. It was printed likewise at Oxford at the end of Mr. R's poems, as we learn from a Letter of Sir Henry Wotton to our author; but who that Mr. R. was, whether Randolph the poet or who else, is uncertain. It has lately, tho' with additions and alterations, been exhibited on the stage several times; and we hope the fine poetry and morality have recommended it to the audience, and not barely the authority of Milton's name; and we wish for the honour of the nation, that the like good taste prevailed in every thing.

In 1637 he wrote another excellent piece, his *Lycidas*, wherein he laments the untimely fate of a friend, who was unfortunately drown'd that same year in the month of August, on the Irish seas, in his passage from Chester. This friend was Mr. Edward King, son of Sir John King, Secretary of Ireland under Queen Elizabeth, King James I. and King Charles I; and was a fellow of Christ's College, and was so well beloved and esteemed at Cambridge, that some of the greatest names in the university have united in celebrating his obsequies, and publish'd a collection of poems, Greek and Latin and English, sacred to his memory. The Greek by H. More

&c; the Latin by T. Farnaby, J. Pearson &c; the English by H. King, J. Beaumont, J. Cleaveland with several others; and judiciously the last of all as the best of all, is Milton's *Lycidas*. "On such sacrifices the Gods themselves strow incense;" and one would almost wish so to have died, for the sake of having been so lamented. But this poem is not all made up of sorrow and tenderness; there is a mixture of satire and indignation; for in part of it the poet taketh occasion to inveigh against the corruptions of the clergy, and seemeth to have first discovered his acrimony against Archbishop Laud, and to have threaten'd him with the loss of his head, which afterwards happen'd to him thro' the fury of his enemies. At least I can think of no sense so proper to be given to the following verses in *Lycidas*.

Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;  
But that two-handed engin at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

About this time, as we learn from one of his familiar epistles, he had some thoughts of taking chambers at one of the Inns of Court, for he was not very well pleased with living so obscurely in the country: but his mother dying, he prevailed with his father to let him indulge a desire, which he had long entertained, of seeing foreign countries, and particularly Italy: and having communicated his design to Sir Henry Wotton, who had formerly been ambassador at Venice, and was then Provost of Eton College, and having also sent him his *Mask* of which he had not yet publicly acknowledged himself the author, he received from him the following friendly letter dated from the College the 10th of April 1638.

S I R,

"It was a special favor, when You lately bestowed  
"upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, tho'  
"no longer than to make me know, that I wanted more  
"time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly. And in  
"truth,

“ truth, if I could then have imagin’d Your farther stay  
“ in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H.  
“ I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to  
“ mend my draught, for You left me with an extreme  
“ thirst, and to have begged Your conversation again  
“ jointly with Your said learned friend, at a poor meal  
“ or two, that we might have banded together some  
“ good authors of the ancient time, among which I  
“ observed You to have been familiar.

“ Since Your going, You have charged me with new  
“ obligations, both for a very kind letter from You,  
“ dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece  
“ of entertainment, that came therewith; wherein I  
“ should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical  
“ did not ravish with a certain Doric delicacy in your  
“ songs and odes, wherein I must plainly confess to  
“ have seen yet nothing parallel in our language, Ipsa  
“ mollities. But I must not omit to tell You, that I  
“ now only owe You thanks for intimating unto me,  
“ how modestly soever, the true artificer. For the work  
“ itself I had view’d some good while before with singular  
“ delight, having received it from our common  
“ friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R’s poems  
“ printed at Oxford; whereunto it is added, as I now  
“ suppose, that the accessory might help out the principal,  
“ according to the art of stationers, and leave  
“ the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

“ Now, Sir, concerning Your travels, wherein I may  
“ challenge a little more privilege of discourse with You;  
“ I suppose, You will not blanch Paris in Your way.  
“ Therefore I have been bold to trouble You with a  
“ few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending  
“ the young Lord S. as his governor; and you  
“ may surely receive from him good directions, for  
“ shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he  
“ did reside by my choice some time for the king, after  
“ mine own recess from Venice.

“ I should think, that Your best line will be thro’  
“ the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence  
“ by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany  
“ is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you



“ do, to Florence or Sienna, the rather to tell You a  
 “ short story, from the interest You have given me in  
 “ Your safety.

“ At Sienna I was tabled in the house of one Alberto  
 “ Scipione, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times,  
 “ having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who  
 “ with all his family were strangled, save this only man,  
 “ that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him  
 “ I had often much chat of those affairs; into which  
 “ he took pleasure to look back from his native har-  
 “ bour; and at my departure toward Rome, which had  
 “ been the center of his experience, I had won confi-  
 “ dence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry  
 “ myself securely there, without offense of others, or of  
 “ my own conscience: Signor Arrigo meo, says he, i  
 “ pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto, that is, Your thoughts  
 “ close, and Your countenance loose, will go safely over  
 “ the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for so  
 “ I have found it) Your judgment doth need no com-  
 “ mentary; and therefore, Sir, I will commit You with  
 “ it to the best of all securities, God’s dear love, re-  
 “ maining Your friend, as much at command as any of  
 “ longer date.

H. Wotton.

P. S. “ Sir, I have expressly sent this by my foot-  
 “ boy to prevent Your departure, without some ac-  
 “ knowledgment from me of the receipt of Your obliging  
 “ letter, having myself thro’ some business, I know not  
 “ how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part  
 “ where I shall understand You fixed, I shall be glad  
 “ and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties,  
 “ even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon  
 “ interrupted in the cradle.”

Soon after this he set out upon his travels, being of  
 an age to make the proper improvements, and not  
 barely to see sights and to learn the languages, like  
 most of our modern travelers, who go out boys, and  
 return such as we see, but such as I do not choose to  
 name. He was attended by only one servant, who  
 accompanied him through all his travels; and he went  
 first

first to France, where he had recommendations to the Lord Scudamore, the English ambassador there at that time; and as soon as he came to Paris, he waited upon his Lordship, and was received with wonderful civility; and having an earnest desire to visit the learned Hugo Grotius, he was by his Lordship's means introduc'd to that great man, who was then ambassador at the French court from the famous Christina Queen of Sweden; and the visit was to their mutual satisfaction; they were each of them pleased to see a person, of whom they had heard such commendations. But at Paris he stayed not long; his thoughts and his wishes hastened into Italy; and so after a few days he took leave of the Lord Scudamore, who very kindly gave him letters to the English merchants in the several places thro' which he was to travel, requesting them to do him all the good offices which lay in their power.

From Paris he went directly to Nice, where he took shipping for Genoa, from whence he went to Leghorn, and thence to Pisa, and so to Florence, in which city he found sufficient inducements to make a stay of two months. For besides the curiosities and other beauties of the place, he took great delight in the company and conversation there, and frequented their academies as they are called, the meetings of the most polite and ingenious persons, which they have in this, as well as in the other principal cities of Italy, for the exercise and improvement of wit and learning among them. And in these conversations he bore so good a part, and produced so many excellent compositions, that he was soon taken notice of, and was very much courted and caressed by several of the nobility and prime wits of Florence. For the manner is, as he says himself in the preface to his second book of the Reason of Church-government, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there, and his productions were received with written encomiums which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps. Giacomo Gaddi, Antonio Francini, Carlo Dati, Benedetto Bonmattei, Cultellino, Frescobaldi, Clementilli are reckon'd among his particular friends. At Gaddi's

nouse the academies were held, which he constantly frequented. Antonio Francini composed an Italian ode in his commendation. Carlo Dati wrote a Latin eulogium of him, and corresponded with him after his return to England. Bonmatthei was at that time about publishing an Italian grammar; and the eighth of our author's familiar epistles, dated at Florence Sept. 10. 1638, is addressed to him upon that occasion, commending his design, and advising him to add some observations concerning the true pronounciation of that language for the use of foreigners.

So much good acquaintance would probably have detained him longer at Florence, if he had not been going to Rome, which to a curious traveler is certainly the place the most worth seeing of any in the world. And so he took leave of his friends at Florence, and went from thence to Sienna, and from Sienna to Rome, where he stayed much about the same time that he had continued at Florence, feasting both his eyes and his mind, and delighted with the fine paintings, and sculptures, and other rarities and antiquities of the city, as well as with the conversation of several learned and ingenious men, and particularly of Lucas Holstenius, keeper of the Vatican library, who received him with the greatest humanity, and showed him all the Greek authors, whether in print or in manuscript, which had passed thro' his correction; and also presented him to Cardinal Barberini, who at an entertainment of music, performed at his own expence, waited for him at the door, and taking him by the hand brought him into the assembly. The next morning he waited upon the Cardinal to return him thanks for his civilities, and by the means of Holstenius was again introduced to his Eminence, and spent some time in conversation with him. It seems that Holstenius had studied three years at Oxford, and this might dispose him to be more friendly to the English, but he took a particular liking and affection to Milton; and Milton, to thank him for all his favors, wrote to him afterwards from Florence the ninth of his familiar epistles. At Rome too Selvaggi made a Latin distich in honor of Milton, and Salsilli a Latin

Latin tetraſtich, celebrating him for his Greek and Latin and Italian poetry; and he in return preſented to Salfilli in his ſickneſs thoſe fine Scazons, or Iambic verſes having a ſpondee in the laſt foot, which are inſerted among his juvenile poems.

From Rome he went to Naples, in company with a certain hermit; and by his means was introduced to the acquaintance of Giovanni Baptiſta Manſo, Marquis of Villa, a Neapolitan nobleman, of ſingular merit and virtue, to whom Taſſo addreſſes his dialogue of friendſhip, and whom he mentions likewise in his *Gieruſalemme Liberata* with great honor. This nobleman was particularly civil to Milton, frequently viſited him at his lodgings, and went with him to ſhow him the Vice-roy's palace, and whatever was curious or worth notice in the city: and moreover he honored him ſo far as to make a Latin diſtich in his praiſe, which is printed before our author's Latin poems, as is likewise the other of Selvaggi, and the Latin tetraſtich of Salfilli, together with the Italian ode and the Latin eulogium before mentioned. We may ſuppoſe that Milton was not a little pleaſed with the honors conferred upon him by ſo many perſons of diſtinction, and eſpecially by one of ſuch quality and eminence as the Marquis of Villa; and as a teſtimony of his gratitude he preſented to the Marquis at his departure from Naples his eclogue intitled *Manſus*, which is well worth reading among his Latin poems. So that it may be reckoned a peculiar felicity of the Marquis of Villa's life, to have been celebrated both by Taſſo and Milton, the one the greateſt modern poet of his own, and the other the greateſt of foreign nations.

Having ſeen the fineſt parts of Italy, Milton was now thinking of paſſing over into Sicily and Greece, when he was diverted from his purpoſe by the news from England, that things were tending to a civil war between the King and Parliament: for he thought it unworthy of himſelf to be taking his pleaſure abroad, while his countrymen were contending for liberty at home. He reſolved therefore to return by the way of Rome, tho' he was adviſed to the contrary by the merchants,



chants, who had received intelligence from their correspondents, that the English Jesuits there were forming plots against him, in case he should return thither, by reason of the great freedom which he had used in all his discourses of Religion. For he had by no means observed the rule, recommended to him by Sir Henry Wotton, of keeping his thoughts close and his countenance open: He had visited Galileo, a prisoner to the inquisition, for asserting the motion of the earth, and thinking otherwise in astronomy than the Dominicans and Franciscans thought: And tho' the Marquis of Villa had shown him such distinguishing marks of favor at Naples, yet he told him at his departure that he would have shown him much greater, if he had been more reserved in matters of religion. But he had a soul above dissimulation and disguise; he was neither afraid, nor ashamed to vindicate the truth; and if any man had, he had in him the spirit of an old martyr. He was so prudent indeed, that he would not of his own accord begin any discourse of religion; but at the same time he was so honest, that if he was questioned at all about his faith, he would not dissemble his sentiments, whatever was the consequence. And with this resolution he went to Rome the second time, and stayed there two months more, neither concealing his name, nor declining openly to defend the truth, if any thought proper to attack him: and yet, God's good providence protecting him, he came safe to his kind friends at Florence, where he was received with as much joy and affection, as if he had returned into his own country.

Here likewise he stayed two months, as he had done before, excepting only an excursion of a few days to Lucca: and then crossing the Apennine, and passing thro' Bologna and Ferrara, he came to Venice, in which city he spent a month; and having shipped off the books which he had collected in his travels, and particularly a chest or two of choice music books of the best masters flourishing about that time in Italy, he took his course thro' Verona, Milan, and along the lake Lemán to Geneva. In this city he tarried some time,

meeting

meeting here with people of his own principles, and contracted an intimate friendship with Giovanni Deodati, the most learned professor of divinity, whose annotations upon the Bible are published in English. And from thence returning thro' France, the same way that he had gone before, he arrived safe in England, after a peregrination of one year and about three months, having seen more, and learned more, and conversed with more famous men, and made more real improvements, than most others in double the time.

His first business after his return was to pay his duty to his father, and to visit his other friends; but this pleasure was much diminished by the loss of his dear friend and schoolfellow Charles Deodati in his absence. While he was abroad, he heard it reported that he was dead; and upon his coming home he found it but too true, and lamented his death in an excellent Latin eclogue intitled *Epitaphium Damonis*. This Deodati had a father originally of Lucca, but his mother was English, but he was born and bred in England, and studied physic, and was an admirable scholar, and no less remarkable for his sobriety and other virtues than for his great learning and ingenuity. One or two of Milton's familiar epistles are addressed to him; and Mr. Toland says that he had in his hands two Greek letters of Deodati to Milton, very handsomely written. It may be right for scholars now and then to exercise themselves in Greek and Latin; but we have much more frequent occasion to write letters in our own native language, and in that therefore we should principally endeavor to excel.

Milton, soon after his return, had taken a lodging at one Russel's, a taylor, in St. Bride's Churchyard; but he continued not long there, having not sufficient room for his library and furniture; and therefore determined to take a house, and accordingly took a handsome garden-house in Aldersgate Street, situated at the end of an entry, which was the more agreeable to a studious man for its privacy and freedom from noise and disturbance. And in this house he continued several years, and his sister's two sons were put to board with

with him, first the younger and afterwards the elder : and some other of his intimate friends requested of him the same favor for their sons, especially since there was little more trouble in instructing half a dozen than two or three : and he, who could not easily deny any thing to his friends, and who knew that the greatest men in all ages had delighted in teaching others the principles of knowledge and virtue, undertook the office, not out of any sordid and mercenary views, but merely from a benevolent disposition, and a desire to do good. And his method of education was as much above the pedantry and jargon of the common schools, as his genius was superior to that of a common school-master. One of his nephews has given us an account of the many authors both Latin and Greek, which (besides those usually read in the schools) thro' his excellent judgment and way of teaching were run over within no greater compass of time, than from ten to fifteen or sixteen years of age. Of the Latin the four authors concerning husbandry, Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius, Cornelius Celsus the physician, a great part of Pliny's Natural History, the Architecture of Vitruvius, the Stratagems of Frontinus, and the philosophical poets Lucretius and Manilius. Of the Greek Hesiod, Aratus's *Phænomena* and *Diosemeia*, Dionysius Afer de situ orbis, Oppian's *Cynegetics* and *Halieutics*, Quintus Calaber's poem of the Trojan war continued from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius's *Argonautics*, and in prose Plutarch's *Placita philosophorum*, and of the education of children, Xenophon's *Cyropædia* and *Anabasis*, Ælian's *Tactics*, and the stratagems of Polyænus. Nor did this application to the Greek and Latin tongues hinder the attaining to the chief oriental languages, the Hebrew, Chaldee and Syriac, so far as to go thro' the Pentateuch or five books of Moses in Hebrew, to make a good entrance into the Targum or Chaldee paraphrase, and to understand several chapters of St. Matthew in the Syriac Testament ; besides the modern languages, Italian and French, and a competent knowledge of the mathematics and astronomy. The Sunday's exercise for his pupils was for the most part to read a chapter of the

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Greek Testament, and to hear his learned exposition of it. The next work after this was to write from his dictation some part of a system of divinity, which he had collected from the ablest divines, who had written upon that subject. Such were his academic institutions; and thus by teaching others he in some measure enlarged his own knowledge; and having the reading of so many authors as it were by proxy, he might possibly have preserved his sight, if he had not moreover been perpetually busied in reading or writing something himself. It was certainly a very recluse and studious life, that both he and his pupils led; but the young men of that age were of a different turn from those of the present; and he himself gave an example to those under him of hard study and spare diet; only now and then, once in three weeks or a month, he made a gaudy day with some young gentlemen of his acquaintance, the chief of whom, says Mr. Philips, were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, both of Gray's-Inn, and two of the greatest beaux of those times.

But he was not so fond of this academical life, as to be an indifferent spectator of what was acted upon the public stage of the world. The nation was now in a great ferment in 1641, and the clamor run high against the bishops, when he joined loudly in the cry, to help the puritan ministers, (as he says himself in his second Defense) they being inferior to the bishops in learning and eloquence; and published his two books, of Reformation in England, written to a friend. About the same time certain ministers having published a treatise against episcopacy, in answer to the Humble Remonstrance of Dr. Joseph Hall Bishop of Norwich, under the title of *Smectymnuus*, a word consisting of the initial letters of their names, Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow; and Archbishop Usher having published at Oxford a refutation of *Smectymnuus*, in a tract concerning the Original of Bishops and Metropolitans; Milton wrote his little piece *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, in opposition chiefly to Usher, for he was for contending with the most powerful adversary; there would be  
either



either less disgrace in the defeat, or more glory in the victory. He handled the subject more at large in his next performance, which was the Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy, in two books. And Bishop Hall having published a defense of the Humble Remonstrance, he wrote Animadversions upon it. All these treatises he published within the course of one year, 1641, which show how very diligent he was in the cause that he had undertaken. And the next year he set forth his Apology for Smectymnus, in answer to the Confutation of his Animadversions, written as he thought himself by Bishop Hall or his son. And here very luckily ended a controversy, which detained him from greater and better writings which he was meditating, more useful to the public, as well as more suitable to his own genius and inclination: but he thought all this while that he was vindicating ecclesiastical liberty.

In the year 1643, and the 35th of his age, he married; and indeed his family was now growing so numerous, that it wanted a mistress at the Head of it. His father, who had lived with his younger son at Reading, was, upon the taking of that place by the forces under the Earl of Essex, necessitated to come and live in London with this his elder son, with whom he continued in tranquillity and devotion to his dying day. Some addition too was to be made to the number of his pupils. But before his father or his new pupils were come, he took a journey in the Whitsuntide vacation, and after a month's absence returned with a wife, Mary the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powel, of Foresthill near Shotover in Oxfordshire, a Justice of the Peace, and a gentleman of good repute and figure in that county. But she had not cohabited with her Husband above a month, before she was earnestly solicited by her relations to come and spend the remaining part of the summer with them in the country. If it was not at her instigation that her friends made this request, yet at least it was agreeable to her inclination; and she obtained her husband's consent upon a promise of returning at Michaelmas. And in the mean while his studies went on very vigorously; and his chief diversion, after the business of the day, was

now

now and then in an evening to visit the Lady Margaret Lee, daughter of the Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer of England, and President of the Privy Council to King James I. This Lady, being a woman of excellent wit and understanding, had a particular honour for our author, and took great delight in his conversation; as likewise did her husband Captain Hobson, a very accomplished gentleman. And what a regard Milton again had for her, he has left upon record in a sonnet to her praise, extant among his other poems.

Michaelmas was now come, but he heard nothing of his wife's return. He wrote to her, but received no answer. He wrote again letter after letter, but received no answer to any of them. He then dispatched a messenger with a letter, desiring her return; but she positively refused, and dismissed the messenger with contempt. Whether it was, that she had conceived any dislike to her husband's person or humor; or whether she could not conform to his retired and philosophical manner of life, having been accustomed to a house of much gaiety and company; or whether being of a Family strongly attached to the royal cause, she could not bear her husband's republican principles; or whether she was overpersuaded by her relations, who possibly might repent of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a Man so distinguished for taking the contrary party, the King's head-quarters being in their neighbourhood at Oxford, and his Majesty having now some fairer prospect of success; whether any or all of these were the reasons of this extraordinary behaviour; however it was, it so highly incensed her husband, that he thought it would be dishonourable ever to receive her again after such a repulse, and he determined to repudiate her as she had in effect repudiated him, and to consider her no longer as his wife. And to fortify this his resolution, and at the same time to justify it to the world, he wrote the *Doctrin and Disciplin of Divorce*, wherein he endeavors to prove, that indisposition, unfitness, or contrariety of mind,

mind, proceeding from any unchangeable cause in nature, hindering and ever likely to hinder the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, are greater reasons of divorce than adultery or natural frigidity, especially if there be no children, and there be mutual consent for separation. He published it at first without his name, but the style easily betrayed the author; and afterwards a second edition, much augmented, with his name; and he dedicated it to the Parliament of England with the Assembly of Divines, that as they were then consulting about the general reformation of the kingdom, they might also take this particular case of domestic liberty into their consideration. And then, as it was objected, that his doctrine was a novel notion, and a paradox that no body had ever asserted before, he endeavored to confirm his own opinion by the authority of others, and published in 1644 the Judgment of Martin Bucer &c. And as it was still objected, that his doctrine could not be reconciled to Scripture, he published in 1645 his Tetrachordon or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture, which treat of marriage, or nullities in marriage. At the first appearing of the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce the clergy raised a heavy outcry against it, and daily solicited the Parliament to pass some censure upon it; and at last one of them, in a sermon preached before the Lords and Commons on a day of humiliation in August 1644, roundly told them, that there was a Book abroad, which deserved to be burnt, and that among their other sins they ought to repent, that they had not yet branded it with some mark of their displeasure. And Mr. Wood informs us, that upon Milton's publishing his three books of Divorce, the Assembly of Divines, that was then sitting at Westminster, took special notice of them; and notwithstanding his former services in writing against the Bishops, caused him to be summoned before the House of Lords: but that House whether approving his doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, soon dismissed him. He was attacked too from the press as well as from the pulpit, in a pamphlet intitled

Divorce

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Divorce at pleasure, and in another intitled an Answer to the Doctrin and Disciplin of Divorce, which was licenced and recommended by Mr. Joseph Caryl, a famous Presbyterian Divine, and author of a voluminous commentary on the book of Job : and Milton in his Colasterion or Reply published in 1645 expostulates smartly with the licencer, as well as handles very roughly the nameless author. And these provocations, I suppose, contributed not a little to make him such an enemy to the Presbyterians, to whom he had before distinguished himself a friend. He composed likewise two of his sonnets on the reception his book of Divorce met with, but the latter is much the better of the two. To this account it may be added from Anthony Wood, that after the King's restoration, when the subject of divorce was under consideration with the Lords upon the account of John Lord Ross or Roos his separation from his wife Anne Pierpoint eldest daughter to Henry Marquis of Dorchester, he was consulted by an eminent member of that House, and about the same time by a chief officer of state, as being the prime person who was knowing in that affair.

But while he was engaged in this controversy of divorce, he was not so totally engaged in it, but he attended to other things ; and about this time published his Letter of Education to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, who wrote some things about husbandry, and was a Man of considerable learning, as appears from the letters which passed between him and the famous Mr. Mede, and from Sir William Petty's and Pell the mathematician's writing to him, the former his treatise for the Advancement of some particular parts of learning, and the latter his Idea of the Mathematics, as well as from this letter of our author. The letter of our author has usually been printed at the end of his poems, and is as I may say the theory of his own practice ; and by the rules which he has laid down for education we see in some measure the method that he pursued in educating his own pupils. And in 1644 he published his Areopagitica or speech for the liberty of unlicenced printing to the Parliament of England.



England. It was written at the desire of several learned men, and is perhaps the best vindication, that has been published at any time or in any language, of that liberty which is the basis and support of all other liberties, the liberty of the press: but alas it had not the desired effect; for the Presbyterians were as fond of exercising the licencing power, when they got it into their own hands, as they had been clamorous before in inveighing against it, while it was in the hands of the Prelates. And Mr. Toland is mistaken in saying, "that such" "was the effect of this piece, that the following year" "Mabol a licencer offered reasons against licencing;" "and at his own request was discharged that office." For neither was the licencer's name Mabol, but Gilbert Mabbot; neither was he discharged from his office till May 1649, about five Years afterwards, though probably he might be swayed by Milton's arguments, as every ingenious person must, who peruses and considers them. And in 1645 was published a collection of his poems, Latin and English, the principal of which are On the morning of Christ's nativity, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Lycidas, the Mask &c &c. and if he had left no other monuments of his poetical genius behind him, these would have been sufficient to have rendered his name immortal.

But without doubt his Doctrin of Divorce, and the maintenance of it principally engaged his thoughts at this period; and whether others were convinced or not by his arguments, he was certainly convinced himself that he was in the right; and as a proof of it he determined to marry again, and made his addresses to a young lady of great wit and beauty, one of the daughters of Dr. Davis. But intelligence of this coming to his wife, and the then declining state of the King's cause, and consequently of the circumstances of Justice Powell's family, caused them to set all engins on work to restore the wife again to her husband. And his friends too for different reasons seem to have been as desirous of bringing about a reconciliation as her's, and this method of effecting it was concerted between them. He had a relation, one Blackborough, living in the lane of St.

Martin's

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Martin's Le Grand, whom he often visited; and one day when he was visiting there, it was contrived that the wife should be ready in another room; and as he was thinking of nothing less, he was surprised to see her, whom he had expected never to have seen any more, falling down upon her knees at his feet, and imploring his forgiveness with tears. At first he showed some signs of aversion, but he continued not long inexorable; his wife's intreaties, and the intercession of friends on both sides soon wrought upon his generous nature, and procured a happy reconciliation with an act of oblivion of all that was past. But he did not take his wife home immediately; it was agreed that she should remain at a friend's, till the house, that he had newly taken, was fitted for their reception; for some other Gentlemen of his acquaintance, having observed the great success of his method of education, had recommended their sons to his care; and his house in Aldersgate Street not being large enough, he had taken a larger in Barbican: and till this could be got ready, the place pitched upon for his wife's abode was the widow Webber's house in St. Clement's Church-yard, whose second daughter had been married to the other brother many years before. The part that Milton acted in this whole affair, showed plainly that he had a spirit capable of the strongest resentment, but yet more inclinable to pity and forgiveness: and neither in this was any injury done to the other lady, whom he was courting, for she is said to have been always averse from the motion, not daring I suppose to venture in marriage with a man who was known to have a wife still living. He might not think himself too at liberty as before, while his wife continued obstinate; for his most plausible argument for divorce proceeds upon a supposition, that the thing be done with mutual consent.

After his wife's return his family was increased not only with children, but also with his wife's relations, her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, coming to live with him in the general distress and ruin of the royal party: and he was so far from resenting their

former ill treatment of him, that he generously protected them, and entertained them very hospitably, till their affairs were accommodated through his interest with the prevailing faction. And then upon their removal, and the death of his own father, his house looked again like the house of the Muses : but his studies had like to have been interrupted by a call to public business ; for about this time there was a design of constituting him Adjutant General in the army under Sir William Waller ; but the new modelling of the army soon following, that design was laid aside. And not long after, his great house in Barbican being now too large for his family, he quitted it for a smaller in High Holborn, which opened backward into Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he prosecuted his studies till the King's trial and death, when the Presbyterians declaiming tragically against the King's execution, and asserting that his person was sacred and inviolable, provoked him to write the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, proving that it is lawful to call a Tyrant to account, and to depose and put him to death, and that they who of late so much blame deposing are the men who did it themselves ; and he published it at the beginning of the year 1649, to satisfy and compose the minds of the people. Not long after this he wrote his *Observations on the articles of peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish rebels*. And in these and all his writings, whatever others of different parties may think, he thought himself an advocate for true liberty, for ecclesiastical liberty in his treatises against the bishops, for domestic liberty in his books of divorce, and for civil liberty in his writings against the king in defense of the parliament and people of England.

After this he retired again to his private studies ; and thinking that he had leisure enough for such a work, he applied himself to the writing of a history of England, which he intended to deduce from the earliest accounts down to his own times : and he had finished four books of it, when neither courting nor expecting any such preferment, he was invited by the Council of State to be their Latin Secretary for foreign affairs.

And



And he served in the same capacity under Oliver, and Richard, and the Rump, till the Restoration; and without doubt a better Latin pen could not have been found in the kingdom. For the Republic and Cromwell scorned to pay that tribute to any foreign Prince, which is usually paid to the French king, of managing their affairs in his language; they thought it an indignity and meanness to which this or any free nation ought not to submit; and took a noble resolution neither to write any letters to any foreign states nor to receive any answers from them, but in the Latin tongue, which was common to them all. And it would have been well, if succeeding princes had followed their example; for in the opinion of very wise men, the universality of the French language will make way for the universality of the French monarchy.

But it was not only in foreign dispatches that the government made use of his pen. He had discharged the business of his office a very little time, before he was called to a work of another kind. For soon after the King's death was published a book under his name intitled *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, or the royal image: and this book, like Cæsar's last will, making a deeper impresson, and exciting greater commiseration in the minds of the people, than the King himself did while alive, Milton was ordered to prepare an answer to it, which was published by authority, and intitled *Εἰκονοκλαστικὴ* or the image-breaker, the famous surname of many Greek emperors, who in their zeal against idolatry broke all superstitious images to pieces. This piece was translated into French; and two replies to it were published, one in 1651, and the other in 1692, upon the reprinting of Milton's book at Amsterdam. In this controversy a heavy charge hath been alleged against Milton. Some editions of the King's book have certain prayers added at the end, and among them a prayer in time of captivity, which is taken from that of Pamela in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*: and it is said, that this prayer was added by the contrivance and artifice of Milton, who together with Bradshaw prevailed upon the printer to insert it, that from thence he might take



occasion to bring a scandal upon the King, and to blast the reputation of his book, as he hath attempted to do in the first section of his answer. This fact is related chiefly upon the authority of Henry Hills the printer, who had frequently affirmed it to Dr. Gill and Dr. Bernard his physicians, as they themselves have testified. But Hills was not himself the printer, who was dealt with in this manner, and consequently he could have the story only from hearsay: and tho' he was Cromwell's printer, yet afterwards he turned papist in the reign of James II, in order to be that King's printer, and it was at that time that he used to relate this story; so that I think, little credit is due to his testimony. And indeed I cannot but hope and believe, that Milton had a soul above being guilty of so mean an action to serve so mean a purpose; and there is as little reason for fixing it upon him, as he had to traduce the King for profaning the duty of prayer "with  
"the polluted trash of Romances." For there are not many finer prayers in the best books of devotion; and the King might as lawfully borrow and apply it to his own occasions as the Apostle might make quotations from Heathen poems and plays: and it became Milton the least of all men to bring such an accusation against the King, as he was himself particularly fond of reading romances, and has made use of them in some of the best and latest of his writings.

But his most celebrated work in prose is his *Defense of the people of England against Salmasius*, *Defensio pro populo Anglicano contra Claudii Anonymi, alias Salmasii, Defensionem Regiam*. Salmasius, by birth a Frenchman, succeeded the famous Scaliger as honorary Professor of the university of Leyden, and had gained great reputation by his *Plinian Exercitations* on Solinus, and by his critical remarks on several Latin and Greek authors, and was generally esteemed one of the greatest and most consummate scholars of that age: and is commended by Milton himself in his *Reason of Church Government*, and called the learned Salmasius. And besides his great learning he had extraordinary talents in railing. "This prince of scholars,

"as

“ as some body said of him, seemed to have erected  
 “ his throne upon a heap of stones, that he might have  
 “ them at hand to throw at every one’s head who  
 “ passed by.” He was therefore courted by Charles II,  
 as the most able man to write a defense of the late King  
 his father and to traduce his adversaries, and a hundred  
 Jacobuses were given him for that purpose, and the book  
 was published in 1649 with this title *Defensio Regia pro*  
*Carolo I. ad Carolum II.* No sooner did this book ap-  
 pear in England, but the Council of State unanimously  
 appointed Milton, who was then present, to answer it;  
 and he performed the task with amazing spirit and vi-  
 gor, tho’ his health at that time was such, that he  
 could hardly endure the fatigue of writing, and being  
 weak in body he was forced to write by piece-meal,  
 and to break off almost every hour, as he says himself  
 in the introduction. This necessarily occasioned some  
 delay, so that his Defense of the people of England  
 was not made public till the beginning of the Year  
 1651: and they who cannot read the original, may yet  
 have the pleasure of reading the English translation by  
 Mr. Washington of the Temple, which was printed in  
 1692, and is inserted among Milton’s works in the  
 two last editions. It was somewhat extraordinary, that  
 Salmasius, a pensioner to a republic, should pretend to  
 write a defense of monarchy, but the States showed  
 their disapprobation by publicly condemning his book,  
 and ordering it to be suppressed. And on the other  
 hand Milton’s book was burnt at Paris, and at Tolouse  
 by the hands of the common hangman; but this served  
 only to procure it the more readers: it was read and  
 talked of every where, and even they who were of dif-  
 ferent principles, yet could not but acknowledge that  
 he was a good defender of a bad cause; and Salmasius’s  
 book underwent only one impression, while this of Mil-  
 ton passed thro’ several editions. On the first appearance  
 of it, he was visited or invited by all the foreign mi-  
 nisters at London, not excepting even those of crowned  
 heads; and was particularly honored and esteemed by  
 Adrian Paaw, embassador from the States of Holland.  
 He was likewise highly complimented by letters from

the most learned and ingenious persons in France and Germany; and Leonard Philaras, an Athenian born, and embassador from the Duke of Parma to the French king, wrote a fine encomium of his Defense, and sent him his picture, as appears from Milton's Letter to Philaras, dated at London in June 1652. And what gave him the greatest satisfaction, the work was highly applauded by those, who had desired him to undertake it; and they made him a present of a thousand pounds, which in those days of frugality was reckoned no inconsiderable reward for his performance. But the case was far otherwise with Salmasius. He was then in high favor at the court of Christina Queen of Sweden, who had invited thither several of the most learned men of all countries: but when Milton's defense of the people of England was brought to Sweden, and was read to the Queen at her own desire, he sunk immediately in her esteem and the opinion of every body; and tho' he talked big at first, and vowed the destruction of Milton and the Parliament, yet finding that he was looked upon with coldness, he thought proper to take leave of the court; and he who came in honor, was dismissed with contempt. He died some time afterwards at Spa in Germany, and it is said more of a broken heart than of any distemper, leaving a posthumous reply to Milton, which was not published till after the Restoration, and was dedicated to Charles II. by his son Claudius; but it has done no great honor to his memory, abounding with abuse much more than argument.

Isaac Vossius was at Stockholm, when Milton's book was brought thither, and in some of his letters to Nicholas Heinsius, published by Professor Burman in the third tome of his *Sylloge Epistolarum*, he says, that he had the only copy of Milton's book, that the Queen borrowed it of him, and was very much pleased with it, and commended Milton's wit and manner of writing in the presence of several persons, and that Salmasius was very angry, and very busy in preparing his answer, wherein he abused Milton as if he had been one of the vilest catamites in Italy, and also criticized his Latin poems. Heinsius writes again to Vossius from Holland, that

that he wondered that only one copy of Milton's book was brought to Stockholm, when three were sent thither, one to the Queen, another to Vossius which he had received, and the third to Salmasius; that the book was in every body's hands, and there had been four editions in a few months besides the English one; that a Dutch translation was handed about, and a French one was expected. And afterwards he writes from Venice, that Holstenius had lent him Milton's Latin poems; that they were nothing, compared with the elegance of his Apology; that he had offended frequently against prosody, and here was a great opening for Salmasius's criticism: but as to Milton's having been a catamite in Italy, he says, that it was a mere calumny; on the contrary he was disliked by the Italians, for the severity of his manners, and for the freedom of his discourses against popery. And in others of his letters to Vossius and to J. Fr. Gronovius from Holland, Heinsius mentions how angry Salmasius was with him for commending Milton's book, and says that Grafwinkelius had written something against Milton, which was to have been printed by Elzevir, but it was suppressed by public authority.

The first reply that appeared was published in 1651, and intitled an Apology for the king and people &c. *Apologia pro rege & populo Anglicano contra Johannis Polipragmatici (aliis Miltoni Angli) Defensionem destructivam regis & populi Anglicani.* It is not known, who was the author of this piece. Some attribute it to one Janus a lawyer of Gray's-Inn, and others to Dr. John Bramhall, who was then Bishop of Derry, and was made Primate of Ireland after the Restoration: but it is utterly improbable, that so mean a performance, written in such barbarous Latin, and so full of solecisms, should come from the hands of a prelate of such distinguished abilities and learning. But whoever was the author of it, Milton did not think it worth his while to animadvert upon it himself, but employed the younger of his nephews to answer it; but he supervised and corrected the answer so much before it went to the press, that it may in a manner be called his own. It



came forth in 1652 under this title, *Johannis Philippi Angli Responſio ad Apologiam anonymi cujuſdam tenebrionis pro rege & populo Anglicano infantiffimam*; and it is printed with Milton's works; and throughout the whole Mr. Philips treats Biſhop Bramhall with great ſeverity as the author of the Apology, thinking probably that ſo conſiderable an adverſary would make the answer more conſiderable.

Sir Robert Filmer likewise published ſome animadverſions upon Milton's Deſenſe of the people, in a piece printed in 1652, and intituled *Observations concerning the original of government*, upon Mr. Hobbes's *Leviathan*, Mr. Milton againſt Salmaſius, and Hugo Grotius de *Jure belli*: but I do not find that Milton or any of his friends took any notice of it; but Milton's quarrel was afterwards ſufficiently avenged by Mr. Locke, who wrote againſt Sir Robert Filmer's principles of government, more I ſuppoſe in condeſcenſion to the prejudices of the age, than out of any regard to the weight or importance of Filmer's arguments.

It is probable that Milton, when he was firſt made Latin Secretary, removed from his houſe in High-Holborn to be nearer Whitehall: and for ſome time he had lodgings at one Thomſon's next door to the Bull-head tavern at Charing Croſs, opening into Spring-garden, till the apartment, appointed for him in Scotland-Yard, could be got ready for his reception. He then removed thither; and there his third child, a ſon was born and named John, who thro' the ill uſage or bad conſtitution of the nurſe died an infant. His own health too was greatly impaired; and for the benefit of the air, he removed from his apartment in Scotland-Yard to a houſe in Petty-France Weſtmiſter, which was next door to Lord Scudamore's, and opened into St. James's Park; and there he remained eight years, from the year 1652 till within a few weeks of the King's reſtoration. In this houſe he had not been ſettled long, before his firſt wife died in child-bed; and his condition requiring ſome care and attendance, he was eaſily induced after a proper interval of time to marry a ſecond, who was Catherine daughter of Captain

tain Woodcock of Hackney: and she too died in childhood within a year after their marriage, and her child, who was a daughter, died in a month after her; and her husband has done honor to her memory in one of his sonnets.

Two or three years before this second marriage he had totally lost his sight. And his enemies triumphed in his blindness, and imputed it as a judgment upon him for writing against the King: but his sight had been decaying several years before, thro' his close application to study, and the frequent head-akes to which he had been subject from his childhood; and his continual tampering with physic, which perhaps was more pernicious than all the rest: and he himself has informed us in his second Defense, that when he was appointed by authority to write his Defense of the people against Salmasius, he had almost lost the sight of one eye, and the physicians declared to him, that if he undertook that work, he would also lose the sight of the other: but he was nothing discouraged, and chose rather to lose both his eyes than desert what he thought his Duty. It was the sight of his left eye that he lost first: and at the desire of his friend Leonard Philaras, the Duke of Parma's minister at Paris, he sent him a particular account of his case, and of the manner of his growing blind, for him to consult Thevenot the Physician, who was reckoned famous in cases of the eyes. The letter is the fifteenth of his familiar epistles, is dated September 28, 1654; and is thus translated by Mr. Richardson.

“ Since you advise me not to fling away all hopes  
 “ of recovering my sight, for that you have a friend at  
 “ Paris, Thevenot the physician, particularly famous  
 “ for the eyes, whom you offer to consult in my behalf  
 “ half if you receive from me an account by which he  
 “ may judge of the causes and symptoms of my disease,  
 “ I will do what you advise me to, that I may not seem  
 “ to refuse any assistance that is offer'd, perhaps from  
 “ God.

“ I think 'tis about ten years, more or less, since I  
 “ began to perceive that my eye-sight grew weak and  
 “ dim,

“ dim, and at the same time my spleen and bowels  
 “ to be oppress’d and troubled with Flatus; and in the  
 “ morning when I began to read, according to cus-  
 “ tom, my eyes grew painful immediately, and to re-  
 “ fuse reading, but were refresh’d after a moderate ex-  
 “ ercise of the body. A certain Iris began to surround  
 “ the light of the candle if I look’d at it; soon after  
 “ which, on the left part of the left eye (for that was  
 “ some years sooner clouded) a mist arose which hid  
 “ every thing on that side; and looking forward if I  
 “ shut my right eye, objects appear’d smaller. My  
 “ other eye also, for these last three years, failing by  
 “ degrees, some months before all sight was abolished  
 “ things which I looked upon seem’d to swim to the  
 “ right and left; certain inveterate vapors seem to  
 “ possess my forehead and temples, which after meat  
 “ especially, quite to evening, generally, urge and de-  
 “ press my eyes with a sleepy heaviness. Nor would  
 “ I omit that whilst there was as yet some remainder  
 “ of sight, I no sooner lay down in my bed, and turn’d  
 “ on my side, but a copious light dazzled out of my  
 “ shut eyes; and as my sight diminish’d every day co-  
 “ lours gradually more obscure flash’d out with vehe-  
 “ mence; but now that the lucid is in a manner wholly  
 “ extinct, a direct blackness, or else spotted, and, as  
 “ it were, woven with ash-colour, is us’d to pour itself  
 “ in. Nevertheless the constant and settled darkness  
 “ that is before me as well by night as by day, seems  
 “ nearer to the whitish than the blackish; and the eye  
 “ rolling itself a little, seems to admit I know not what  
 “ little smallness of light as through a chink.”

But it does not appear what answer he receiv’d; we  
 may presume, none that administered any relief. His  
 blindness however did not disable him entirely from  
 performing the business of his office. An assistant was  
 allowed him, and his salary as secretary still continued  
 to him.

And there was farther occasion for his service besides  
 dictating of letters. For the controversy with Salmasius  
 did not die with him, and there was published at the  
 Hague

Hague in 1652 a book intituled the Cry of the King's blood &c, *Regii sanguinis Clamor ad cœlum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*. The true author of this book was Peter du Moulin the younger, who was afterwards prebendary of Canterbury: and he transmitted his papers to Salmasius; and Salmasius intrusted them to the care of Alexander Morus, a French minister; and Morus published them with a dedication to King Charles II. in the name of Adrian Ulac the printer, from whence he came to be reputed the author of the whole. This Morus was the son of a learned Scotsman, who was president of the college, which the protestants had formerly at Castres in Languedoc; and he is said to have been a man of a most haughty disposition, and immoderately addicted to women, hasty, ambitious, full of himself and his own performances, and satirical upon all others. He was however esteemed one of the most eminent preachers of that age among the protestants; but as Monsieur Bayle observes, his chief talent must have consisted in the gracefulness of his delivery, or in those sallies of imagination and quaint turns and allusions, whereof his sermons are full; for they retain not those charms in reading which they were said to have formerly in the pulpit. Against this man therefore, as the reputed author of *Regii sanguinis Clamor &c*, Milton published by authority his Second Defense of the people of England, *Defensio Secunda pro populo Anglicano*, in 1654, and treats Morus with such severity as nothing could have excused, if he had not been provoked to it by so much abuse poured upon himself. There is one piece of his wit, which had been published before in the news-papers at London, a distich upon Morus for getting Pontia the maid-servant of his friend Salmasius with child.

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori:

Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?

Upon this Morus published his *Fides Publica* in answer to Milton, in which he inserted several testimonies of his orthodoxy and morals signed by the consistories, academies, synods, and magistrates of the places where



he had lived ; and disowned his being the author of the book imputed to him, and appealed to two gentlemen of great credit with the Parliament party, who knew the real author. This brought Du Moulin, who was then in England, into great danger ; but the government suffered him to escape with impunity, rather than they would publicly contradict the great patron of their cause. For he still persisted in his accusation, and endeavored to make it good in his *Defense of himself, Autoris pro se Defensio*, which was published in 1655, wherein he opposed to the testimonies in favor of Morus other testimonies against him ; and Morus replied no more.

After this controversy was ended, he was at leisure again to pursue his own private studies, which were the History of England before mentioned, and a new *Tesaurus* of the Latin tongue, intended as an improvement upon that by Robert Stephens ; a work which he had been long collecting from the best and purest Latin authors, and continued at times almost to his dying day : but his papers were left so confused and imperfect, that they could not be fitted for the press, tho' great use was made of them by the compilers of the Cambridge Dictionary printed in 1693. These papers are said to have consisted of three large volumes in folio ; and it is a great pity that they are lost, and no account is given what is become of the manuscript. It is commonly said too that at this time he began his famous poem of *Paradise Lost* ; and it is certain, that he was glad to be released from those controversies, which detained him so long from following things more agreeable to his natural genius and inclination, though he was far from ever repenting of his writings in defense of liberty, but gloried in them to the last.

The only interruption now of his private studies was the business of his office. In 1655 there was published in Latin a writing in the name of the Lord Protector, setting forth the reasons of the war with Spain : and this piece is rightly adjudged to our author, both on account of the peculiar elegance of the style, and because it was his province to write such things as Latin Secretary ; and it is printed among his other prose-works in the  
last

last edition. And for the same reasons I am inclined to think, that the famous Latin verses to Christina Queen of Sweden in the name of Cromwell were made by our author rather than Andrew Marvel. In those days they had admirable intelligence in the Secretary's office: and Mr. Philips relates a memorable instance or two upon his own knowledge. The Dutch were sending a plenipotentiary to England to treat of peace; but the emissaries of the government had the art to procure a copy of his instructions in Holland, which were delivered by Milton to his kinsman who was then with him, to translate them for the use of the Council, before the said plenipotentiary had taken shipping for England; and an answer to all that he had in charge was prepared, and lay ready for him before he made his public entry into London. Another time a person came to London with a very sumptuous train, pretending himself an agent from the Prince of Conde, who was then in arms against Cardinal Mazarine: but the government suspecting him set their instruments to work so successfully, that in a few days they received intelligence from Paris, that he was a spy employed by Charles II: whereupon the very next morning Milton's kinsman was sent to him with an order of Council, commanding him to depart the kingdom within three days, or expect the punishment of a spy. This kinsman was in all probability Mr. Philips or his brother, who were Milton's nephews, and lived very much with him, and one or both of them were assistant to him in his office. His blindness no doubt was a great hindrance and inconvenience to him in his business, tho' sometimes a political use might be made of it; as men's natural infirmities are often pleaded in excuse for not doing what they have no great inclination to do. Thus when Cromwell, as we may collect from Whitlock, for some reasons delayed artfully to sign the treaty concluded with Sweden, and the Swedish ambassador made frequent complaints of it, it was excused to him, because Mr. Milton on account of his blindness proceeded slower in business, and had not yet put the articles of the treaty into Latin. Upon which the ambassador was

greatly surprised, that things of such consequence should be intrusted to a blind man, for he must necessarily employ an amanuensis, and that amanuensis might divulge the articles; and said it was very wonderful, that there should be only one man in England who could write Latin, and he a blind man. But his blindness had not diminished, but rather increased the vigor of his mind; and his state-letters will remain as authentic memorials of those times, to be admired equally by critics and politicians; and those particularly about the sufferings of the poor protestants in Piedmont, who can read without sensible emotion? This was a subject he had very much at heart, as he was an utter enemy to all sorts of persecution; and among his sonnets there is a most excellent one upon the same occasion.

But Oliver Cromwell being dead, and the government weak and unsettled in the hands of Richard and the Parliament, he thought it a seasonable time to offer his advice again to the public; and in 1659 published a Treatise of civil power in ecclesiastical causes; and another tract intitled Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the church; both addressed to the Parliament of the commonwealth of England. And after the Parliament was dissolved, he wrote a Letter to some Statesman, with whom he had a serious discourse the night before, concerning the ruptures of the commonwealth; and another, as it is supposed, to General Monk, being a brief Delineation of a free commonwealth, easy to be put in practice, and without delay. These two pieces were communicated in manuscript to Mr. Toland by a friend, who a little after Milton's death had them from his nephew; and Mr. Toland gave them to be printed in the edition of our author's prose-works in 1698. But Milton, still finding that affairs were every day tending more and more to the subversion of the commonwealth, and the restoration of the royal family, published his Ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth, and the excellence thereof, compared with the inconveniences and dangers of re-admitting kingship in this nation. We are informed by Mr. Wood, that he published this piece in  
February

February 1659-60; and after this he published Brief notes upon a late sermon intitled, the Fear of God and the King, preached by Dr. Matthew Griffith at Mercers Chapel March 25, 1660: so bold and resolute was he in declaring his sentiments to the last, thinking that his voice was the voice of expiring liberty.

A little before the King's landing he was discharged from his office of Latin Secretary, and was forced to leave his house in Petty France, where he had lived eight years with great reputation, and had been visited by all foreigners of note, who could not go out of the country without seeing a man who did so much honor to it by his writings, and whose name was as well known and as famous abroad as in his own nation; and by several persons of quality of both sexes, particularly the pious and virtuous Lady Ranelagh, whose son for some time he instructed, the same who was paymaster of the forces in King William's time; and by many learned and ingenious friends and acquaintance, particularly Andrew Marvel, and young Laurence, son to the President of Oliver's Council, to whom he has inscribed one of his sonnets, and Marchamont Needham the writer of Politicus, and above all Cyriac Skinner, whom he has honored with two sonnets. But now it was not safe for him to appear any longer in public, so that by the advice of some who wished him well and were concerned for his preservation, he fled for shelter to a friend's house in Bartholomew Close near West Smithfield, where he lay concealed till the worst of the storm was blown over. The first notice that we find taken of him was on Saturday the 16th of June 1660, when it was ordered by the House of Commons, that his Majesty should be humbly moved to issue his proclamation for the calling in of Milton's two books, his Defense of the people and Iconoclastes, and also Goodwyn's book intitled the Obstructors of justice, written in justification of the murder of the late King, and to order them to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman. At the same time it was ordered, that the Attorney General should proceed by way of indictment or information against Milton and Goodwyn in respect of



of their books, and that they themselves should be sent for in custody of the Serjeant at Arms attending the House. On Wednesday June 27th an order of Council was made agreeable to the order of the House of Commons for a proclamation against Milton's and Goodwyn's books; and the proclamation was issued the 13th of August following, wherein it was said that the authors had fled or did abscond: and on Monday August 27th Milton's and Goodwyn's books were burnt according to the proclamation at the Old Bailey by the hands of the common hangman. On Wednesday August 29th the act of indemnity was passed, which proved more favorable to Milton than could well have been expected; for tho' John Goodwyn Clerk was excepted among the twenty persons, who were to have penalties inflicted upon them, not extending to life, yet Milton was not excepted at all, and consequently was included in the general pardon. We find indeed that afterwards he was in custody of the Serjeant at Arms; but the time when he was taken into custody, is not certain. He was not in custody on the 12th of September, for that day a list of the prisoners in custody of the Serjeant at Arms was read in the House, and Milton is not among them; and on the 13th of September the House adjourned to the 6th of November. It is most probable therefore, that after the act of indemnity was passed, and after the House had adjourned, he came out of his concealment, and was afterwards taken into custody of the Serjeant at Arms by virtue of the former order of the House of Commons: but we cannot find that he was prosecuted by the Attorney General, nor was he continued in custody very long: for on Saturday the 15th of December 1660, it was ordered by the House of Commons, that Mr. Milton now in custody of the Serjeant at Arms should be forthwith released, paying his fees; and on Monday the 17th of December, a complaint being made that the Serjeant at Arms had demanded excessive fees for his imprisonment, it was referred to the committee of privileges and elections to examin this business, and to call Mr. Milton and the Serjeant before them, and to determin what was fit to be

be given to the Serjeant for his fees in this case; so courageous was he at all times in defense of liberty against all the encroachments of power, and though a prisoner, would yet be treated like a freeborn Englishman. This appears to be the matter of fact, as it may be collected partly from the Journals of the House of Commons, and partly from Kennet's Historical Register: and the clemency of the government was surely very great towards him, considering the nature of his offenses; for though he was not one of the King's judges and murderers, yet he contributed more to murder his character and reputation than any of them all: and to what therefore could it be owing, that he was treated with such lenity, and was so easily pardoned? It is certain, there was not wanting powerful intercession for him both in Council and in Parliament. It is said that Secretary Morrice and Sir Thomas Clargis greatly favored him, and exerted their interest in his behalf; and his old friend Andrew Marvel, member of Parliament for Hull, formed a considerable party for him in the House of Commons; and neither was Charles the Second (as Toland says) such an enemy to the Muses, as to require his destruction. But the principal instrument in obtaining Milton's pardon was Sir William Davenant, out of gratitude for Milton's having procured his release, when he was taken prisoner in 1650. It was life for life. Davenant had been saved by Milton's interest, and in return Milton was saved by Davenant's intercession. This story Mr. Richardson relates upon the authority of Mr. Pope; and Mr. Pope had it from Betterton the famous actor, who was first brought upon the stage and patronized by Sir William Davenant, and might therefore derive the knowledge of this transaction from the fountain.

Milton having thus obtained his pardon, and being set at liberty again, took a house in Holborn near Red Lion Fields; but he removed soon into Jewen Street near Aldersgate Street: and while he lived there, being in his 53d or 54th year, and blind and infirm, and wanting some body better than servants to tend and look after him, he employed his friend Dr. Paget to choose

choose a proper consort for him; and at his recommendation married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, of a Gentleman's family in Cheshire, and related to Dr. Paget. It is said that an offer was made to Milton, as well as to Thurloe, of holding the same place of Secretary under the King, which he had discharged with so much integrity and ability under Cromwell; but he persisted in refusing it, tho' the wife pressed his compliance; "Thou art in the right, says he; you, as other women, would ride in your coach; for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man." What is more certain is, that in 1661 he published his *Accedence* commenced Grammar, and a tract of Sir Walter Raleigh intitled *Aphorisms of State*; as in 1658 he had published another piece of Sir Walter Raleigh intitled the *Cabinet Council discabinated*, which he printed from a manuscript, that had lain many years in his hands, and was given him for a true copy by a learned man at his death, who had collected several such pieces: an evident sign, that he thought it no mean employment, nor unworthy of a man of genius, to be an editor of the works of great authors. It was while he lived in Jewen Street, that Elwood the quaker (as we learn from the history of his life written by his own hand) was first introduced to read to him; for having wholly lost his sight, he kept always some body or other to perform that office, and usually the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he took in kindness, that he might at the same time improve him in his learning. Elwood was recommended to him by Dr. Paget, and went to his house every afternoon except Sunday, and read to him such books in the Latin tongue, as Milton thought proper. And Milton told him, that if he would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners either abroad or at home, he must learn the foreign pronunciation; and he instructed him how to read accordingly. And having a curious ear, he understood by my tone, says Elwood, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and he would stop me, and examin me, and open the

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most difficult passages to me. But it was not long after his third marriage, that he left Jewen Street, and removed to a house in the Artillery Walk leading to Bunhill Fields: and this was his last stage in this world; he continued longer in this house than he had done in any other, and lived here to his dying day: only when the plague began to rage in London in 1665, he removed to a small house at St. Giles Chalfont in Buckinghamshire, which Elwood had taken for him and his family; and there he remained during that dreadful calamity; but after the sickness was over, and the city was cleansed and made safely habitable again, he returned to his house in London.

His great work of *Paradise Lost* had principally engaged his thoughts for some years past, and was now completed. It is probable, that his first design of writing an epic poem was owing to his conversations at Naples with the Marquis of Villa about Tasso and his famous poem of the delivery of Jerusalem; and in a copy of verses presented to that nobleman before he left Naples, he intimated his intention of fixing upon King Arthur for his hero. And in an eclogue, made soon after his return to England upon the death of his friend and school-fellow Deodati, he proposed the same design and the same subject, and declared his ambition of writing something in his native language, which might render his name illustrious in these islands, though he should be obscure and inglorious to the rest of the world. And in other parts of his works, after he had engaged in the controversies of the times, he still promised to produce some noble poem or other at a fitter season; but it doth not appear that he had then determined upon the subject, and King Arthur had another fate, being reserved for the pen of Sir Richard Blackmore. The first hint of *Paradise Lost* is said to have been taken from an Italian tragedy; and it is certain, that he first designed it a tragedy himself, and there are several plans of it in the form of a tragedy still to be seen in the author's own manuscript preserved in the library of Trinity College Cambridge. And it is probable that he did not barely sketch out the



the plans, but also wrote some parts of the drama itself. His nephew Philips informs us, that some of the verses at the beginning of Satan's speech, addressed to the sun in the fourth book, were shown to him and some others as designed for the beginning of the tragedy, several years before the poem was begun: and many other passages might be produced, which plainly appear to have been originally intended for the scene, and are not so properly of the epic, as of the tragic strain. It was not till after he was disengaged from the Salmasian controversy, which ended in 1655, that he began to mold the *Paradise Lost* in its present form; but after the Restoration, when he was dismissed from public business, and freed from controversy of every kind, he prosecuted the work with closer application. Mr. Philips relates a very remarkable circumstance in the composure of this poem, which he says he had reason to remember, as it was told him by Milton himself, that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, and that what he attempted at other times was not to his satisfaction, tho' he courted his fancy never so much. Mr. Toland imagins that Philips might be mistaken as to the time, because our author, in his Latin elegy, written in his twentieth year, upon the approach of the spring, seemeth to say just the contrary, as if he could not make any verses to his satisfaction till the spring begun: and he says farther that a judicious friend of Milton's informed him, that he could never compose well but in spring and autumn. But Mr. Richardson cannot comprehend, that either of these accounts is exactly true, or that a man with such a work in his head can suspend it for six months together, or only for one; it may go on more slowly, but it must go on: and this laying it aside is contrary to that eagerness to finish what was begun, which he says was his temper in his epistle to Deodati dated Sept. 2. 1637. After all Mr. Philips, who had the perusal of the poem from the beginning, by twenty or thirty verses at a time, as it was composed, and having not been shown any for a considerable while as the summer came on, inquired of the

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author the reason of it, could hardly be mistaken with regard to the time: and it is easy to conceive, that the poem might go on much more slowly in summer than in other parts of the year; for notwithstanding all that poets may say of the pleasures of that season, I imagin most persons find by experience, that they can compose better at any other time, with more facility and with more spirit, than during the heat and languor of summer. Whenever the poem was wrote, it was finished in 1665, and as Elwood says was shown to him that same year at St. Giles Chalfont, whither Milton had retired to avoid the plague, and it was lent to him to peruse it and give his judgment of it: and considering the difficulties which the author lay under, his uneasiness on account of the public affairs and his own, his age and infirmities, his gout and blindness, his not being in circumstances to maintain an amanuensis, but obliged to make use of any hand that came next to write his verses as he made them, it is really wonderful, that he should have the spirit to undertake such a work, and much more, that he should ever bring it to perfection. And after the poem was finished, still new difficulties retarded the publication of it. It was in danger of being suppressed thro' the malice or ignorance of the licencer, who took exception at some passages, and particularly at that noble simile, in the first book, of the sun in an eclipse, in which he fancied that he had discovered treason. It was with difficulty too that the author could sell the copy; and he sold it at last only for five pounds, but was to receive five pounds more after the sale of 1300 of the first impression, and five pounds more after the sale of as many of the second impression, and five more after the sale of as many of the third, and the number of each impression was not to exceed 1500. And what a poor consideration was this for such an inestimable performance! and how much more do others get by the works of great authors, than the authors themselves! This original contract with Samuel Simmons the printer is dated April 27, 1667, and is in the hands of Mr. Tonson the bookseller, as is likewise the manuscript of the

the first book copied fair for the press, with the Imprimatur by Thomas Tomkyns, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury: so that though Milton was forced to make use of different hands to write his verses from time to time as he had occasion, yet we may suppose that the copy for the press was written all, or at least each book by the same hand. The first edition in ten books was printed in a small quarto; and before it could be disposed of, had three or more different title pages of the years 1667, 1668, and 1669. The first fort was without the name of Simmons the printer, and began with the poem immediately following the title page, without any argument, or preface, or table of errata: to others was prefixed a short advertisement of the printer to the reader concerning the argument, and the reason why the poem rimes not; and then followed the argument of the several books, and the preface concerning the kind of verse, and the table of errata: others again had the argument, and the preface, and the table of errata, without that short advertisement of the printer to the reader: and this was all the difference between them, except now and then of a point or a letter, which were altered as the sheets were printing off. So that, notwithstanding these variations, there was still only one impression in quarto; and two years almost elapsed, before 1300 copies could be sold, or before the author was intitled to his second five pounds, for which his receipt is still in being, and is dated April 26. 1669. And this was probably all that he received; for he lived not to enjoy the benefits of the second edition, which was not published till the year 1674, and that same year he died. The second edition was printed in a small octavo, and was corrected by the author himself, and the number of books was augmented from ten to twelve, with the addition of some few verses: and this alteration was made with great judgment, not for the sake of such a fanciful beauty as resembling the number of books in the *Æneid*, but for the more regular disposition of the poem, because the seventh and tenth books were before too long, and are more

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itly divided each into two. The third edition was published in 1678; and it appears that Milton had left his remaining right in the copy to his widow, and she agreed with Simmons the printer to accept eight pounds in full of all demands, and her receipt for the money is dated December 21. 1680. But a little before this Simmons had covenanted to assign the whole right of copy to Brabazon Aylmer the bookseller for twenty-five pounds; and Aylmer afterwards sold it to old Jacob Tonson at two different times, one half on the 17th of August 1683, and the other half on the 24th of March 1690, with a considerable advance of the price: and except one fourth of it which has been assigned to several persons, his family have enjoyed the right of a copy ever since. By the last assignment it appears that the book was growing into repute, and rising in valuation: and to what perverseness could it be owing that it was not better received at first? We conceive there were principally two reasons; the prejudices against the author on account of his principles and party; and many no doubt were offended with the novelty of a poem that was not in rime. Rymer, who was a redoubted critic in those days, would not so much as allow it to be a poem on this account, and declared war against Milton as well as against Shakespear; and threatened that he would write reflections upon the *Paradise Lost*, which some (says he\*) are pleased to call a poem, and would assert rime against the slender sophistry wherewith the author attacks it. And such a man as Bishop Burnet maketh it a sort of objection to Milton, that he affected to write in blank verse without rime. And the same reason induced Dryden to turn the principal parts of *Paradise Lost* into rime in his Opera called the State of innocence and fall of man; to tag his lines, as Milton himself expressed it, alluding to the fashion then of wearing tags of metal at the end of their ribbons. We are told indeed by Mr. Richardson, that Sir George Hungerford, an ancient member of Parliament, told him, that Sir John Denham came

\* See Rymer's *Tragedies of the last age consider'd*, p. 143.



into the House one morning with a sheet of *Paradise Lost* wet from the press in his hand; and being asked what he had there, said that he had part of the noblest poem that ever was written in any language or in any age. However it is certain that the book was unknown till about two years after, when the Earl of Dorset produced it, as Mr. Richardson was informed by Dr. Tancred Robinson the physician, who had heard the story often from Fleetwood Shephard himself, that the Earl, in company with Mr. Shephard, looking about for books in Little Britain, accidentally met with *Paradise Lost*; and being surprised at some passages in dipping here and there, he bought it. The bookseller begged his Lordship to speak in its favor if he liked it, for the impression lay on his hands as waste paper. The Earl having read it sent it to Dryden, who in a short time returned it with this answer, "This man cuts us all out and the ancients too." Dryden's epigram upon Milton is too well known to be repeated; and those Latin Verses by Dr. Barrow the physician, and the English ones by Andrew Marvel, Esq; usually prefixed to the *Paradise Lost*, were written before the second edition, and were published with it. But still the poem was not generally known and esteemed, nor met with the deserved applause, till after the edition in folio, which was published in 1688 by subscription. The Duke of Buckingham in his Essay on poetry prefers Tasso and Spenser to Milton: and it is related in the life of the witty Earl of Rochester, that he had no notion of a better poet than Cowley. In 1686 or thereabout Sir William Temple published the second part of his *Miscellanies*, and it may surprise any reader, that in his Essay on poetry he taketh no notice at all of Milton; nay he saith expressly that after Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, he knoweth none of the Moderns who have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording. And what can we think, that he had not read or heard of the *Paradise Lost*, or that the author's politics had prejudiced him against his poetry? It was happy that all great men were not of his mind. The bookseller was advised and encouraged to undertake the

folio edition by Mr. Sommers, afterwards Lord Sommers, who not only subscribed himself, but was zealous in promoting the subscription: and in the list of subscribers we find some of the most eminent Names of that time, as the Earl of Dorset, Waller, Dryden, Dr. Aldrich, Mr. Atterbury, and among the rest Sir Roger Lestranger, though he had formerly written a piece intitled *No blind guides &c.* against Milton's Notes upon Dr. Griffith's sermon. There were two editions more in folio, one I think in 1692, the other in 1695 which was the sixth edition; for the poem was now so well received, that notwithstanding the price of it was four times greater than before, the sale increased double the number every year; as the bookseller, who should best know, has informed us in his dedication of the smaller editions to Lord Sommers. Since that time not only various editions have been printed, but also various notes and translations. The first person who wrote annotations upon *Paradise Lost* was P. H. or Patrick Hume, of whom we know nothing, unless his name may lead us to some knowledge of his country, but he has the merit of being the first (as I say) who wrote notes upon *Paradise Lost*, and his notes were printed at the end of the folio edition in 1695. Mr. Addison's *Spectators* upon the subject contributed not a little to establishing the character, and illustrating the beauties of the poem. In 1732 appeared Dr. Bentley's new edition with notes: and the year following Dr. Pearce published his Review of the text, in which the chief of Dr. Bentley's emendations are considered, and several other emendations and observations are offered to the public. And the year after that Messieurs Richardson, father and son, published their Explanatory notes and remarks. The poem has also been translated into several languages, Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch; and proposals have been made for translating it into Greek. The Dutch translation is in blank verse, and printed at Harlem. The French have a translation by Mons. Dupré de St. Maur; but nothing sheweth the weakness and imperfection of their language more, than that they have few or no good poetical versions of the greatest poets;

poets; they are forced to translate Homer, Virgil, and Milton into prose: and blank verse, their Language has not harmony and dignity enough to support; their tragedies, and many of their comedies are in rime. Rolli, the famous Italian-Master here in England, made an Italian translation; and Mr. Richardson the son saw another at Florence in manuscript by the learned Abbé Salvini, the same who translated Addison's Cato into Italian. One William Hog or Hogæus translated Paradise Lost, Paradise Regain'd, and Samson Agonistes into Latin verse in 1690; but this version is very unworthy of the original. There is a better translation of the Paradise Lost by Mr. Thomas Power Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, the first book of which was printed in 1691, and the rest in manuscript is in the library of that College. The learned Dr. Trapp has also published a translation into Latin verse; and the world is in expectation of another, that will surpass all the rest, by Mr. William Dobson of New College in Oxford. So that by one means or other Milton is now considered as an English classic; and the Paradise Lost is generally esteemed the noblest and most sublime of modern poems, and equal at least to the best of the ancient; the honour of this country, and the envy and admiration of all others!

In 1670 he published his History of Britain, that part especially now called England. He began it above twenty years before, but was frequently interrupted by other avocations; and he designed to have brought it down to his own times, but stopped at the Norman conquest; for indeed he was not well able to pursue it any farther by reason of his blindness, and he was engaged in other more delightful studies; having a genius turned for poetry rather than history. When his History was printed, it was not printed perfect and entire; for the licencer expunged several passages, which reflecting upon the pride and superstition of the Monks in the Saxon times, were understood as a concealed satir upon the Bishops in Charles the second's reign. But the author himself gave a copy of his unlicensed papers to the Earl of Anglesea, who, as well as several

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of the nobility and gentry, constantly visited him: and in 1681 a considerable passage which had been suppressed at the beginning of the third book, was published, containing a character of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines in 1641, which was inserted in its proper place in the last edition of 1738. Bishop Kennet begins his Complete History of England with this work of Milton, as being the best draught, the clearest and most authentic account of those early times: and his style is freer and easier than in most of his other works, more plain and simple, less figurative and metaphorical, and better suited to the nature of History, has enough of the Latin turn and idiom to give it an air of antiquity, and sometimes rises to a surprising dignity and majesty.

In 1670 likewise his *Paradise Regain'd* and *Samson Agonistes* were licensed together, but were not published till the year following. It is somewhat remarkable, that these two poems were not printed by Simmons, the same who printed the *Paradise Lost*, but by J. M. for one Starkey in Fleet-street: and what could induce Milton to have recourse to another printer? was it because the former was not enough encouraged by the sale of *Paradise Lost* to become a purchaser of the other copies? The first thought of *Paradise Regain'd* was owing to Elwood the quaker, as he himself relates the occasion in the history of his life. When Milton had lent him the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* at St. Giles Chalfont, as we said before, and he returned it, Milton asked him how he liked it, and what he thought of it: "Which I modestly, but freely told him, says Elwood; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, Thou hast said much of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*? He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject." When Elwood afterwards waited upon him in London, Milton showed him his *Paradise Regain'd*, and in a pleasant tone said to him, "This is owing to You, for You put it into my head by the question You put me at Chalfont, which  
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" before



“ before I had not thought of.” It is commonly reported, that Milton himself preferred this poem to the *Paradise Lost*; but all that we can assert upon good authority is, that he could not endure to hear this poem cried down so much as it was, in comparison with the other. For certainly it is very worthy of the author, and contrary to what Mr. Toland relates, Milton may be seen in *Paradise Regain’d* as well as in *Paradise Lost*; if it is inferior in poetry, I know not whether it is not superior in sentiment; if it is less descriptive, it is more argumentative; if it doth not sometimes rise so high, neither doth it ever sink so low; and it has not met with the approbation it deserves, only because it has not been more read and considered. His subject indeed is confined, and he has a narrow foundation to build upon; but he has raised as noble a superstructure, as such little room and such scanty materials would allow. The great beauty of it is the contrast between the two characters of the Tempter and our Saviour, the artful sophistry and specious insinuations of the one refuted by the strong sense and manly eloquence of the other. This poem has also been translated into French together with some other pieces of Milton, *Lycidas*, *L’Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and the Ode on Christ’s nativity: and in 1732 was printed a Critical Dissertation with notes upon *Paradise Regain’d*, pointing out the beauties of it, and written by Mr. Meadowcourt, Canon of Worcester: and the very learned and ingenious Mr. Jortin has added some observations upon this work at the end of his excellent Remarks upon Spenser, published in 1734: and indeed this poem of Milton, to be more admired, needs only to be better known. His *Samson Agonistes* is the only tragedy that he has finished, tho’ he has sketched out the plans of several, and proposed the subjects of more, in his manuscript preserved in Trinity College library: and we may suppose that he was determined to the choice of this particular subject by the similitude of his own circumstances to those of Samson blind and among the Philistines. This I conceive to be the last of his poetical pieces; and it is written in the very spirit of the Ancients, and equals,

equals, if not exceeds, any of the most perfect tragedies, which were ever exhibited on the Athenian stage, when Greece was in its glory. As this work was never intended for the stage, the division into acts and scenes is omitted. Bishop Atterbury had an intention of getting Mr. Pope to divide it into acts and scenes, and of having it acted by the King's Scholars at Westminster: but his commitment to the tower put an end to that design. It has since been brought upon the stage in the form of an Oratorio; and Mr. Handel's music is never employed to greater advantage, than when it is adapted to Milton's words. That great artist has done equal justice to our author's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, as if the same spirit possessed both masters, and as if the God of music and of verse was still one and the same.

There are also some other pieces of Milton, for he continued publishing to the last. In 1672 he published *Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnata*, an Institution of Logic after the method of Petrus Ramus; and the year following, a treatise of true religion and the best means to prevent the growth of popery, which had greatly increased thro' the connivance of the King, and the more open encouragement of the Duke of York: and the same year his poems, which had been printed in 1645, were reprinted with the addition of several others. His familiar epistles and some academical exercises, *Epistolarum familiarium Lib. I. & Prolusiones quædam Oratoriæ in Collegio Christi habitæ*, were printed in 1674; as was also his translation out of Latin into English of the Poles Declaration concerning the election of their King John III. setting forth the virtues and merits of that prince. He wrote also a brief History of Muscovy, collected from the relations of several travellers; but it was not printed till after his death in 1682. He had likewise his state-letters transcribed at the request of the Danish resident, but neither were they printed till after his death in 1676, and were translated into English in 1694; and to that translation a life of Milton was prefixed by his nephew Mr. Edward Philips, and at the end of that life his excellent sonnets to Fairfax, Cromwell, Sir

Henry Vane, and Cyriac Skinner on his blindness were first printed. Besides these works which were published, he wrote his system of divinity, which Mr. Toland says was in the hands of his friend Cyriac Skinner, but where at present is uncertain. And Mr. Philips says, that he had prepared for the press an answer to some little scribbling quack in London, who had written a scurrilous libel against him; but whether by the dissuasion of friends, as thinking him a fellow not worth his notice, or for what other cause, Mr. Philips knoweth not, this answer was never published. And indeed the best vindicator of him and his writings hath been Time. Posterity hath universally paid that honour to his merits, which was denied him by great part of his contemporaries.

After a life thus spent in study and labors for the public he died of the gout at his house in Bunhill Row on or about the 10th of November 1674, when he had within a month completed the sixty sixth year of his age. It is not known when he was first attacked by the gout, but he was grievously afflicted with it several of the last years of his life, and was weakened to such a degree, that he died without a groan, and those in the room perceived not when he expired. His body was decently interred near that of his father (who had died very aged about the year 1647) in the chancel of the Church of St. Giles's Cripplegate; and all his great and learned friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the common people, paid their last respects in attending it to the grave. Mr. Fenton in his short but elegant account of the life of Milton, speaking of our author's having no monument, says that "he desired a friend to enquire at St. Giles's Church; where the sexton showed him a small monument, which he said was supposed to be Milton's; but the inscription had never been legible since he was employed in that office, which he has possessed about forty years. This sure could never have happened in so short a space of time, unless the epitaph had been industriously erased: and that supposition," says Mr. Fenton, carries with it so much inhumana-

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"nity, that I think we ought to believe it was not erected to his memory." It is evident that it was not erected to his memory, and that the sexton was mistaken. For Mr. Toland in his account of the life of Milton says, that he was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's church, "where the piety of his admirers will shortly erect a monument-becoming his worth and the encouragement of letters in King William's reign." This plainly implies that no monument was erected to him at that time, and this was written in 1698: and Mr. Fenton's account was first published, I think, in 1725; so that not above twenty seven years intervened from the one account to the other; and consequently the sexton, who it is said had been possessed of his office about forty years, must have been mistaken, and the monument must have been designed for some other person, and not for Milton. A monument indeed has been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey by Auditor Benson in the year 1737; but the best monument of him is his writings.

In his youth he was esteemed extremely handsome, so that while he was a student at Cambridge, he was called the Lady of Christ's College. He had a very fine skin and fresh complexion; his hair was of a light brown, and parted on the foretop hung down in curls waving upon his shoulders; his features were exact and regular; his voice agreeable and musical; his habit clean and neat; his deportment erect and manly. He was middle sized and well proportioned, neither tall nor short, neither too lean nor too corpulent, strong and active in his younger years, and though afflicted with frequent head-akes, blindness, and gout, was yet a comely and well-looking man to the last. His eyes were of a light blue colour, and from the first are said to have been none of the brightest; but after he lost the sight of them, (which happened about the 43d year of his age) they still appeared without spot or blemish, and at first view and at a little distance it was not easy to know that he was blind. Mr. Richardson had an account of him from an ancient clergyman in Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright, who found him in a small house,



which had (he thinks) but one room on a floor; in that, up one pair of stairs, which was hung with a rusty green, he saw John Milton sitting in an elbow chair, with black clothes, and neat enough, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk stones; among other discourse he expressed himself to this purpose, that was he free from the pain of the gout, his blindness would be tolerable. But there is the less need to be particular in the description of his person, as the idea of his face and countenance is pretty well known from the numerous prints, pictures, busts, medals, and other representations which have been made of him. There are two pictures of greater value than the rest, as they are undoubted originals, and were in the possession of Milton's widow: the first was drawn when he was about twenty one, and is at present in the collection of the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow Esq; late Speaker of the House of Commons; the other in crayons was drawn when he was about sixty two, and was in the collection of Mr. Richardson, but has since been purchased by Mr. Tonson. Several prints have been made from both these pictures; and there is a print done, when he was about sixty two or sixty three, after the life by Faithorn, which tho' not so handsome, may yet perhaps be as true a resemblance, as any of them. It is prefixed to some of our author's pieces, and to the folio edition of his prose works in three volumes printed in 1698.

In his way of living he was an example of sobriety and temperance. He was very sparing in the use of wine or strong liquors of any kind. Let meaner poets make use of such expedients to raise their fancy and kindle their imagination. He wanted not any artificial spirits; he had a natural fire, and poetic warmth enough of his own. He was likewise very abstemious in his diet, not fastidiously nice or delicate in the choice of his dishes, but content with any thing that was most in season, or easiest to be procured, eating and drinking, (according to the distinction of the philosopher) that he might live, and not living that he might eat and drink. So that probably his gout descended by

inheritance from one or other of his parents; or if it was of his own acquiring, it must have been owing to his studious and sedentary life. And yet he delighted sometimes in walking and using exercise, but we hear nothing of his riding or hunting; and having early learned to fence, he was such a master of his sword, that he was not afraid of resenting an affront from any man; and before he lost his sight, his principal recreation was the exercise of his arms; but after he was confined by age and blindness, he had a machine to swing in for the preservation of his health. In his youth he was accustomed to sit up late at his studies, and seldom went to bed before midnight; but afterwards, finding it to be the ruin of his eyes, and looking on this custom as very pernicious to health at any time, he used to go to rest early, seldom later than nine, and would be stirring in the summer at four, and in the winter at five in the morning; but if he was not disposed to rise at his usual hours, he still did not lie sleeping, but had some body or other by his bed side to read to him. At his first rising he had usually a chapter read to him out of the Hebrew Bible, and he commonly studied all the morning till twelve, then used some exercise for an hour, afterwards dined, and after dinner played on the organ, and either sung himself or made his wife sing, who (he said) had a good voice but no ear; and then he went up to study again till six, when his friends came to visit him and sat with him perhaps till eight; then he went down to supper; which was usually olives or some light thing; and after supper he smoked his pipe, and drank a glass of water, and went to bed. He loved the country, and commends it, as poets usually do; but after his return from his travels, he was very little there, except during the time of the plague in London. The civil war might at first detain him in town; and the pleasures of the country were in a great measure lost to him, as they depend mostly upon sight, whereas a blind man wanteth company and conversation, which is to be had better in populous cities. But he was led out sometimes for the benefit of the fresh air, and in warm sunny weather

he used to sit at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, and there as well as in the house received the visits of persons of quality and distinction; for he was no less visited to the last both by his own countrymen and foreigners, than he had been in his flourishing condition before the Restoration.

Some objections indeed have been made to his temper; and I remember there was a tradition in the university of Cambridge, that he and Mr. King (whose death he laments in his *Lycidas*) were competitors for a fellowship, and when they were both equal in point of learning, Mr. King was preferred by the college for his character of good nature, which was wanting in the other; and this was by Milton grievously resented. But the difference of their ages, Milton being at least four years elder, renders this story not very probable; and besides Mr. King was not elected by the college, but was made fellow by a royal mandate, so that there can be no truth in the tradition; but if there was any, it is no sign of Milton's resentment, but a proof of his generosity, that he could live in such friendship with a successful rival, and afterwards so passionately lament his decease. His method of writing controversy is urged as another argument of his want of temper: but some allowance must be made for the customs and manners of the time. Controversy, as well as war, was rougher and more barbarous in those days, than it is in these. And it is to be considered too, that his adversaries first began the attack; they loaded him with much more personal abuse, only they had not the advantage of so much wit to season it. If he had engaged with more candid and ingenuous disputants, he would have preferred civility and fair argument to wit and satire: "to do so was my choice, and to have done thus was my chance," as he expresses himself in the conclusion of one of his controversial pieces. All who have written any accounts of his life agree, that he was affable and instructive in conversation, of an equal and cheerful temper; and yet I can easily believe, that he had a sufficient sense of his own merits, and contempt enough for his adversaries.

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His merits indeed were singular; for he was a man not only of wonderful genius, but of immense learning and erudition; not only an incomparable poet, but a great mathematician, logician, historian, and divine. He was a master not only of the Greek and Latin, but likewise of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, as well as of the modern languages, Italian, French, and Spanish. He was particularly skilled in the Italian, which he always preferred to the French language, as all the men of letters did at that time in England; and he not only wrote elegantly in it, but is highly commended for his writings by the most learned of the Italians themselves, and especially by the members of that celebrated academy called della Crusca, which was established at Florence for the refining and perfecting of the Tuscan language. He had read almost all authors, and improved by all, even by romances, of which he had been fond in his younger years; and as the bee can extract honey out of weeds, so (to use his own words in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*) "those books, which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, proved to him so many incitements to the love and-observation of virtue." His favorite author after the Holy Scriptures was Homer. Homer he could repeat almost all without book; and he was advised to undertake a translation of his works, which no doubt he would have executed to admiration. But (as he says of himself in his postscript to the *Judgment of Martin Bucer*) "he never could delight in long citations, much less in whole translations." And accordingly there are few things, and those of no great length, which he has ever translated. He was possessed too much of an original genius to be a mere copyer. "Whether it be natural disposition," says he, or education in me, or that my mother bore me a speaker of what God made my own, and not a translator." And it is somewhat remarkable, that there is scarce any author, who has written so much, and upon such various subjects, and yet quotes so little from his contemporary authors, or so seldom mentions any of them. He praises Selden indeed in



more places than one, but for the rest he appears disposed to censure rather than commend. After his severer studies, and after dinner as we observed before, he used to divert and unbend his mind with playing upon the organ or bass-viol, which was a great relief to him after he had lost his sight; for he was a master of music as was his father, and he could perform both vocally and instrumentally, and it is said that he composed very well, tho' nothing of this kind is handed down to us. It is also said that he had some skill in painting as well as in music, and that some where or other there is a head of Milton drawn by himself: but he was blessed with so many real excellences, that there is no want of fictitious ones to raise and adorn his character. He had a quick apprehension, a sublime imagination, a strong memory, a piercing judgment, a wit always ready, and facetious or grave as the occasion required: and I know not whether the loss of his sight did not add vigour to the faculties of his mind. He at least thought so, and often comforted himself with that reflection.

But his great parts and learning have scarcely gained him more admirers, than his political principles have raised him enemies. And yet the darling passion of his soul was the love of liberty; this was his constant aim and end, however he might be mistaken in the means. He was indeed very zealous in what was called the good old cause, and with his spirit and his resolution it is somewhat wonderful, that he never ventured his person in the civil war; but tho' he was not in arms, he was not unactive, and thought, I suppose, that he could be of more service to the cause by his pen than by his sword. He was a thorough republican, and in this he thought like a Greek or Roman, as he was very conversant with their writings. And one day Sir Robert Howard, who was a friend to Milton as well as to the liberties of his country, and was one of his constant visitors to the last, inquired of him how he came to side with the republicans. Milton answered among other reasons, because theirs was the most frugal government, for the trappings of a monarchy might

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set up an ordinary commonwealth. But then his attachment to Cromwell must be condemned, as being neither consistent with his republican principles, nor with his love of liberty. And I know no other way of accounting for his conduct, but by presuming (as I think we may reasonably presume) that he was far from entirely approving of Cromwell's proceedings, but considered him as the only person who could rescue the nation from the tyranny of the Presbyterians, who he saw were erecting a worse dominion of their own upon the ruins of prelatical episcopacy; and of all things he dreaded spiritual slavery, and therefore closed with Cromwell and the Independents, as he expected under them greater liberty of conscience. And tho' he served Cromwell, yet it must be said for him, that he served a great master, and served him ably, and was not wanting from time to time in giving him excellent good advice, especially in his second Defense: and so little being said of him in all Secretary Thurloe's state-papers, it appears that he had no great share in the secrets and intrigues of government; what he dispatched was little more than matters of necessary form, letters and answers to foreign states; and he may be justified for acting in such a station, upon the same principles as Sir Matthew Hale for holding a Judge's commission under the usurper: and in the latter part of his life he frequently expressed to his friends his entire satisfaction of mind, that he had constantly employed his strength and faculties in the defense of liberty, and in opposition to slavery.

In matters of religion too he has given as great offense, or even greater, than by his political principles. But still let not the infidel glory: no such man was ever of that party. He had the advantage of a pious education, and ever expressed the profoundest reverence of the Deity in his words and actions, was both a Christian and a Protestant, and studied and admired the Holy Scriptures above all other books whatsoever: and in all his writings he plainly sheweth a religious turn of mind, as well in verse as in prose, as well in his works of an earlier date as in those of

later composition. When he wrote the Doctrin and Disciplin of Divorce, he appears to have been a Calvinist; but afterwards he entertained a more favorable opinion of Arminius. Some have inclined to believe, that he was an Arian; but there are more exprefs passages in his works to overthrow this opinion, than any there are to confirm it. For in the conclusion of his treatise of Reformation he thus solemnly invokes the Trinity; "Thou therefore that fittest in  
 " light and glory unapproachable, Parent of Angels  
 " and Men! next thee I implore Omnipotent King,  
 " Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature thou  
 " didst assume, ineffable and everlasting Love! And  
 " thou the third subsistence of divine infinitude illu-  
 " mining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things!  
 " one Tri-personal Godhead! look upon this thy  
 " poor, and almost spent and expiring Church &c." And in his tract of Prelatical Episcopacy he endeavors to prove the spuriousness of some epistles attributed to Ignatius, because they contained in them heresies, one of which heresies is, that "he condemns them  
 " for ministers of Satan, who say that Christ is God  
 " above all." And a little after in the same tract he objects to the authority of Tertullian, because he went about to "prove an imparity between God the Father,  
 " and God the Son." And in the Paradise Lost we shall find nothing upon this head, that is not perfectly agreeable to Scripture. The learned Dr. Trapp, who was as likely to cry out upon heresy as any man, asserts that the poem is orthodox in every part of it; or otherwise he would not have been at the pains of translating it. *Neque alienum videtur a studiis viri theologi poema magna ex parte theologicum; omni ex parte (rideant, per me licet, atque ringantur athei & infideles) orthodoxum.* Milton was indeed a dissenter from the Church of England, in which he had been educated, and was by his parents designed for holy orders, as we related before; but he was led away by early prejudices against the doctrin and disciplin of the Church; and in his younger years was a favorer of the Presbyterians; in his middle age he was best pleased with the Inde-

pendents and Anabaptists, as allowing greater liberty of conscience than others, and coming nearest in his opinion to the primitive practice; and in the latter part of his life he was not a professed member of any particular sect of Christians, he frequented no public worship, nor used any religious rite in his family. Whether so many different forms of worship as he had seen, had made him indifferent to all forms; or whether he thought that all Christians had in some things corrupted the purity and simplicity of the Gospel; or whether he disliked their endless and uncharitable disputes, and that love of dominion and inclination to persecution, which he said was a piece of Popery inseparable from all Churches; or whether he believed, that a man might be a good Christian without joining in any communion; or whether he did not look upon himself as inspired, as wrapt up in God, and above all forms and ceremonies, it is not easy to determine: *to his own master he standeth or falleth*: but if he was of any denomination, he was a sort of a Quietist, and was full of the interior of religion tho' he so little regarded the exterior; and it is certain was to the last an enthusiast rather than an infidel. As enthusiasm made Norris a poet, so poetry might make Milton an enthusiast.

His circumstances were never very mean, nor very great; for he lived above want, and was not intent upon accumulating wealth; his ambition was more to enrich and adorn his mind. His father supported him in his travels, and for some time after. Then his pupils must have been of some advantage to him, and brought him either a certain stipend or considerable presents at least; and he had scarcely any other method of improving his fortune, as he was of no profession. When his father died, he inherited an elder son's share of his estate, the principal part of which I believe was his house in Bread-street: And not long after, he was appointed Latin Secretary with a salary of 200*l.* a year; so that now he was in opulent circumstances for a man, who had always led a frugal and temperate life, and was at little unnecessary expense besides buying of books.



books. Though he was of the victorious party, yet he was far from sharing in the spoils of his country. On the contrary (as we learn from his second Defense) he sustained great losses during the civil war, and was not at all favoured in the imposition of taxes, but sometimes paid beyond his due proportion. And upon a turn of affairs he was not only deprived of his place, but also lost 2000*l.* which he had for security and improvement put into the Excise Office. He lost likewise another considerable sum for want of proper care and management, as persons of Milton's genius are seldom expert in money matters. And in the fire of London his house in Bread-street was burnt, before which accident foreigners have gone out of devotion (says Wood) to see the house and chamber where he was born. His gains were inconsiderable in proportion to his losses; for excepting the thousand pounds, which were given him by the government for writing his Defense of the people against Salmasius, we may conclude that he got very little by the copies of his works, when it doth not appear that he received any more than ten pounds for *Paradise Lost*. Some time before he died he sold the greatest part of his library, as his heirs were not qualified to make a proper use of it, and as he thought that he could dispose of it to greater advantage than they could after his decease. And finally by one means or other he died worth one thousand five hundred pounds besides his household Goods, which was no incompetent subsistence for him, who was as great a philosopher as a poet.

To this account of Milton it may be proper to add something concerning his family. We said before, that he had a younger brother and a sister. His brother Christopher Milton was a man of totally opposite principles; was a strong royalist, and after the civil war made his composition through his brother's interest; had been entered young a student in the Inner Temple, of which house he lived to be an ancient benchers; and being a professed papist, was in the reign of James II. made a judge and knighted; but soon obtained his quietus by reason of his age and infirmities, and retired

to Ipswich, where he lived all the latter part of his life. His sister Anne Milton had a considerable fortune given her by her father in marriage with Mr. Edward Philips (son of Mr. Edward Philips of Shrewsbury) who coming young to London was bred up in the Crown Office in Chancery, and at length became secondary of the office under Mr. Bembo. By him she had, besides other children who died infants, two sons Edward and John, whom we have had frequent occasion to mention before. Among our author's juvenile poems there is a copy of verses on the death of a fair infant, a nephew, or rather niece of his, dying of a cough; and this being written in his 17th year, as it is said in the title, it may naturally be inferred that Mrs. Philips was elder than either of her brothers. She had likewise two daughters, Mary who died very young, and Anne who was living in 1694, by a second husband Mr. Thomas Agar, who succeeded his intimate friend Mr. Philips in his place in the Crown Office, which he enjoyed many years, and left to Mr. Thomas Milton, son of Sir Christopher before mentioned. As for Milton himself he appears to have been no enemy to the fair sex by having had three wives. What fortune he had with any of them is no where said, but they were gentlemen's daughters; and it is remarkable that he married them all maidens, for (as he says in his *Apology for Smectymnus*, which was written before he married at all) he "thought with them, who both "in prudence and elegance of spirit would choose a "virgin of mean fortunes honestly bred before the "wealthiest widow." But yet he seemeth not to have been very happy in any of his marriages; for his first wife had justly offended him by her long absence and separation from him; the second, whose love, sweetness, and goodness he commends, lived not a twelvemonth with him; and his third wife is said to have been a woman of a most violent spirit, and a hard mother in law to his children. She died very old, about twenty years ago, at Nantwich in Cheshire: and from the accounts of those who had seen her, I have learned, that she confirmed several things which have been related before;

before; and particularly that her husband used to compose his poetry chiefly in winter, and on his waking in a morning would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses: and being asked whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil, she understood it as an imputation upon him for stealing from those authors, and answered with eagerness, that he stole from no body but the Muse who inspired him; and being asked by a lady present who the Muse was, replied, it was God's grace, and the Holy Spirit that visited him nightly. She was likewise asked whom he approved most of our English poets, and answered, Spenser, Shakespear, and Cowley: and being asked what he thought of Dryden, she said Dryden used sometimes to visit him, but he thought him no poet, but a good rhimist: but this was before Dryden had composed his best poems, which made his name so famous afterwards. She was wont moreover to say, that her husband was applied to by message from the King, and invited to write for the Court, but his answer was, that such a behaviour would be very inconsistent with his former conduct, for he had never yet employed his pen against his conscience. By his first wife he had four children, a son who died an infant, and three daughters who survived him; by his second wife he had only one daughter, who died soon after her mother, who died in childbed; and by his last wife he had no children at all. His daughters were not sent to school, but were instructed by a mistress kept at home for that purpose: and he himself, excusing the eldest on account of an impediment in her speech, taught the two others to read and pronounce Greek and Latin, and several other languages, without understanding any but English, for he used to say that one tongue was enough for a woman: but this employment was very irksome to them, and this together with the sharpness and severity of their mother in law made them very uneasy at home; and therefore they were all sent abroad to learn things more proper for them, and particularly imbroidery in gold and silver. As Milton at his death left his affairs very much in the power of his widow,

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widow, tho' she acknowledged that he died worth one thousand five hundred pounds, yet she allowed but one hundred pounds to each of his three daughters. Anne the eldest was decrepit and deformed, but had a very handsom face; she married a master-builder, and died in childbed of her first child, who died with her. Mary the second lived and died single. Deborah the youngest in her father's life time went over to Ireland with a lady, and afterwards was married to Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spittle Fields, and died in August 1727 in the 76th year of her age. She is said to have been a woman of good understanding and genteel behaviour, though in low circumstances. As she had been often called upon to read Homer and Ovid's *Metamorphosis* to her father, she could have repeated a considerable number of verses from the beginning of both those poets, as Mr. Ward Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College, relates upon his own knowledge: and another Gentleman has informed me, that he has heard her repeat several verses likewise out of Euripides. Mr. Addison and the other gentlemen, who had opportunities of seeing her, knew her immediately to be Milton's daughter by the similitude of her countenance to her father's picture: and Mr. Addison made her a handsom present of a purse of guineas, with a promise of procuring for her some annual provision for her life; but his death happening soon after, she lost the benefit of his generous design. She received presents likewise from several other gentlemen, and Queen Caroline sent her fifty pounds by the hands of Dr. Freind the physician. She had ten children, seven sons and three daughters; but none of them had any children, except one of her sons named Caleb, and one of her daughters named Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St. George in the East Indies, where he married, and had two sons, Abraham and Isaac; the elder of whom came to England with the late governor Harrison, but returned upon advice of his father's death, and whether he or his brother be now living is uncertain. Elizabeth, the youngest child of Mrs. Clarke, was married to Mr. Thomas Foster a weaver in Spittle Fields,



Fields, and had seven children who are all dead; and she herself is aged about sixty, and weak and infirm. She seemeth to be a good plain sensible woman, and has confirmed several particulars related above, and informed me of some others, which she had often heard from her mother: that her grandfather lost two thousand pounds by a money-scrivener, whom he had intrusted with that sum, and likewise an estate at Westminster of sixty pounds a year, which belonged to the Dean and Chapter, and was restored to them at the Restoration: that he was very temperate in his eating and drinking, but what he had he always loved to have of the best: that he seldom went abroad in the latter part of his life, but was visited even then by persons of distinction, both foreigners and others: that he kept his daughters at a great distance, and would not allow them to learn to write, which he thought unnecessary for a woman: that her mother was his greatest favorite, and could read in seven or eight languages, tho' she understood none but English: that her mother inherited his head-akes and disorders, and had such a weakness in her eyes, that she was forced to make use of spectacles from the age of eighteen; and she herself, she says, has not been able to read a chapter in the Bible these twenty years: that she was mistaken in informing Mr. Birch, what he had printed upon her authority, that Milton's father was born in France; and a brother of hers who was then living was very angry with her for it, and like a true born Englishman resented it highly, that the family should be thought to bear any relation to France: that Milton's second wife did not die in childbed, as Mr. Philips and Toland relate, but above three months after of a consumption; and this too Mr. Birch relates upon her authority; but in this particular she must be mistaken as well as in the other, for our author's sonnet on his deceased wife plainly implies that she did die in childbed. She knows nothing of her aunt Philips or Agar's descendents, but believes that they are all extinct: as is likewise Sir Christopher Milton's family, the last of which, she says, were two maiden Sisters, Mrs. Mary and Mrs. Catharine Milton, who lived and died at Highgate; but unknown

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to her, there is a Mrs. Milton living in Grosvenor-street, the granddaughter of Sir Christopher, and the daughter of Mr. Thomas Milton before mentioned: and she herself is the only survivor of Milton's own family, unless there be some in the East Indies, which she very much questions, for she used to hear from them sometimes, but has heard nothing now for several years; so that in all probability Milton's whole family will be extinct with her, and he can live only in his writings. And such is the caprice of fortune, this granddaughter of a man, who will be an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for some years with her husband kept a little chandler's or grocer's shop for their subsistence, lately at the lower Holloway in the road between Highgate and London, and at present in Cock Lane not far from Shoreditch Church. Another thing let me mention, that is equally to the honour of the present age. Though Milton received not above ten pounds at two different payments for the copy of *Paradise Lost*, yet Mr. Hoyle author of the treatise on the Game of Whist, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to the bookseller, as I have been informed, for two hundred guineas.

As we have had occasion to mention more than once Milton's manuscripts preserved in the library of Trinity College in Cambridge, it may not be ungrateful to the reader, if we give a more particular account of them, before we conclude. There are, as we said, two draughts of a letter to a friend who had importuned him to take orders, together with a sonnet on his being arrived to the age of twenty three: and by there being two draughts of this letter with several alterations and additions, it appears to have been written with great care and deliberation; and both the draughts have been published by Mr. Birch in his *Historical and Critical Account of the life and writings of Milton*. There are also several of his poems, *Arcades*, *At a solemn music*, *On time*, *Upon the circumcision*, the *Mask*, *Lycidas*, with five or six of his sonnets, all in his own hand writing: and there are some others of his sonnets written by different hands, being most of them

them composed after he had lost his sight. It is curious to see the first thoughts and subsequent corrections of so great a poet as Milton : but it is remarkable in these manuscript poems, that he doth not often make his stops, or begin his lines with great letters. There are likewise in his own hand-writing different plans of *Paradise Lost* in the form of a tragedy : and it is an agreeable amusement to trace the gradual progress and improvement of such a work from its first dawnings in the plan of a tragedy to its full lustre in an epic poem. And together with the plans of *Paradise Lost* there are the plans or subjects of several other intended tragedies, some taken from the Scripture, others from the British or Scottish histories : and of the latter the last mentioned is *Macbeth*, as if he had an inclination to try his strength with Shakespear ; and to reduce the play more to the unities he proposes “ beginning at the arrival of “ *Malcolm* at *Macduff* ; the matter of *Duncan* may be “ expressed by the appearing of his ghost.” These manuscripts of Milton were found by the learned Mr. Professor Mason among some other old papers, which, he says, belonged to Sir Henry Newton Puckering, who was a considerable benefactor to the library : and for the better preservation of such truly valuable reliques, they were collected together, and handsomely bound in a thin folio by the care and at the charge of a person, who is now very eminent in his profession, and was always a lover of the Muses, and at that time a fellow of Trinity College, Mr. Clarke, one of his Majesty’s counsel.

## On PARADISE LOST.

**W**HEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
 In slender book his vast design unfold,  
 Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,  
 Rebelling Angels, the forbidden tree,  
 Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all; the argument  
 Held me a while misdoubting his intent,  
 That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)  
 The sacred truths to fable and old song,  
 (So Sampson grop'd the temple's posts in spite)  
 The world o'erwhelming to revenge his fight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,  
 I lik'd his project, the success did fear;  
 Through that wide field how he his way should find,  
 O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;  
 Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,  
 And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,  
 Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
 (Such as disquiet always what is well,  
 And by ill imitating would excel)  
 Might hence presume the whole creation's day  
 To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise  
 My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.  
 But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare  
 Within thy labors to pretend a share.  
 Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,  
 And all that was improper dost omit:  
 So that no room is here for writers left,  
 But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which through thy work doth reign,  
 Draws the devout, deterring the profane.  
 And things divine thou treat'st of in such state  
 As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.  
 At once delight and horror on us seize,  
 Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;

And



And above human flight dost soar aloft  
 With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.  
 The bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing  
 So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?  
 Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?  
 Just Heav'n thee like Tiresias to requite,  
 Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure  
 With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;  
 While the Town-Bays writes all the while and spells,  
 And like a pack-horse tires without his bells:  
 Their fancies like our bushy points appear,  
 The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.  
 I too transported by the mode offend,  
 And while I meant to praise thee must commend.  
 Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,  
 In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL.



## T H E V E R S E.

**T**H E measure is English heroic verse without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhiming.

## The A R G U M E N T of Book I.

This first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God, driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell, described here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: They rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

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## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK I.

**O**F man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5  
 Sing, heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
 That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
 In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth  
 Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill 10  
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd  
 Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
 Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues 15  
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spi'rit, that dost prefer  
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first  
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20  
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
 And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,  
 Illumine; what is low, raise and support;  
 That to the height of this great argument

I may assert eternal providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men. 25

Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of hell; say first what cause  
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,  
Favour'd of heav'n so highly, to fall off 30  
From their Creator, and transgress his will,  
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?

Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?  
Th' infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,  
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride

Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host  
Of rebel-angels; by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in glory' above his peers,  
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40  
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim

Against the throne and monarchy of God  
Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,  
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down

To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night 50  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew

Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
Confounded though immortal: but his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55

Torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes,  
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
At once, as far as angels ken, he views

## Book I. PARADISE LOST.

3

25 The dismal situation waste and wild ;  
A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames

60

30 No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all ; but torture without end

65

Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd :  
35 Such place eternal justice had prepar'd  
For those rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd  
In utter darkness, and their portion set

70

As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,  
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

40 O how unlike the place from whence they fell !

75

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns ; and weltring by his side

One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,

45 Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd

80

Beëlzebub. To whom th' arch-enemy,

And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words

Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he ; but O how fall'n ! how chang'd

50 From him, who in the happy realms of light

85

Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine

Myriads though bright ! if he whom mutual league,

United thoughts and counsels equal hope

And hazard in the glorious enterprise,

55 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd

90

In equal ruin : into what pit thou seest

From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd

He with his thunder : and till then who knew

The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those ;



Nor what the potent victor in his rage 95  
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
 Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,  
 And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,  
 That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend;  
 And to the fierce contention brought along 100  
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,  
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
 His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd  
 In dubious battle on the plains of heaven  
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
 All is not lost; th' unconquerable will, 106  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield,  
 And what is else not to be overcome;  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might 110  
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,  
 That were an ignominy' and shame beneath 115  
 This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail;  
 Since through experience of this great event  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve 120  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.  
 So spake th' apostate angel, though in pain; 125  
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:  
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.  
 O Prince, O chief of many throned powers,  
 That led th' embattel'd Seraphim to war

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Book I. PARADISE LOST.

5

Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeps 130

Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,

And put to proof his high supremacy,

Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate ;

Too well I see, and rue the dire event,

That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135

Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host

In horrible destruction laid thus low,

As far as gods and heav'nly essences

Can perish : for the mind and spi'rit remains

Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140

Though all our glory' extinct, and happy state

Here swallow'd up in endless misery.

But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now

Of force believe almighty, since no less

Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)

Have left us this our spi'rit and strength entire 146

Strongly to suffer and support our pains,

That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,

Or do him mightier service as his thralls

By right of war, whate'er his business be 150

Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,

Or do his errands in the gloomy deep ;

What can it then avail, though yet we feel

Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being

To undergo eternal punishment? 155

Whereto with speedy words th' arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable

Doing or suffering : but of this be sure,

To do ought good never will be our task,

But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160

As bei'ng the contrary to his high will

Whom we resist. If then his providence

Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,

Our labour must be to pervert that end,

And out of good still to find means of evil ; 165  
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.  
 But see the angry victor hath recall'd  
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170  
 Back to the gates of heav'n : the sulphurous hail  
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid  
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
 Of heav'n receiv'd us falling ; and the thunder  
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,  
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.  
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful ? Thither let us tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves ;  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there ; 185  
 And reassembling our afflicted powers,  
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
 How overcome this dire calamity,  
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190  
 If not, what resolution from despair.  
 Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate  
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large 195  
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,  
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den

# Book I. PARADISE LOST.

7

By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast  
 Leviathan, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:  
 Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam  
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff  
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:  
 So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay  
 Chain'd on the burning lake: nor even thence  
 Had ris'n, or heav'd his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs;  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he fought  
 Evil to others; and enrag'd might see  
 How all his malice sery'd but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown  
 On man by him seduc'd; but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd  
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,  
 That felt unusual weight; till on dry land  
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible  
 And fuel'd intrails thence conceiving fire,



8 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds, 235  
And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd  
With stench and smoke : such resting found the sole  
Of unblest'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,  
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood  
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240  
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,  
Said then the lost arch-angel, this the seat  
That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom  
For that celestial light ? Be' it so, since he 245  
Who now is sov'reign can dispose and bid  
What shall be right : farthest from him is best,  
Whom reas'on hath equall'd, force hath made supreme  
Above his equals. Farewel happy fields,  
Where joy for ever dwells : hail horrors, hail 250  
Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell  
Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings  
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n. 255  
What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less than he  
Whom thunder hath made greater ? Here at least  
We shall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built  
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence : 260  
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell :  
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.  
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
'Th' associates and copartners of our loss 265  
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,  
And call them not to share with us their part  
In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
With rallied arms to try what may be yet

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Book I. PARADISE LOST. 9

Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell ? 270

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub  
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,  
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275  
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults  
Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
New courage and revive, though now they lie  
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280  
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,  
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior fiend,  
Was moving tow'ard the shore ; his pond'rous shield,  
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round, 285  
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesolè,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290  
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.  
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps 295  
Over the burning marle, (not like those steps  
On heaven's azure), and the torrid clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.  
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach  
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd 300  
His legions, angel-forms ; who lay intranc'd  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades  
High over-arch'd imbow'r ; or scatter'd sedge

Aflote, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd 305  
 Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
 Buziris and his Memphian chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcases 310  
 And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 Of hell resounded. Princes, potentates, 315  
 Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place  
 After the toil of battle to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 'To' adore the conqueror? who now beholds  
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon 325  
 His swift pursuers from heav'n-gates discern  
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulph.  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330  
 They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch  
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd  
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,

Book I. PARADISE LOST. II

Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud. 340  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:  
 So numberless were those bad angels seen  
 Hovering on wing under the cope of hell, 345  
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear  
 Of their great sultan waving to direct  
 Their course, in even balance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain; 350  
 A multitude, like which the populous north  
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons  
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands. 355  
 Forthwith from every squadron and each band  
 The heads and leaders thither haste where stood  
 Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms  
 Excelling human, princely dignities,  
 And pow'rs that erst in heaven sat on thrones; 360  
 Though of their names in heav'nly records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
 By their rebellion from the books of life.  
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve 364  
 Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth,  
 Through God's high sufferance for the tri'al of man,  
 By falsities and lies the greatest part  
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
 God their Creator, and th' invisible  
 Glory of him that made them to transform 370  
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
 With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
 And devils to adore for deities:  
 Then were they known to men by various names;



And various idols through the Heathen world. 375

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,  
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,  
At their great empe'ror's call, as next in worth  
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof. 380

The chief were those who from the pit of hell  
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
Their seats long after next the seat of God,  
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd

Among the nations round, and durst abide 385  
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd  
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd  
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,

Abominations; and with cursed things  
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd, 390  
And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,

Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud  
Their childrens cries unheard, that pass'd through fire  
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite 396  
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watry plain,  
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream

Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400  
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
His temple right against the temple' of God  
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove  
The pleasant valley' of Hinnom, Tophet thence

And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell. 405  
Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild  
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon  
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 13

The flow'ry dale of Sibma, clad with vines,  
And Eleälé, to th' Asphaltic pool. 410

Peor his other name, when he entic'd  
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,  
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd 415

Ev'n to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;  
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.  
With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood  
Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts 420

Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
Of Baälím and Ashtaroth; those male,  
These feminine. For spirits when they please  
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their essence pure; 425

Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse  
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their airy purposes, 430

And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low 435

Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear  
Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
Astarte, queen of heav'n, with crescent horns;  
To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440

Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;  
In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built  
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,

Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445  
 To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd  
 The Syrian damsels, to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day ;  
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450  
 Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood  
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale  
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat ;  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led, 455  
 His eye survey'd the dark idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one,  
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark  
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lapt off  
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460  
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers :  
 Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man  
 And downward fish : yet had his temple high  
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
 Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon, 465  
 And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier-bounds.  
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
 Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.  
 He also' against the house of God was bold : 470  
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,  
 Ahaz, his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew  
 God's altar to disparage, and displace,  
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods 475  
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd  
 A crew, who under names of old renown,  
 Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd.

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 15

Fanatic Egypt, and her priests, to seek 480  
 Their wand'ring gods disguis'd in brutish forms,  
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd  
 The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king  
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485  
 Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,  
 Jehovah; who in one night, when he pass'd  
 From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke  
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.  
 Belial came last, than whom a spi'rit more lewd 490  
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for itself: to him no temple stood  
 Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he  
 In temples and at altars, when the priest  
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495  
 With lust and violence the house of God?  
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
 Of ri'ot ascends above the loftiest towers,  
 And injury and outrage: and when night 500  
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
 Expos'd a matron, to avoid worse rape. 505  
 These were the prime in order and in might;  
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
 Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held  
 Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth,  
 Their boasted parents: Titan, Heav'n's first-born, 510  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd  
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,  
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;  
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete



And Ida known; thence on the snowy top 515  
 Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,  
 Their highest heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields, 520  
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
 Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to' have found their chief  
 Not in despair, to' have found themselves not lost 525  
 In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast  
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd  
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530  
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd  
 His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd  
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd 535  
 Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540  
 At which the universal host upsent  
 A shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air 545  
 With orient colours waving: with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,  
 Of depth immeasurable: anon they move

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## Book I. PARADISE LOST.

17

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood 550  
Of flutes, and soft recorders; such as rais'd  
To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle; and instead of rage,  
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat; 555  
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage,  
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase  
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sor'row, and pain,  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they  
Breathing united force, with fixed thought 560  
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now  
Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield, 565  
Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
Had to impose. He through the armed files  
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views, their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of gods; 570  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
Glories: for never since created man,  
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry 575  
Warr'd on by cranes, though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son 580  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;  
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebifond;

Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,  
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
 Their dread commander: he, above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent  
 Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost  
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
 Of glory' obscur'd: as when the sun new risen  
 Looks through the horizontal misty air  
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,  
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nations, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
 Above them all th' arch-angel: but his face  
 Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
 Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,  
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemn'd  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain;  
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd  
 Of heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung  
 For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire  
 Hath scath'd the forest-oaks, or mountain-pines,  
 With singed top their stately growth, though bare,  
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd  
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
 With all his peers: attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth, at last

Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal spi'rits, O powers  
Matchless, but with th' Almighty; and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,

As this place testifies, and this dire change,

625

Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,

Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth

Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,

How such united force of gods, how such

As stood like these, could ever know repulse?

630

For who can yet believe, though after loss,

That all these puissant legions, whose exile

Hath emptied heav'n, shall fail to reascend,

Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?

For me be witness all the host of heaven,

635

If counsels different, or danger shunn'd

By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns

Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure

Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,

Consent or custom, and his regal state

640

Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,

Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.

Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;

So as not either to provoke, or dread

New war, provok'd; our better part remains,

645

To work in close design, by fraud or guile,

What force effected not: that he no less

At length from us may find, who overcomes

By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rise

650

There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere long

Intended to create, and therein plant

A generation, whom his choice regard

Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:

Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps

655

Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:

620



For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 Celestial spi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyfs  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd, 660  
 For who can think submission? War then, war  
 Open or understood, must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, outflow  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze 665  
 Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd  
 Against the High'est, and fierce with grasped arms  
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670  
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire  
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
 The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
 A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands 675  
 Of pioneers with spade and pickax arm'd  
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on;  
 Mammon, the least erected spi'rit that fell  
 From heav'n; for e'en in heav'n his looks and thoughts  
 Were always downward bent, admiring more 681  
 The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,  
 Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd  
 In vision beatific: by him first  
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685  
 Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands  
 Rifled the bowels of their mother earth  
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
 Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,  
 And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690  
 That riches grow in hell; that soil may best  
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those

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Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell  
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame, 695  
And strength and art, are easily outdone  
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they with incessant toil  
And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd, 700  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude  
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:  
A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705  
A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,  
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,  
To many a row of pipes the found-board breathes.  
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710  
Rose like an exhalation, with the found  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave; nor did there want 715  
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven;  
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine  
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat 720  
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
Stood fix'd her stately height; and strait the doors  
Opening their brazen folds discover wide  
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725  
And level pavement: from the arched roof,  
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed

With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730  
 Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,  
 And some the architect: his hand was known  
 In heav'n by many a towred structure high,  
 Where scepter'd angels held their residence,  
 And sat as princes; whom the supreme King 735  
 Exalted to such pow'r, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,  
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
 Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 740  
 From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star, 745  
 On Lemnos th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before: nor ought avail'd him now  
 T' have built in heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape  
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750  
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by command  
 Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony  
 And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim  
 A solemn council forthwith to be held 755  
 At Pandemonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd  
 From every band and squared regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
 With hundreds, and with thousands, trooping came  
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates 761  
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall  
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold  
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair

I. Book I. PARADISE LOST. 23

Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry 765  
 To mortal combat, or career with lance)  
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air  
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees  
 In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,  
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770  
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
 New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer  
 Their state-affairs. So thick the airy croud 775  
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal given,  
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd  
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
 Throng numberless, like that pygmean race 780  
 Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,  
 Whose midnight-revels by a forest-side  
 Or fountain some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees; while over-head the moon  
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785  
 Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance  
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
 Thus incorporeal spi'rits to smallest forms  
 Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large, 790  
 Though without number still, amidst the hall  
 Of that infernal court. But far within,  
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
 The great Seraphic lords and Cherubim  
 In close recess and secret conclave sat, 795  
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,  
 Frequent and full. After short silence then,  
 And summons read, the great consult began.

*The end of the first book.*



## The A R G U M E N T of Book II.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven : some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created : Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search : Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven ; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

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## P A R A D I S E L O S T.

## B O O K I I.

**H**igh on a throne of royal state, which far  
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
 Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd 5  
 To that bad eminence; and from despair  
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
 Beyond thus high; insatiate to pursue  
 Vain war with heav'n; and, by success untaught,  
 His proud imaginations thus display'd. 10  
 Pow'rs and dominions, deities of heaven;  
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
 Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
 I give not heav'n for lost. From this descent  
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear 15  
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
 Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of heaven  
 Did first create your leader; next, free choice;  
 With what besides, in council or in fight, 20  
 Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss  
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more  
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state



In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw 25  
 Envy from each inferior : but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim,  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
 Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good 30  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From faction : for none sure will claim in hell  
 Precedence ; none, whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more. With this advantage then 35  
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
 More than can be in heav'n, we now return  
 To claim our just inheritance of old,  
 Surer to prosper than prosperity  
 Could have assur'd us ; and by what best way, 40  
 Whether of open war or covert guile,  
 We now debate : who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd ; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,  
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
 That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by despair : 45  
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
 Equal in strength ; and rather than be less,  
 Car'd not to be at all ; with that care lost  
 Went all his fear : of God, or hell, or worse  
 He reck'd not ; and these words thereafter spake. 50

My sentence is for open war : of wiles,  
 More unexpert, I boast not : then let those  
 Contrive who need ; or when they need, not now.  
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55  
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here  
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns

Book II. PARADISE LOST.

27

By our delay? No, let us rather choose,  
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once  
 O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,  
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
 Against the torturer; when to meet the noise  
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
 Infernal thunder: and for lightning, see  
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
 Among his Angels; and his throne itself  
 Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
 His own invented torments. But perhaps  
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
 With upright wing against a higher foe.  
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench,  
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
 That in our proper motion we ascend  
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear  
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,  
 With what compulsion and laborious flight  
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;  
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke  
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
 To our destruction; if there be in hell  
 Fear to be worse destroy'd. What can be worse  
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour  
 Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,  
 We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense

60

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90

His utmost ire? which to the height enrag'd, 95  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential; happier far,  
 Than miserable to have eternal being:  
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100  
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his heaven,  
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:  
 Which if not victory, is yet revenge. 105

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
 To less than gods. On th' other side uprose  
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane: 110  
 A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd  
 For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:  
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
 Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash  
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low; 115  
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
 Timorous, and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,  
 And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O peers,  
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd 120  
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success;  
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,  
 In what he counsels, and in what excels, 125  
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,  
 And utter dissolution, as the scope  
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
 First, what revenge? The tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd

## Book II. PARADISE LOST.

29

With armed watch, that render all access 130.

Impregnable: oft on the bord'ring deep

Incamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,

Scout far and wide into the realm of night,

Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way

By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise 135

With blackest insurrection, to confound

Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy,

All incorruptible, would on his throne

Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mold,

Incapable of stain, would soon expel 140

Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,

Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope

Is flat despair: we must exasperate

Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,

And that must end us; that must be our cure, 145

To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,

Though full of pain, this intellectual being,

Those thoughts that wander through eternity,

To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost

In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150

Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,

Let this be good, whether our angry foe

Can give it, or will ever? how he can,

Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.

Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155

Belike through impotence, or unaware,

To give his enemies their wish, and end

Them in his anger, whom his anger saves

To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?

Say they who counsel war; we are decreed, 160

Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;

Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,

What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,

Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?



What, when we fled amain, pursu'd, and struck 165  
 With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and befought  
 The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd  
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
 Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.  
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, 170  
 Awak'd, should blow them into sev'nfold rage,  
 And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,  
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175  
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall  
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd 180  
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
 Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk  
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185  
 Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.  
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
 Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's height  
 All these our motions vain sees, and derides; 191  
 Not more almighty to resist our might  
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven  
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here 195  
 Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,  
 By my advice; since fate inevitable  
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
 The victor's will, To suffer, as to do,

Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust 200  
 That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,  
 If we were wise, against so great a foe  
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold  
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear, 205  
 What yet they know must follow, to endure  
 Exile, or ignominy', or bonds, or pain,  
 The sentence of their conqueror: this is now  
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
 Our supreme foe in time may much remit 210  
 His anger; and perhaps thus far remov'd,  
 Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd  
 With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires  
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome 215  
 Their noxious vapour; or inur'd, not feel;  
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd  
 In temper, and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light; 220  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
 Worth waiting; since our present lot appears  
 For happy, though but ill; for ill, not worst;  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe. 225

Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb  
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
 Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of heaven  
 We war, if war be best, or to regain 230  
 Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then  
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:  
 The former vain to hope, argues as vain



Book II. PARADISE LOST.

33

Imitate when we please? This desert soil  
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold:  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n show more?

270

Our torments also may in length of time  
Become our elements; these piercing fires  
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite

275

To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order, how in safety best we may

280

Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are, and where; dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain  
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long  
Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,  
Or pinnacle, anchors in a craggy bay

285

After the tempest: such applause was heard  
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,  
Advising peace: for such another field  
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear  
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël

290

Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
To found this nether empire, which might rise,  
By policy, and long process of time,  
In emulation opposite to Heaven.

295

Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,  
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
A pillar of state; deep on his front ingraven  
Deliberation sat, and public care;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,

300



34 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood 305  
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as night,  
 Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.  
 Thrones and imperial pow'rs, offspring of heaven, 310  
 Ethereal virtues; or these titles now  
 Must we renounce; and, changing style, be call'd  
 Princes of hell? for so the popular vote  
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
 A growing empire; doubtless, while we dream, 315  
 And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd  
 This place our dungeon; not our safe retreat  
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
 From heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league  
 Banded against his throne; but to remain 320  
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,  
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd  
 His captive multitude: for he, be sure,  
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign  
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part 325  
 By our revolt; but over hell extend  
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
 Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.  
 What fit we then projecting peace and war?  
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330  
 Irreparable; terms of peace yet none  
 Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be given  
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return, 335  
 But, to our pow'r, hostility and hate,  
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,  
 Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least  
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 35

In doing, what we most in suffering feel? 340  
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
 With dange'rous expedition to invade  
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find  
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place, 345  
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven  
 Err not), another world, the happy seat  
 Of some new race call'd Man, about this time  
 To be created like to us, though less  
 In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350  
 Of him who rules above; so was his will  
 Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,  
 That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.  
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mold 355  
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,  
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,  
 By force or subtlety. Though heav'n be shut,  
 And heav'n's high arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd, 360  
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
 Some advantageous act may be atchiev'd  
 By sudden onset, either with hell-fire  
 To waste his whole creation; or possess 365  
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,  
 The puny habitants; or if not drive,  
 Seduce them to our party, that their God  
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
 In our confusion; and our joy upraise  
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse

36 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Their frail original, and faded bliss, 375  
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
 Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub  
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd  
 By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380  
 But from the author of all ill, could spring  
 So deep a malice, to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves 385  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy  
 Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent  
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.  
 Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390  
 Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence, with neighb'ring arms  
 And opportune excursion, we may chance 396  
 Re-enter heav'n; or else in some mild zone  
 Dwell not unvisited of heav'n's fair light,  
 Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air, 400  
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send  
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet  
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyfs, 405  
 And through the palpable-obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 37

The happy isle? What strength, what art can then 410  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict senteries and stations thick  
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415  
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420  
 Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
 In others count'nance read his own dismay,  
 Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime  
 Of those heav'n-warring champions could be found  
 So hardy, as to proffer, or accept 425  
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O progeny of heav'n, empyreal thrones, 430  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seiz'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way  
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;  
 Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435  
 Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant  
 Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.  
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unessential night receives him next  
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440  
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
 If thence he scape into whatever world,  
 Or unknown region, what remains him less  
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape &



38 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

But I should ill become this throne, O peers, 445  
 And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd  
 With splendor, arm'd with pow'r, if ought propos'd  
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I assume 450  
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455  
 High honour'd fits? Go therefore, mighty powers,  
 Terror of heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,  
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
 The present misery, and render hell  
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm, 460  
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
 Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch  
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
 Deliv'rance for us all: this enterprise 465  
 None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose  
 The monarch, and prevented all reply;  
 Prudent, lest, from his resolution rais'd,  
 Others among the chief might offer now  
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470  
 And so refus'd, might in opinion stand  
 His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,  
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
 Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice  
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose: 475  
 Their rising all at once was as the sound  
 Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend  
 With awful reverence prone; and as a god  
 Extol him equal to the High'est in heaven:

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 39

Nor fail'd they to exprefs how much they prais'd, 480  
 That for the general fafety he despis'd  
 His own: for neither do the fpirits damn'd  
 Lofe all their virtue; left bad men fhould boast  
 Their fpecious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,  
 Or clofe ambition varnifh'd o'er with zeal. 485  
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchlefs chief:  
 As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds  
 Afcending, while the north-wind fleeps, o'erfpread  
 Heav'n's chearful face, the louring element 490  
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landfkip fnow, or fhower;  
 If chance the radiant fun with farewel fweet  
 Extend his evening-beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Atteft their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495  
 O fhame to men! devil with devil damn'd  
 Firm concord holds, men only difagree  
 Of creatures rational, though under hope  
 Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and ftrife, 500  
 Among themfelves, and levy cruel wars,  
 Wafing the earth, each other to deftroy:  
 As if (which might induce us to accord)  
 Man had not hellifh foes enow befides,  
 That, day and night, for his deftruction wait. 505  
 The Stygian council thus difolv'd; and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal peers:  
 'Midft came their mighty paramount, and feem'd  
 Alone th' antagonist of heaven, nor lefs  
 Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp fupreme, 510  
 And God-like imitated ftate; him round  
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd,  
 With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.  
 Then of their feflion ended they bid cry

With trumpets regal sound the great result ; 515  
 Tow'ards the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,  
 By heralds voice explain'd ; the hollow' abyfs  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell  
 With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim. 520  
 Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd  
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
 Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find 525  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.  
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
 As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields ; 530  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.  
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
 Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds, before each van 535  
 Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears  
 Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms  
 From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.  
 Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air. 540  
 In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
 As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd  
 With conquest, felt th' invenom'd robe, and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines ;  
 And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545  
 Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall.

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 41

By doom of battle ; and complain that fate  
Free virtue should inthrall to force or chance. 550

Their song was partial ; but the harmony  
(What could it less when spi'rits immortal sing ?)  
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet, 555  
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)

Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate ;  
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute ; 560  
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.

Of good and evil much they argu'd then,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and apathy, and glory' and shame ;  
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy : 565

Yet, with a pleasing forcery, could charm  
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast  
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.  
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands, 570  
On bold adventure to discover wide

That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575  
Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;

Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;  
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep ;  
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud  
Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon, 580

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,  
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
Her watry labyrinth ; whereof who drinks,



Forthwith his former state and be'ing forgets, 585  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590  
 Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice ;  
 A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog  
 Betwixt Damiatra and mount Casius old,  
 Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air  
 Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595  
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,  
 At certain revolutions, all the damn'd  
 Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce ;  
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round ;  
 Periods of time ; thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this Lethæan sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink :  
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The ford, and of itself the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands 615  
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest : through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 43

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,  
 A universe of death; which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
 Gorgons, and hydra's, and chimæra's dire.

Mean while the adversary' of God and man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of high'est design, 630  
 Puts on swift wings, and tow'ards the gates of hell  
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high. 635  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd,  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood 640  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
 Ply, stemming nightly tow'ard the pole: so seem'd  
 Far off the flying fiend. At last appear  
 Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof;  
 And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,  
 Three iron, three of adamant rock; 645  
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;  
 The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair; 650  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
 Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting: about her middle round  
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd

With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung 655  
 A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
 And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,  
 Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these  
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts 660  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd  
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
 Lur'd with the smell of infant-blood, to dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon 665  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,  
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as night, 670  
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head,  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The monster moving, onward came as fast 675  
 With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.  
 Th'undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd;  
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,  
 Created thing nought valu'd he, nor shunn'd;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began. 680

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee: 685  
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with spi'rits of heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.  
 Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,

Who first broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then  
 Unbroken ; and in proud rebellious arms 691  
 Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons,  
 Conjúr'd against the High'est ; for which both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain ? 695  
 And reckon'ſt thou thyſelf with ſpi'rits of heaven,  
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn,  
 Where I reign king ; and, to enrage thee more,  
 Thy king and lord ? Back to thy puniſhment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy ſpeed add wings ; 700  
 Left with a whip of ſcorpions I purſue  
 Thy ling'ring, or with one ſtroke of this dart  
 Strange horror ſeize thee', and pangs unfelt before.

So ſpake the griſly terror, and in ſhape,  
 So ſpeaking and ſo threat'ning, grew tenfold 705  
 More dreadful and deform. On th' other ſide  
 Incens'd with indignation Satan ſtood  
 Unterrify'd ; and like a comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
 In th' arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair' 710  
 Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head  
 Level'd his deadly aim ; their fatal hands  
 No ſecond ſtroke intend ; and ſuch a frown  
 Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds,  
 With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on 715  
 Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front,  
 Hovering a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow  
 To join their dark encounter in mid air :  
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell  
 Grew darker at their frown ; ſo match'd they ſtood ;  
 For never but once more was either like 721  
 To meet ſo great a foe : and now great deeds  
 Had been atchiev'd, whereof all hell had rung  
 Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſſes that ſat



Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key, 725  
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,  
Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart  
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom: 730  
For him who sits above, and laughs the while  
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;  
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735  
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
What it intends; till first I know of thee, 740  
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,  
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st  
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 745

T' whom thus the portress of hell gate reply'd.  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair  
In heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight  
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750  
In bold conspiracy against heav'n's King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum  
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
Threw forth; till on the left side op'ning wide, 755  
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd,  
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd  
All th' host of heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid

Book II. PARADISE LOST.

47

At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign  
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,  
 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
 A growing burden. Mean while war arose,  
 And fields were fought in heav'n; wherein remain'd  
 (For what could else?) to our almighty foe  
 Clear victory; to our part loss and rout,  
 Through all the empyréan, down they fell  
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heaven, down  
 Into this deep; and in the general fall  
 I also; at which time this pow'rful key  
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep  
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat  
 Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
 Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy  
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal dart  
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out, Death;  
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
 From all her caves, and back resounded, Death.  
 I fled; but he pursu'd, (though more, it seems,  
 Inflam'd with lust than rage,) and, swifter far,  
 Me overtook his mother, all dismay'd,  
 And in embraces forcible and foul  
 Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot

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These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795  
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me; for when they list, into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800  
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 'That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,  
 And me his parent would full soon devour 805  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.  
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun 810  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 'Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.  
 She finish'd; and the subtle fiend his lore 815  
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.  
 Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy fire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of; know 821  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host  
 Of spi'rits, that, in our just pretences arm'd, 825  
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole; and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense

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Book II. PARADISE LOST. 49

To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 830  
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
Created, vast and round; a place of bliss  
In the pourlieus of heav'n, and therein plac'd  
A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd, 835  
Left heav'n furcharg'd with potent multitude  
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought  
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste  
To know; and this once known, shall soon return,  
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death 840  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd  
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd,  
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death  
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear 846  
His famine should be fill'd; and blest'd his maw  
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd  
His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire.

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850  
And by command of heav'n's all-pow'rful King,  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These adamantine gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855  
But what owe I to his commands above  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
'To sit in hateful office here confin'd,  
Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly born, 860  
Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round,  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?  
'Thou art my father, thou my author, thou



My being gav'st me ; whom should I obey 865  
 But thee ? whom follow ? thou wilt bring me soon  
 To that new world of light and blifs, among  
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as befeems  
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took ;  
 And tow'ards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew ;  
 Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers 875  
 Could once have mov'd ; then in the key-hole turns  
 Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
 Of massy ir'on or solid rock with ease  
 Unfastens : on a sudden open fly,  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound, 880  
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
 Excell'd her pow'r ; the gates wide open stood,  
 That with extended wings a banner'd host, 885  
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through  
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array ;  
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890  
 The secrets of the hoary deep ; a dark  
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,  
 And time, and place are lost ; where eldest Night  
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895  
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,  
 Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 51

Their embryon atoms ; they around the flag 900  
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
 Light arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,  
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands  
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise 905  
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,  
 He rules a moment : Chaos umpire sits,  
 And by decision more embroils the fray,  
 By which he reigns : next him high arbiter  
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss, 910  
 The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,  
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd  
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
 Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain 915  
 His dark materials to create more worlds ;  
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend  
 Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,  
 Pond'ring his voyage ; for no narrow frith  
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920  
 With noises loud and ruinous, (to compare  
 Great things with small), than when Bellona storms,  
 With all her batt'ring engines bent to rase  
 Some capital city ; or less than if this frame  
 Of heav'n were falling, and these elements 925  
 In mutiny had from her axle torn  
 The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
 Uplifted spurns the ground ; thence many a league,  
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930  
 Audacious ; but that seat soon failing, meets  
 A vast vacuity : all unawares  
 Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops  
 Ten thousand fathom deep ; and to this hour

Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935  
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
 As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,  
 Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,  
 Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares, 940  
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
 Half fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
 As when a gryphon, through the wilderness  
 With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
 Pursues the Arimasbian, who by stealth 945  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
 The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend  
 O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way;  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.  
 At length a universal hubbub wild 951  
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,  
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear,  
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,  
 Undaunted to meet there whatever power 955  
 Or spirit of the nethermost abyfs  
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
 Bord'ring on light; when strait behold the throne  
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960  
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd  
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
 Of Demogorgon; Rumor next, and Chance 965  
 And Tumult, and Confusion all embroil'd,  
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.  
 T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye powers  
 And spirits of this nethermost abyfs,

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 53

Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy 970

With purpose to explore or to disturb

'The secrets of your realm ; but by constraint

Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way

Lies through your spacious empire up to light,

Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975

What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds

Confine with heav'n ; or if some other place,

From your dominion won, th' ethereal King

Possesses lately, thither to arrive

I travel this profound ; direct my course : 980

Directed, no mean recompense it brings

To your behoof ; if I that region lost,

All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce

To her original darkness, and your sway,

(Which is my present journey), and once more 985

Erect the standard there of ancient Night ;

Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan ; and him thus the anarch old,

With falt'ring speech and visage incompos'd,

Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990

That mighty leading angel, who of late

Made head against heav'n's King, though overthrown.

I saw, and heard ; for such a numerous host

Fled not in silence through the frightened deep,

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995

Confusion worse confounded ; and heav'n-gates

Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands

Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here

Keep residence ; if all I can will serve

That little which is left so to defend, 1000

Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils

Weak'ning the scepter of old Night : first hell,

Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath ;

Now lately heav'n and earth, another world,



Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain, 1005  
 To that side heav'n from whence your legions fell:  
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;  
 So much the nearer danger; go, and speed;  
 Havock, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply, 1010  
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,  
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
 Into the wild expanse; and through the shock  
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015  
 Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset  
 And more indanger'd, than when Argo pass'd  
 Through Bosphorus, betwixt the jutting rocks:  
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd  
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020  
 So he with difficulty and labour hard

Mov'd on; with difficulty and labour he;  
 But he once pass'd, soon after, when man fell,  
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain  
 Following his track, such was the will of Heaven, 1025  
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way  
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
 Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,  
 From hell continu'd, reaching th' utmost orb  
 Of this frail world; by which the spi'rits perverse 1030  
 With easy intercourse pass to and'fro,

To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
 God and good Angels guard by special grace;

But now at last the sacred influence  
 Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven 1035  
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
 A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins  
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,  
 As from her outmost works a broken foe,

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 55

With tumult less, and with less hostile din ; 1040  
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds  
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn ;  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045  
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,  
With opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd  
Of living saphir, once his native seat ; 1050  
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurs'd, and in a curst hour he hies. 1055

*The end of the second book.*

### The ARGUMENT of Book III.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice. Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead; and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him: they obey; and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the limbo of vanity: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man, whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on mount Niphates.

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## P A R A D I S E L O S T.

## B O O K I I I.

**H**Ail, holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born,  
 Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam!  
 May I express thee' unblam'd? since God is light,  
 And never but in unapproach'd light  
 Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee, 5  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,  
 Before the heav'n's thou wert, and at the voice  
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest 10  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite.  
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
 Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
 In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight 15  
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
 With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;  
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to reascend, 20  
 Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs, 25

Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief  
 Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath, 30  
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,  
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides ; 35  
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old :  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40  
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45  
 Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50  
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55  
 Now had th' almighty Father from above,  
 From the pure empyréan where he sits  
 High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,  
 His own works and their works at once to view :  
 About him all the sanctities of heaven 60  
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd

## Book III. PARADISE LOST.

59

Beatitude past utterance : on his right  
 The radiant image of his glory sat,  
 His only Son. On earth he first beheld  
 Our two first parents, yet the only two 65  
 Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,  
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,  
 In blisful solitude. He then survey'd  
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70  
 Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night,  
 In the dun air sublime ; and ready now  
 To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet  
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
 Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament ; 75  
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, see'st thou what rage 80  
 Transports our adversary ? whom no bounds  
 Prescrib'd, no bars of hell, nor all the chains  
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyfs  
 Wide interrupt, can hold ; so bent he seems  
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound 85  
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way  
 Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,  
 Directly tow'ards the new-created world,  
 And man there plac'd, with purpose to assay 90  
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
 By some false guile pervert : and shall pervert ;  
 For man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
 And easily transgress the sole command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience : so will fall, 95  
 He, and his faithless progeny. Whose fault ?  
 Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me.



All he could have : I made him just and right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all th' ethereal powers 100  
 And spi'rits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd ;  
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,  
 Where only what they needs must do appear'd, 105  
 Not what they would ? what praise could they receive ?  
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
 When will and reason (reason also' is choice)  
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
 Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110  
 Not me ? They therefore, as to right belong'd,  
 So were created, nor can justly' accuse  
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
 As if predestination over-rul'd  
 Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree, 115  
 Or high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I : if I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
 So without least impulse or shadow' of fate, 120  
 Or ought by me immutably foreseen,  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all,  
 Both what they judge, and what they chuse ; for so  
 I form'd them free : and free they must remain,  
 Till they inthrall themselves ; I else must change 125  
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
 Their freedom ; they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd : man falls, deceiv'd 130  
 By th' other first : man therefore shall find grace,  
 The other none : in mercy' and justice both,  
 Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory' excel ;

But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All heav'n, and in the blessed spi'rits elect 136  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.

Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone  
Substantially express'd; and in his face 140  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
Love without end, and without measure grace;  
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace; 145  
For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol  
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
Incompass'd shall resound thee ever blest'd.

For should man finally be lost, should man 150  
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
With his own folly? that be from thee far,  
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155

Or shall the adversary thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,  
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,  
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell 160  
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself  
Abolish thy creation, and unmake

For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165  
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.  
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone

62 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170  
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed.  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will;  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
 Freely vouchsaf'd: once more I will renew 175  
 His laps'd pow'rs, though forfeit, and inthrall'd  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe;  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180  
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe  
 All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,  
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:  
 The east shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185  
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace  
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,  
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190  
 To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 And I will place within them as a guide,  
 My umpire Conscience; whom if they will hear, 195  
 Light after light, well us'd, they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,  
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;  
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall:  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
 But yet all is not done; man disobeying  
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins  
 Against the high supremacy of heaven, 205

Affecting godhead, and so losing all,  
To expiate his treason hath nought left;  
But to destruction sacred and devote,  
He, with his whole posterity, must die;  
Die he or justice must; unless for him  
Some other able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

210

Say, heav'nly pow'rs, where shall we find such love?  
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem  
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?  
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?

215

He ask'd; but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,  
And silence was in heav'n: on man's behalf  
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,  
Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to death and hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

220

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?  
Happy for man, so coming: he her aid  
Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost;  
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,  
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.  
Behold me then; me for him, life for life  
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;  
Account me man; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage:

230

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240



## 64 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long  
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess  
 Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,  
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245  
 All that of me can die; yet, that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;

But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250  
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;  
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.

I through the ample air, in triumph high  
 Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and show 255  
 The pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
 Pleas'd, out of heaven shalt look down, and smile;

While, by thee rais'd, I ruin all my foes,  
 Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave;  
 Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd, 260  
 Shall enter heav'n, long absent, and return,  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,  
 And reconcilment; wrath shall be no more  
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
 To mortal men, above which only shone  
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270  
 Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd  
 All heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend  
 Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd.

O thou in heaven and earth the only peace  
 Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou 275  
 My soul complacence! well thou know'st how dear  
 To me are all my works; nor man the least,

Though last created; that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280  
Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
Their nature also to thy nature join;  
And be thyself man among men on earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room 285  
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
As from a second root, shall be restor'd  
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit 290  
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd, and die, 295  
And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
So dearly to redeem, what hellish hate 300  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss, 305  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all, to save  
A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
By merit more than birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310  
Far more than great or high; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more than glory' abounds;  
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt

With thee thy manhood also to this throne;  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315  
 Both God and man, Son both of God and man,  
 Anointed universal King; all power  
 I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,  
 Thrones, principedoms, pow'rs, dominions I reduce:  
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide 321  
 In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell.  
 When thou attended gloriously from heaven  
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
 The summoning archangels to proclaim 325  
 Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds,  
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
 Of all past ages, to the general doom  
 Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
 Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330  
 Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink  
 Beneath thy sentence; hell, her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell;  
 And after all their tribulations long, 336  
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.  
 Then thou thy regal scepter shalt lay by,  
 For regal scepter then no more shall need, 340  
 God shall be all in all. But all ye gods,  
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies;  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me.  
 No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all  
 The multitude of Angels, with a shout 345  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest'd voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung  
 With jubilee, and loud hosanna's fill'd  
 Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent,

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 67

Tow'ards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast 351  
 Their crowns, inwove with amarant, and gold;  
 Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence 355  
 To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,  
 And where the river of blifs through midst of heav'n  
 Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream:  
 With these, that never fade, the spi'rits elect 360  
 Bind their resplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams;  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.  
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took; 365  
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side  
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370  
 Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.  
 Thee, Father, first they sung omnipotent,  
 Immutable, immortal, infinite,  
 Eternal King; thee author of all being,  
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible 375  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st  
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear; 380  
 Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest Seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,  
 Begotten Son, divine similitude,  
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud 385



Made visible, th' almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no creature can behold; on thee  
 Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,  
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
 He heav'n of heav'ns, and all the powers therein, 390  
 By thee created; and by thee threw down  
 Th' aspiring dominations: thou that day  
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook  
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks 395  
 Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.  
 Back from pursuit thy pow'rs with loud acclaim  
 Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.  
 Not so on man: him through their malice fall'n, 400  
 Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom  
 So strictly, but much more to pity' incline:  
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd: 405  
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
 Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die  
 For man's offence. O unexampled love, 410  
 Love no where to be found less than divine!  
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of men, thy name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415  
 Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Mean while upon the firm opacous globe  
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior orbs, inclos'd 420  
 From Chaos, and th' inroad of darkness old,

Satan alighted walks. A globe far off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night  
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms 425  
 Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;  
 Save on that side which from the wall of heaven,  
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud.  
 Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field. 430  
 As when a vulture on Imaus bred,  
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,  
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,  
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard the springs  
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams; 436  
 But in his way lights on the barren plains  
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive  
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light:  
 So on this windy sea of land, the fiend 440  
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;  
 Alone, for other creature in this place,  
 Living or lifeless, to be found was none;  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither like æreal vapours flew 445  
 Of all things transitory' and vain, when sin  
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men;  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of glory' or lasting fame,  
 Or happiness in this or th' other life; 450  
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;  
 All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand, 455  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,  
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

Till final dissolution, wander here ;  
 Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd ;  
 Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460  
 Translated saints, or middle spirits, hold  
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind :  
 Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born  
 First from the ancient world those giants came  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd :  
 The builders next of Babel on the plain 466  
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :  
 Others came single ; he who to be deem'd  
 A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames 470  
 Empedocles ; and he who to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus ; and many more too long,  
 Embryo's, and idiots, eremits, and friers  
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery. 475  
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven ;  
 And they who to be sure of Paradise,  
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd ; 480  
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,  
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd :  
 And now Saint Peter at heav'n's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485  
 Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo  
 A violent cross wind from either coast  
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry  
 Into the devious air : then might ye see  
 Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost, 490  
 And flutter'd into rags ; then reliques, beads,  
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
 The sport of winds : all these upwhirl'd aloft

Book III. PARADISE LOST.

71

Fly o'er the backside of the world far off  
 Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd 495  
 The paradise of fools, to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.  
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd;  
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam  
 Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste 500  
 His travell'd steps: far distant he descries,  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of heav'n, a structure high;  
 At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd  
 The work as of a kingly palace-gate, 505  
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
 Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems  
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz  
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cry'd, This is the gate of heav'n. 515  
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There always, but drawn up to heav'n sometimes  
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd  
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd 520  
 Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake  
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The fiend by easy' ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss: 525  
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,  
 Wider by far than that of after-times



Over mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530  
 Over the promis'd land to God so dear;  
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
 On high behests his angels to and fro  
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
 From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood, 535  
 To Beërsaba, where the holy land  
 Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore;  
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean-wave.  
 Satan from hence, now on the lower stair, 540  
 That scal'd by steps of gold to heaven-gate,  
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout  
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
 All night, at last by break of chearful dawn 545  
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis  
 With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 550  
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:  
 Such wonder seiz'd, though after heaven seen,  
 The spi'rit malign, but much more envy seiz'd,  
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
 Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood 556  
 So high above the circling canopy  
 Of night's extended shade) from eastern point  
 Of Libra, to the fleecy star that bears  
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,  
 Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole 560  
 He views in breadth; and without longer pause  
 Down right into the world's first region throws  
 His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way,  
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 565

Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;  
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
 Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,  
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales;  
 Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there 570  
 He stay'd not to inquire. Above them all  
 The golden sun, in splendor likest heaven,  
 Allur'd his eye; thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,  
 By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell, 575  
 Or longitude), where the great luminary  
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenses light from far; they as they move  
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580  
 Days, months, and years, tow'ards his all-cheering lamp  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The universe, and to each inward part  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585  
 Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;  
 So wond'rously was set his station bright.  
 There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb  
 Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw. 590  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,  
 Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone;  
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
 With radiant light, as glowing ir' on with fire:  
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear; 595  
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
 In Aaron's breastplate, and a stone besides  
 Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that which here below 600  
 Philosophers in vain so long have fought,

In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind  
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drain'd through a limbec to his native form. 605  
 What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
 Th' arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,  
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd, 610  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?  
 Here matter new to gaze the devil met  
 Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615  
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from th' equator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body' opaque can fall; and th' air,  
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,  
 The same whom John saw also in the sun:  
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;  
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar 625  
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders sledge with wings  
 Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd  
 He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the spi'rit impure, as now in hope 630  
 To find who might direct his wand'ring flight  
 To Paradise, the happy seat of man,  
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay: 635  
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face

## Book III. PARADISE LOST.

75

Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb  
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd :  
Under a coronet his flowing hair  
In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore  
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold ;  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a silver wand.

640

He drew not nigh unheard ; the angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
Admonish'd by his ear, and strait was known  
Th' archangel Uriël, one of the seven

645

Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes  
That run through all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth  
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,  
O'er sea and land : him Satan thus accosts.

650

Uriel, for thou of those sev'n spi'rits that stand  
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,  
Where all his sons thy embassy attend ;  
And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
Like honour to obtain ; and as his eye,  
To visit oft this new creation round ;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know

655

All these his wond'rous works, but chiefly man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wond'rous he ordain'd,  
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim  
Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell  
In which of all these shining orbs hath man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell ;  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze  
Or open admiration him behold,  
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd

660

665

670



Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd ;  
 That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675  
 The universal Maker we may praise ;  
 Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel-foes  
 To deepest hell, and, to repair that loss,  
 Created this new happy race of men  
 To serve him better : wise are all his ways. 680

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd ;  
 For neither man nor angel can discern  
 Hypocrisy, the only' evil that walks  
 Invisible, except to God alone,  
 By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth : 685  
 And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
 Where no ill seems : which now for once beguil'd  
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held 690  
 The sharpest-sighted spi'rit of all in heaven ;  
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,  
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

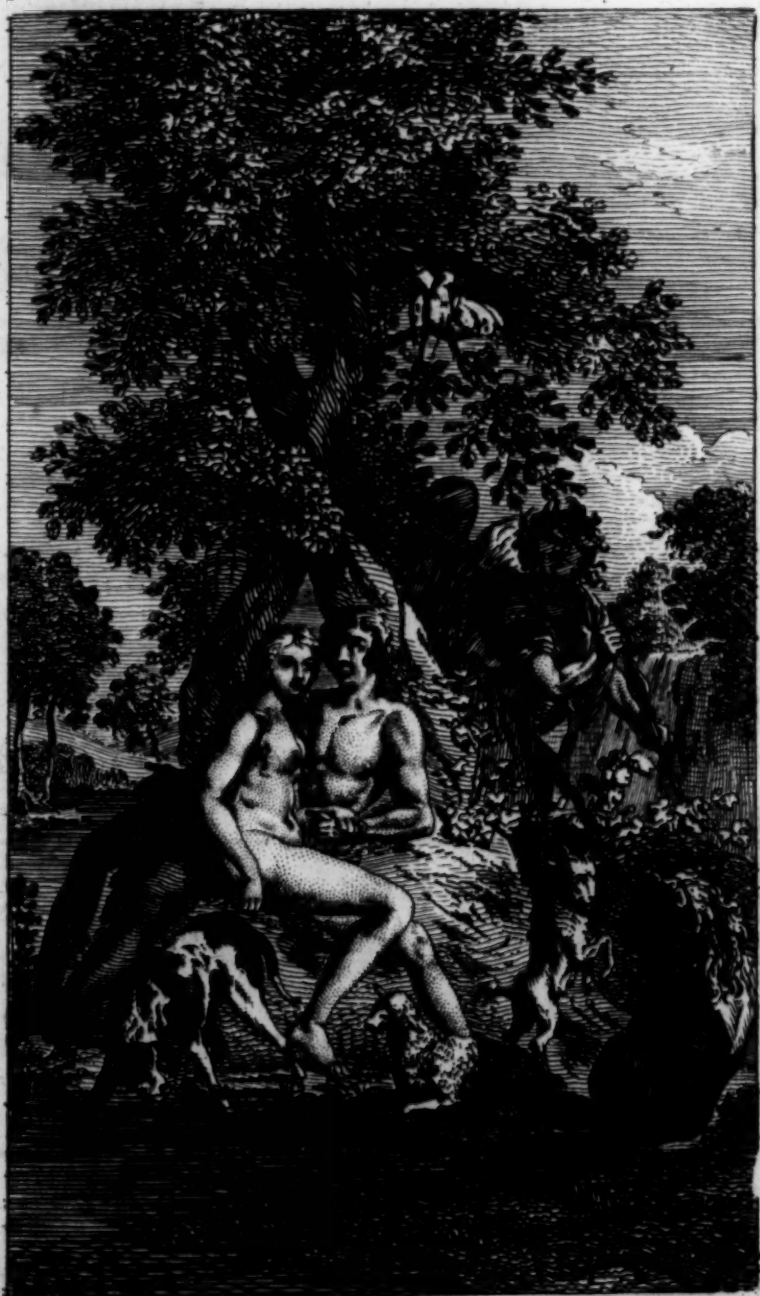
Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
 The works of God, thereby to glorify 695  
 The great work-master, leads to no excess  
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps, 700  
 Contented with report, hear only' in heaven :  
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance always with delight ;  
 But what created mind can comprehend 705  
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?  
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,

This world's material mold, came to a heap :  
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar 710  
Stood rul'd, flood vast infinitude confin'd ;  
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung :  
Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire ; 715  
And this ethereal quintessence of heaven  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;  
Each had his place appointed, each his course ; 720  
The rest in circuit walls this universe.  
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side,  
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines ;  
That place is earth, the seat of man ; that light  
His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere, 725  
Night would invade : but there the neighb'ring moon  
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
Timely' interposes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heav'n,  
With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730  
Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower ;  
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 735  
Thus said, he turn'd ; and Satan bowing low,  
As to superior spi'rits is wont in heaven,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and tow'ard the coast of earth beneath,  
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740  
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel ;  
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates top he lights.

*The end of the third book.*

## The A R G U M E N T of Book IV.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state; but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sun-beam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap'd the deep, and pass'd at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower describ'd; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.



*E. Hayman in. et del.*  
*Book 4.*

*J. M. sc.*



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## P A R A D I S E L O S T.

## B O O K IV.

**O** For that warning voice, which he who saw  
 The Apocalyps heard cry in heav'n aloud,  
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
*Woe to th' inhabitants on earth !* that now, 5  
 While time was, our first parents had been warn'd  
 The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd,  
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare : for now  
 Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
 The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind, 10  
 To wreak on innocent frail man his loss  
 Of that first battle, and his flight to hell :  
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,  
 Far off, and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
 Begins his dire attempt ; which nigh the birth 15  
 Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,  
 And like a devilish engine back recoils  
 Upon himself ; horror and doubt distract  
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The hell within him ; for within him hell 20  
 He brings, and round about him, not from hell  
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly  
 By change of place : now conscience wakes despair,  
 That slumber'd ; wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25

Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
 Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad ;  
 Sometimes tow'ards heav'n, and the full-blazing sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower : 30  
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god  
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call, 35  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;  
 Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down, 40  
 Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.  
 Ah wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was,  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard. 45  
 What could be less, than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
 How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high  
 I sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher 50  
 Would set me high'est, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd ;  
 And understood not that a grateful mind 55  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharg'd ; what burden then ?  
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60  
 Ambition. Yet why not ? some other power

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 81

As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
 Drawn to his part ; but other pow'rs as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65  
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand ?  
 Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to' accuse,  
 But heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all ?  
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70  
 Nay curs'd be thou ; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?  
 Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ; 75  
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.  
 O then at last relent: is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ? 80  
 None left but by submission ; and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
 With other promises, and other vaunts.  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85  
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of hell,  
 With diadem and scepter high advanc'd, 90  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery : such joy ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
 By act of grace, my former state ; how soon  
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay 95  
 What feign'd submission swore ? ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.



For never can true reconcilment grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep :  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse, 100  
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my punisher : therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging peace :  
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead 105  
 Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;  
 Evil be thou my good : by thee at least 110  
 Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;  
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.  
 Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face  
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair ; 115  
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.  
 For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul  
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm, 120  
 Artificer of fraud ; and was the first  
 That practis'd falsehood under faintly show,  
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.  
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
 Uriel once warn'd ; whose eye pursu'd him down 125  
 The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount  
 Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall  
 Spi'rit of happy sort : his gestures fierce  
 He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130  
 So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,

As with a rural mound, the champain head  
Of a steep wilderness; whose hairy sides 135  
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
Access deny'd; and over head up grew  
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend 140  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung:  
Which to our general fire gave prospect large  
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round. 145  
And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd:  
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams, 150  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath show'r'd the earth; so lovely seem'd  
That landskip: and of pure now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155  
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160  
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the Blest; with such delay  
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league  
Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles: 165  
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend,  
Who came their bane; though with them better pleas'd  
Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse

Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170  
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill  
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow ;  
But further way found none, so thick intwin'd,  
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175

Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way.  
One gate there only was, and that look'd east  
On th' other side : which when th' arch-felon saw,  
Due entrance he disdain'd, and, in contempt, 180

At one flight bound high overleap'd all bound  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet, As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve 185  
In hurled cotes amid the field secure,

Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold :  
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190

In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles :  
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold ;  
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.  
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
The middle tree, and highest there that grew, 195  
Sat like a cormorant ; yet not true life,

Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death  
To them who liv'd ; nor on the virtue thought  
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd  
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge 200  
Of immortality. So little knows

Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 85

Beneath him with new wonder now he views, 205  
 To all delight of human sense expos'd,  
 In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
 A heav'n on earth: for blissful Paradise  
 Of God the garden was, by him in th' east  
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line 210  
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
 Or where the sons of Eden long before  
 Dwelt in Telfassar: in this pleasant soil  
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd; 215  
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow  
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
 Of vegetable gold: and next to life, 220  
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by;  
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.  
 Southward through Eden went a river large,  
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill  
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown 225  
 That mountain as his garden-mold high rais'd  
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
 Water'd the garden; thence united fell 230  
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
 Which from his darksome passage now appears;  
 And now divided into four main streams,  
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm  
 And country, whereof here needs no account; 235  
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
 How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,  
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
 With mazy error under pendent shades



## 86 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240  
 Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradise, which not nice art  
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon  
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
 Both where the morning-sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245  
 Imbrown'd the noontide-bow'rs. Thus was this place  
 A happy rural seat of various view :  
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;  
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind,  
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250  
 If true, here only', and of delicious taste :  
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
 Grazing the tender herb; were interpos'd,  
 Or palmy hillock ; or the flow'ry lap  
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255  
 Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose :  
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant: mean while murm'ring waters fall 260  
 Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd  
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
 The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265  
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
 Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field  
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
 Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis 270  
 Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
 To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove  
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd  
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise

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Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle 275  
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove,  
 Hid Amalthea, and her florid son  
 Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;  
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280  
 Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd  
 True Paradise under the Ethiop line  
 By Nilus head, inclós'd with shining rock,  
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
 From this Assyrian garden; where the fiend 285  
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
 Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.  
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all: 290  
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd),  
 Whence true authority in men: though both 295  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:  
 For contemplation he, and valour form'd;  
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;  
 He for God only, she for God in him.  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd 300  
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305  
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,  
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd  
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,

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Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310  
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;  
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
 Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind 315  
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
 Simplicity, and spotless innocence!  
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
 Of God or angel; for they thought no ill: 320  
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
 That ever since in love's embraces met;  
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green 325  
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain-side  
 They sat them down; and after no more toil  
 Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd  
 To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease  
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330  
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs  
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:  
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind, 335  
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as befits  
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,  
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd 340  
 All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;  
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid; bears, tygers, ounces, pards,

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Gambol'd before them ; th' unwieldly elephant, 345  
 To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd  
 His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent fly  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grafs 350  
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing fat,  
 Or bedward ruminating ; for the sun  
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career  
 To th' ocean-isles, and in th' ascending scale  
 Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose : 355  
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !  
 Into our room of blifs thus high advanc'd  
 Creatures of other mold, earth-born perhaps, 360  
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright  
 Little inferior ; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.  
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh 366  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe ;  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy ;  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370  
 Long to continue, and this high seat your heav'n  
 Ill fenc'd for heaven to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enter'd ; yet no purpos'd foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied. League with you I seek 375  
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
 Henceforth : my dwelling haply may not please,  
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense ; yet such



Accept your Maker's work ; he gave it me, 380  
Which I as freely give : hell shall unfold,

To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
And send forth all her kings ; there will be room,  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous offspring ; if no better place, 385

Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.  
And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390  
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now  
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.  
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395  
Down he alights among the sportful herd  
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,  
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end  
Nearer to view his prey, and unespied  
To mark what of their state he more might learn, 400  
By word or action mark'd : about them round

A lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;  
Then as a tyger, who by chance hath spy'd  
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft 405  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,  
Grip'd in each paw : when Adam, first of men,  
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,  
Turn'd him, all ear to hear new utterance flow. 410

Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,  
Dearer thyself than all ; needs must the power  
That made us, and for us this ample world,  
Be infinitely good, and of his good

As liberal and free as infinite;  
 That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Ought whereof he hath need; he who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only tree  
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;  
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st  
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left,  
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule  
 Confer'd upon us, and dominion given  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights:  
 But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task,  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers;  
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.  
 To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom  
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Præminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find.  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd

415

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450

Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound  
 Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread  
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455  
 Pure as th' expanse of heav'n; I thither went  
 With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite 460  
 A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,  
 Bending to look on me: I started back,  
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,  
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks  
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465  
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,  
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;  
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470  
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of human race. What could I do, 475  
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?  
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a platan; yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd; 480  
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,  
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;

Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half. With that thy gentle hand  
Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time see  
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

490

So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,

And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
On our first father; half her swelling breast

495

Naked met his, under the flowing gold

Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight,

Both of her beauty and submissive charms,

Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds

500

That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip

With kisses pure. Aside the devil turn'd

For envy; yet with jealous leer malign

Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two, 505  
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,

The happier Eden shall enjoy their fill

Of bliss on bliss; while I to hell am thrust,

Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,

Among our other torments not the least,

510

Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.

Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd

From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;

One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge call'd,

Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden?

515

Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord

Envy them that? can it be sin to know?

Can it be death? and do they only stand

By ignorance? is that their happy state,

The proof of their obedience, and their faith?

520

O fair foundation laid whereon to build

Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds



With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt 525  
 Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,

They taste, and die: what likelier can ensue?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;  
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530  
 Some wand'ring spi'rit of heav'n, by fountain-side,  
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,  
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began [roam.  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his  
 Mean while in utmost longitude, where heaven  
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 540  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect

Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
 Levell'd his evening-rays: it was a rock  
 Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545  
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high;  
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
 Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550  
 About him exercis'd heroic games

Th' unarmed youth of heav'n, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even 555  
 On a sun-beam; swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd  
 Impres'd the air, and shows the mariner

From what point of his compass to beware  
Impetuous winds : he thus began in haste.

560

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at height of noon came to my sphere  
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know

565

More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly man,  
God's latest image : I describ'd his way,  
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his airy gait ;

But in the mount that lies from Eden north,

Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks  
Alien from heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd :

570

Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade

Lost sight of him : one of the banish'd crew,

I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise

New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.

575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.

Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,

Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,

See far and wide : in at this gate none pass

The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come

580

Well known from heav'n ; and since meridian hour

No creature thence : if spi'rit of other sort,

So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds

On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude

Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.

585

But if within the circuit of these walks,

In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom

Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he ; and Uriel to his charge

Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd

Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n

591

Beneath th' Azores ; whether the prime orb,

Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd

Diurnal, or this less volúbile earth,

By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 595  
 Arraying with reflected purple' and gold  
 The clouds that on his western throne attend:

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird, 600  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
 Were flunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament  
 With living saphirs: Hesperus, that led 605  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair consort, th' hour 610  
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
 Successive; and the timely dew of sleep  
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines 615  
 Our eyelids: other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;  
 Man hath his daily work of body' or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity.  
 And the regard of heav'n on all his ways; 620  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account.  
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our present labour, to reform 625  
 Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring, and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:  
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630

That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:  
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty' adorn'd.

My author and disposer, what thou bidst 635

Unargu'd I obey: so God ordains;

God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

With thee conversing I forget all time;

All seasons, and their change, all please alike. 640

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,

With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,

When first on this delightful land he spreads

His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glitt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth 645

After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on

Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,

With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,

And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train:

But neither breath of morn, when she ascends 650

With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun

On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,

Glitt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;

Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, 655

Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.

But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd.

Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve, 660

These have their course to finish round the earth,

By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land

In order, though to nations yet unborn,

Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;

Lest total darkness should by night regain 665



Her old possession, and extinguish life  
 In nature and all things; which these soft fires  
 Not only' enlighten, but with kindly heat  
 Of various influence foment and warm,  
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive  
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.

These then, though unbeheld in deep of night, 674  
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,  
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night: how often, from the steep 680  
 Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight-air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to others note,  
 Singing their great Creator? oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk, 685  
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd  
 On to their blissful bow'r: it was a place 690  
 Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd  
 All things to man's delightful use; the roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side 695  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,  
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic; underfoot the violet, 700

Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem : other creature here,  
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none ;  
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower 705  
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,  
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,  
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs  
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710  
 And heav'nly quires the hymenæan sung,  
 What day the genial angel to our fire  
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,  
 More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods  
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like 715  
 In sad event, when to th' unwiser son  
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd  
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd  
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.  
 Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720  
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd  
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,  
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
 And starry pole : Thou also mad'st the night,  
 Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, 725  
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd  
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,  
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
 Ordain'd by thee ; and this delicious place,  
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730  
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race  
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735

This said unanimous, and other rites  
 Observing none, but adoration pure,  
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower  
 Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off  
 These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740  
 Strait side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,  
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
 Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:  
 Whatever hypocrites austere talk  
 Of purity, and place, and innocence, 745  
 Defaming as impure what God declares  
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.  
 Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain,  
 But our destroyer, foe to God and man?  
 Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source 750  
 Of human offspring, sole propriety  
 In Paradise of all things common else.  
 By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men,  
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee  
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755  
 Relations dear, and all the charities  
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.  
 Far be' it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbecoming holiest place,  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760  
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,  
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.  
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile 765  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,  
 Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,  
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight-ball,  
 Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770

These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept;  
 And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof  
 Show'r'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
 Bless'd pair; and O yet happiest, if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more. 775

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone  
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,  
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour, stood arm'd  
 To their night-watches in warlike parade; 780  
 When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;  
 Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785  
 From these, two strong and subtle spi'rits he call'd  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed  
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook:  
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790  
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.  
 This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd,  
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd  
 The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795  
 Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
 Dazzling the moon; these to the bow'r direct,  
 In search of whom they fought: him there they found  
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 The organs of her fancy', and with them forge  
 Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 Th' animal spirits, that from pure blood arise 805



Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.  
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810

'Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
 Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815  
 Fit for the tun some magazine to store  
 Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain  
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;  
 So started up in his own shape the fiend.  
 Back stept those two fair angels, half amaz'd 820  
 So sudden to behold the grisly king;  
 Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel spi'rits adjudg'd to hell  
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,  
 Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait, 825  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,  
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830  
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answ'ring scorn with scorn.  
 Think not, revolted sp'rit, thy shape the same, 835  
 Or undiminis'd brightness to be known,  
 As when thou stood'st in heav'n upright and pure;  
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
 Departed from thee'; and thou resemblest now  
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul, 840

But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845  
Invincible: abash'd the devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue' in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd  
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd  
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850  
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
Best with the best, the sencer not the sent,  
Or all at once; more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,  
Will save us trial what the least can do 855  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;  
But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly  
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860  
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,  
Gabriël, from the front thus call'd aloud. 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;  
And with them comes a third of regal port,  
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate 870  
And fierce demeanor seems the prince of hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest;  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,  
And brief related whom they brought, where found, 875

How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.  
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880  
By thy example, but have pow'r and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow. 885  
Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,  
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no  
And boldly venture to whatever place. [doubt,  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;  
To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895  
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object  
His will who bound us? let him surer bar  
His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.  
The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900  
But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel mov'd,  
Disdainfully half smiling, thus reply'd.  
O loss of one in heav'n to judge of wise,  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905  
And now returns him from his prison scap'd,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicenc'd from his bounds in hell prescrib'd;  
So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910

However, and to scape his punishment.

So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,  
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them  
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they  
Less hardy to endure? courageous chief,  
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern.

Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting angel; well thou know'st I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,  
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.

But still thy words at random, as before,

Argue thy inexperience what behoves

From hard assays and ill successes past

A faithful leader, not to hazard all

Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:

I therefore, I alone first undertook

To wing the desolate abyfs, and spy

This new created world, whereof in hell

Fame is not silent, here in hope to find

Better abode, and my afflicted powers

To settle here on earth, or in mid air;

Though for possession put to try once more

What thou and thy gay legions dare against;

Whose easier business were to serve their Lord

High up in heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,

And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warrior angel soon reply'd.



To fay and strait unfay, pretending first  
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
 Argues no leader, but a liar trac'd,  
 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.  
 Was this your discipline, and faith engag'd,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve, 955  
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r supreme?  
 And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servily ador'd  
 Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope 960  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
 But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;  
 Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour  
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965  
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains, 970  
 Proud liminary Cherub, but ere then  
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm, though heav'n's King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975  
 In progress through the road of heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic Squadron bright  
 Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns  
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980  
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 107

Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,  
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On th' other side, Satan alarm'd, 985  
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:  
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat Horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise 991  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements,  
 At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995  
 Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Aftrea and the Scorpion sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
 The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air 1000  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;  
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend. 1005  
 Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;  
 Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then  
 To boast what arms can do? since thine no more  
 Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now.  
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010  
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,  
 If thou resist. The fiend look'd up, and knew  
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
 Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night. 1015

*The end of the fourth book.*

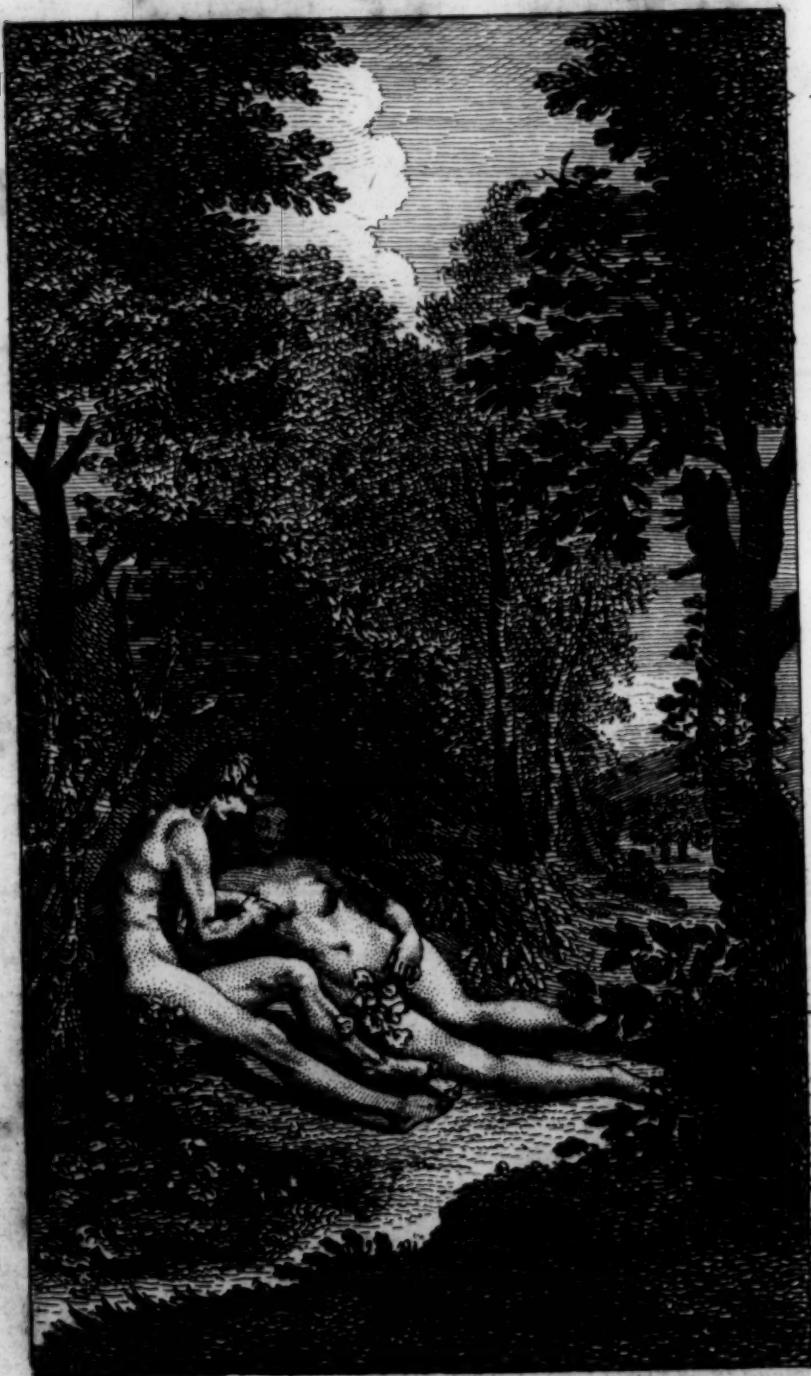
## The ARGUMENT of Book V.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day-labours: their morning-hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

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## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK V.

**N**OW morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
 When Adam wak'd ; so custom'd ; for his sleep  
 Was airy light from pure digestion bred,  
 And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound 5  
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song  
 Of birds on every bough ; so much the more  
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, 10  
 As through unquiet rest : he, on his side  
 Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces ; then with voice 15  
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake,  
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever-new delight,  
 Awake : the morning shines, and the fresh field 20  
 Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee

Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25  
 Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye  
 On Adam; whom embracing, thus she spake.  
 O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night 30  
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,  
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design;  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night: methought 35  
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
 With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,  
 Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40  
 Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns  
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
 If none regard: heav'n wakes with all his eyes;  
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire? 45  
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
 To find thee I directed then my walk;  
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd, through ways 50  
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
 Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,  
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day:  
 And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood  
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from heav'n 55  
 By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd  
 Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;  
 And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,

Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despis'd? 60

Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?

Forbid who will, none shall from me with-hold

Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?

This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm

He pluck'd, he tasted: me damp horror chill'd 65

At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold.

But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,

Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,

Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit

For gods, yet able to make gods of men: 70

And why not gods of men, since good, the more

Communicated, more abundant grows,

The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?

Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,

Partake thou also; happy though thou art, 75

Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:

Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods

Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,

But sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes

Ascend to heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80

What life the gods live there, and such live thou.

So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,

Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part

Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savoury smell

So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85

Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds

With him I flew, and underneath beheld

The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide

And various: wond'ring at my flight and change

To this high exaltation; suddenly 90

My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,

And fell asleep: but O how glad I wak'd,

To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night

Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.



Best image of myself, and dearer half, 95  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally ; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear :  
 Yet evil whence ? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know, that in the soul 100  
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
 Reason as chief : among these Fancy next  
 Her office holds ; of all external things,  
 Which the five watchful senses represent,  
 She forms imaginations, airy shapes, 105  
 Which reason joining or disjoining, frames  
 All what we' affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires  
 Into her private cell, when nature rests.  
 Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes 110  
 To imitate her ; but misjoining shapes,  
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
 Some such resemblances, methinks, I find  
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream, 115  
 But with addition strange ; yet be not sad.  
 Evil into the mind of God or man  
 May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind : which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, 120  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,  
 That wont to be more chearful and serene,  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world ;  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise, 125  
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers  
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

V. Book V. PARADISE LOST. 113

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd ;  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall 130  
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
 But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof  
 Soon as they forth were come to open fight  
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,  
 With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean-brim, 140  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landskip all the east  
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145  
 In various style ; for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd, or sung  
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse, 150  
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
 To add more sweetness ; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then ! 155  
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns,  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160  
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heav'n,

On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. 165  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170  
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st 175  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth 180  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise 185  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecing skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breath soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow, 195  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices all ye living souls; ye birds,  
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,

Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200

The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still 205

To give us only good; and if the night  
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm. 210

On to their morning's rural work they haste,  
Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row  
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far  
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check  
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine 215

To wed her elm; she spous'd about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dow'r, th' adopted clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld  
With pity heav'n's high King, and to him call'd 220

Raphael, the sociable spi'rit, that deign'd  
To travel with Tobias, and secur'd  
His marriage with the sev'ntimes-wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on earth  
Satan, from hell scap'd through the darksome gulf, 225  
Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd  
This night the human pair, how he designs  
In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230  
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,  
To respite his day-labour with repast,  
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,



As may advise him of his happy state,  
 Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235  
 Left to his own free will ; his will though free,  
 Yet mutable : whence warn him to beware  
 He swerve not too secure. Tell him withal  
 His danger, and from whom ; what enemy,  
 Late fall'n himself from heav'n, is plotting now - 240  
 The fall of others from like state of blifs :  
 By violence ? no, for that shall be withstood ;  
 But by deceit and lies : this let him know,  
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend  
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245

So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
 All justice : nor delay'd the winged saint  
 After his charge receiv'd ; but from among  
 Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood  
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light 250  
 Flew through the midst of heav'n ; th' angelic quires,  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all th' empyreal road ; till at the gate  
 Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,  
 On golden hinges turning, as by work 255  
 Divine the sov'reign Architect had fram'd.  
 From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
 Star interpos'd, however small, he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining globes,  
 Earth, and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd 260  
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass  
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes  
 Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon :  
 Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades,  
 Delos or Samos first appearing, kens 265  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing

Book V. PARADISE LOST.

117

Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
Winnows the buxom air ; till within soar 270  
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he seems  
A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,  
When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's  
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns,  
A Seraph wing'd : six wings he wore, to shade  
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
With regal ornament ; the middle pair 280  
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,  
And colours dipt in heav'n ; the third his feet  
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood, 285  
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands  
Of angels under watch ; and to his state,  
And to his message high, in honour rise ;  
For on some message high they guess'd him bound. 290  
Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come  
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm ;  
A wilderness of sweets ; for nature here  
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295  
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
Wild above rule or art ; enormous bliss.  
Him through the spicy forest onward come  
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun 300  
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm  
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs ;  
And Eve within, due at her hour, prepar'd

For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305  
 Of necta'rous draughts between, from milky stream,  
 Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
 Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310  
 Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from heav'n  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour  
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive 315  
 Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford  
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestow'd, where Nature multiples  
 Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mold,  
 Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes: 325  
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,  
 Each plant and juciest gourd, will pluck such choice  
 To entertain our angel-guest, as he  
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth  
 God hath dispens'd his bounties as in heav'n. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
 What choice to chuse for delicacy best,  
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
 Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring 335  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;  
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
 Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields

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In India East or West, or middle shore,  
 In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where  
 Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
 Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,  
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand ; for drink the grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
 From many a berry', and from sweet kernels press'd  
 She tempers dulcet creams ; nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure ; then strows the ground  
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.

Mean while our primitive great fire, to meet  
 His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train  
 Accompanied than with his own compleat  
 Perfections ; in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On princes, when their rich retinue long  
 Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,  
 Dazzles the croud, and sets them all agape.  
 Nearer his presence Adam, though not aw'd,  
 Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,  
 As to' a superior nature, bowing low,  
 Thus said. Native of heav'n, for other place  
 None can than heav'n such glorious shape contain ;  
 Since by descending from the thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while  
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us  
 Two' only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline.

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild.  
 Adam, I therefore came ; nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,



As may not oft invite, though spi'rits of heav'n  
 To visit thee : lead on then where thy bower 375  
 O'ershades ; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,  
 I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge

They came, that like Pomona's harbour smil'd,  
 With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant smells ; but Eve  
 Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380  
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd  
 Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,  
 Stood to' entertain her guest from heav'n ; no veil  
 She needed, virtue-proof ; no thought infirm  
 Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail 385  
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd  
 Long after to blest'd Mary, second Eve.

Hail mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb  
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390  
 Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf  
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round ;  
 And on her ample square from side to side  
 All autumn pil'd, though spring and autumn here  
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold ;  
 No fear lest dinner cool ; when thus began 396  
 Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
 These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom  
 All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,  
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400  
 The earth to yield ; unfavoury food perhaps  
 To spiritual natures ; only this I know,  
 That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the angel. Therefore what he gives  
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part 405  
 Spiritual, may of purest spi'rits be found  
 No' ingrateful food : and food alike those pure  
 Intelligential substances require,

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As doth your rational ; and both contain  
 Within them every lower faculty 410  
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
 For know, whatever was created, needs  
 To be sustain'd and fed : of elements, 415  
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
 Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires  
 Ethereal, and as lowest, first the moon ;  
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420  
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
 From her moist continent to higher orbs.  
 The sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
 From all his alimantal recompense,  
 In humid exhalations, and at ev'n 425  
 Sups with the ocean. Though in heav'n the trees  
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
 Yield nectar ; though from off the boughs each morn  
 We brush mellifluous dew, and find the ground  
 Cover'd with pearly grain : yet God hath here 430  
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with heaven ; and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
 And to their viands fell : nor seemingly  
 The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435  
 Of Theologians ; but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
 'To transubstantiate : what redounds, transpires  
 Through spi'rits with ease ; nor wonder ; if by fire  
 Of sooty coal th' empiric alchemist 440  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
 As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve

Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence 445  
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 Then had the sons of God excuse to' have been  
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell. 450

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,  
 Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose  
 In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass  
 Giv'n him by this great conference, to know  
 Of things above his world, and of their be'ing 455  
 Who dwell in heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,  
 Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far  
 Exceeded human: and his wary speech  
 Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man;  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd  
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
 Food not of angels, yet accepted so, 465  
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
 At heav'n's high feasts to' have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.  
 O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
 All things proceed, and up to him return, 470  
 If not deprav'd from good; created all  
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
 Endu'd with various forms, various degrees  
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life;  
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475  
 As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,  
 Each in their several active spheres assign'd,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds

445

Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
 More airy, last the bright consummate flow'r 481  
 Spirits odorous breathes : flow'rs, and their fruit,  
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,

450  
d,

To vital spi'rits aspire, to animal,  
 To intellectual : give both life and sense, 485  
 Fancy and understanding ; whence the soul  
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
 Discursive, or intuitive : discourse

455

Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
 Diff'ring but in degree, of kind the same. 490  
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good

460

If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance. Time may come, when men  
 With angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient di'et, nor too light fare ; 495

465

And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice 500

are ?

Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell ;  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entire,  
 Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy

470

Your fill what happiness this happy state  
 Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.

O favourable spi'rit, propitious guest,  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set

475

From center to circumference, whereon, 510  
 In contemplation of created things,  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found



Obedient? Can we want obedience then  
 To him, or possibly his love desert, 515  
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel. Son of heav'n and earth,  
 Attend. That thou art happy, owe to God; 520  
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thyself,  
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.

This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.  
 God made thee perfect, not immutable;  
 And good he made thee, but to persevere 525  
 He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will  
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate  
 Inextricable, or strict necessity:

Our voluntary service he requires,  
 Not our necessitated; such with him 530  
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how  
 Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve  
 Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By destiny, and can no other chuse?

Myself, and all th' angelic host, that stand 535  
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state  
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;  
 On other surety none: freely we serve,  
 Because we freely love, as in our will  
 To love or not; in this we stand or fall: 540

And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
 And so from heav'n to deepest hell; O fall  
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great progenitor. Thy words  
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
 Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills  
 Aereal music send: nor knew I not

To be both will and deed created free ;  
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550

Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assur'd me', and still assure : though what thou tell'st  
Hath pass'd in heav'n, some doubt within me move,  
But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555  
The full relation ; which must needs be strange,  
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard :

And we have yet large day ; for scarce the sun  
Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins  
His other half in the great zone of heav'n. 560

Thus Adam made request ; and Raphaël,  
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'st me', O prime of men,  
Sad task, and hard : for how shall I relate  
To human sense th' invifible exploits 565

Of warring spirits ? how without remorse  
The ruin of so many glorious once  
And perfect while they stood ? how last unfold  
The secrets of another world, perhaps  
Not lawful to reveal ? Yet for thy good 570

This is dispens'd ; and what furmounts the reach  
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,  
As may express them best ; though what if earth  
Be but the shadow' of heav'n, and things therein 575  
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought ?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
Reign'd where these heav'ns now roll, where earth now  
Upon her centre pois'd ; when on a day [rests

(For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580  
To motion, measures all things durable  
By present, past, and future) on such day  
As heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host

Of angels, by imperial summons call'd,  
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585  
 Forthwith, from all the ends of heav'n, appear'd  
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright :  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,  
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590  
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees ;  
 Or in their glitt'ring tissues bear imblaz'd  
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595  
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,  
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye angels, progeny of light, 600  
 Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, pow'rs,  
 Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.  
 This day I have begot whom I declare  
 My only Son, and on this holy hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605  
 At my right hand ; your head I him appoint ;  
 And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow  
 All knees in heav'n, and shall confess him Lord :  
 Under his great vicegerent reign abide  
 United as one individual soul, 610  
 For ever happy : him who disobey's,  
 Me disobey's, breaks union, and that day  
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
 Into' utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place  
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words  
 All seem'd well pleas'd ; all seem'd, but were not all.  
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent

In song and dance about the sacred hill ;  
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620  
 Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels  
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
 Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
 Then most, when most irregular they seem ;  
 And in their motions harmony divine 625  
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear  
 Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd,  
 (For we have also' our ev'ning and our morn,  
 We ours for change delectable, not need) ;  
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630  
 Desirous ; all in circles as they stood,  
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
 With angels food, and rubied nectar flows,  
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold ;  
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n. 635  
 On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,  
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds  
 Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who show'r'd  
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. 640  
 Now when ambrosial night, with clouds exhal'd  
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade  
 Spring both, the face of brightest heav'n had chang'd  
 To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there 645  
 In darker veil), and roseate dews dispos'd  
 All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest ;  
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,  
 (Such are the courts of God), th' angelic throng, 650  
 Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,



Celestial tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fann'd with cool winds; save those who, in their course,  
 Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne 656  
 Alternate all night long. But not so wak'd  
 Satan; so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in heav'n; he of the first,  
 If not the first Arch-angel, great in pow'r, 660  
 In favour and præeminence, yet fraught  
 With envy' against the Son of God, that day  
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear  
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.  
 Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain, 666  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme, 670  
 Contemptuous; and his next subordinate  
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close  
 Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree  
 Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675  
 Of heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart;  
 Both waking we were one; how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou see'st impos'd;  
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
 In us who serve, new counsels to debate 681  
 What doubtful may ensue: more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
 Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;  
 Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night 685  
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me their banners wave,  
 Homeward, with flying march, where we possess

The quarters of the north ; there to prepare  
Fit entertainment to receive our King, 690  
The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false Arch-angel, and infus'd  
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695

Of his associate : he together calls,  
Or several one by one, the regent powers,  
Under him regent ; tells, as he was taught,  
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,  
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd heav'n, 700

The great hierarchal standard was to move ;  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
Or taint integrity : but all obey'd  
The wonted signal, and superior voice 705

Of their great potentate ; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in heav'n ;  
His count'nance, as the morning-star that guides  
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies  
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's host. 710

Mean while th' eternal eye, whose sight discerns  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,  
And from within the golden lamps that burn  
Nightly before him, saw, without their light,  
Rebellion rising ; saw in whom, how spread 715  
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high decree ;  
And smiling to his only Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
In full resplendence, heir of all my might, 720  
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
We mean to hold what anciently we claim

Of deity or empire : such a foe  
 Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne 725  
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north ;  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
 In battle, what our pow'r is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all employ 730  
 In our defence ; lest unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect, and clear,  
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,  
 Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735  
 Justly hast in derision, and secure  
 Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain ;  
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
 Illustrates, when they see all regal pow'r  
 Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event 740  
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heav'n.

So spake the Son ; but Satan, with his pow'rs,  
 Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an host  
 Innumerable as the stars of night, 745  
 Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun  
 Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
 Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies  
 Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,  
 In their triple degrees ; regions to which 750  
 All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
 And all the sea, from one entire globose  
 Stretch'd into longitude ; which having pass'd,  
 At length into the limits of the north 755  
 They came ; and Satan to his royal seat  
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
 Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs

From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold ;  
 The palace of great Lucifer, (so call  
 That structure in the dialect of men  
 Interpreted), which not long after, he  
 Affecting all equality with God,  
 In imitation of that mount whereon  
 Messiah was declar'd in sight of heav'n,  
 The mountain of the congregation call'd ;  
 For thither he assembled all his train,  
 Pretending so commanded to consult  
 About the great reception of their King,  
 Thither to come ; and with calumnious art  
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, pow'rs,  
 If these magnific titles yet remain  
 Not merely titular, since by decree  
 Another now hath to himself ingross'd  
 All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name  
 Of King anointed : for whom all this haste  
 Of midnight-march, and hurried meeting here,  
 This only to consult how we may best,  
 With what may be devis'd of honours new,  
 Receive him, coming to receive from us  
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
 Too much to one, but double how endur'd,  
 To one and to his image now proclaim'd ?  
 But what if better counsels might erect  
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?  
 Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend  
 The supple knee ? Ye will not, if I trust  
 To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
 Natives and sons of heav'n possess'd before  
 By none ; and if not equal all, yet free,  
 Equally free ; for orders and degrees  
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.



Who can in reason then, or right, assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right 795  
 His equals, if in pow'r and splendor less,  
 In freedom equal? or can introduce  
 Law and edict on us, who without law  
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,  
 And look for adoration, to th' abuse 800  
 Of those imperial titles, which assert  
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

Thus far his bold discourse without controll  
 Had audience; when among the Seraphim  
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd 805  
 The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!  
 Words which no ear ever to hear in heav'n 810  
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,  
 In place thyself so high above thy peers.  
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,  
 That to his only Son, by right endu'd 815  
 With regal scepter, every soul in heav'n  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
 Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,  
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign, 820  
 One over all with unsucceeded power.  
 Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute  
 With him the points of liberty, who made  
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of heav'n.  
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being? 825  
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,  
 And of our good and of our dignity  
 How provident he is; how far from thought

To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state, under one head more near 830  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals monarch reign:  
 Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,  
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,  
 Equal to him begotten Son? by whom, 835  
 As by his Word, the mighty Father made  
 All things, ev'n thee; and all the spi<sup>r</sup>its of heav'n  
 By him created in their bright degrees,  
 Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd  
 Thrones, dominations, princedom, virtues, pow'rs, 840  
 Essential pow'rs; nor by his reign obscur'd,  
 But more illustrious made; since he the head  
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;  
 His laws our laws; all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage, 845  
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease  
 Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,  
 While pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd, 850  
 Or singular and rash: whereat rejoic'd  
 Th' apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.

That we were form'd then say'st thou? and the work  
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd  
 From Father to his Son? Strange point, and new! 855  
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who saw  
 When this creation was? remember'st thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
 We know no time when we were not as now;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd 860  
 By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course  
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native heav'n, ethereal sons.

Our puissance is our own ; our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865  
 Who is our equal : then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt th' almighty throne  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carry to th' anointed King ; 870  
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,  
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause  
 Through the infinite host ; nor less for that  
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875  
 Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O spi'rit accurs'd,  
 Forsaken of all good ; I see thy fall  
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880  
 Both of thy crime and punishment : henceforth  
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
 Of God's Messiah ; those indulgent laws  
 Will not be now vouchsaf'd ; other decrees  
 Against thee are gone forth without recall ; 885  
 That golden scepter, which thou didst reject,  
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise ;  
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
 These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890  
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
 Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel  
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,  
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know. 895

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,

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Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrify'd,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; 900  
 Nor number, nor example, with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought; 905  
 And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
 On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

*The end of the fifth book.*



## The A R G U M E N T of Book VI.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight describ'd : Satan and his powers retire under night : he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder ; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan : yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory : he in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of heaven ; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep : Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

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## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VI.

**A**LL night the dreadless angel, unpursu'd,  
 Through heav'n's wide champain held his way;  
 till morn,  
 Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand  
 Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave  
 Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, 5  
 Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through  
 Graceful vicissitude, like day and night; [heav'n  
 Light issues forth, and at the other door  
 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10  
 To veil the heav'n, though darkness there might well  
 Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn  
 Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold  
 Empyreal; from before her vanish'd night,  
 Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain 15  
 Cover'd with thick imbattled squadrons bright,  
 Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds  
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.  
 War he perceiv'd, war in procinct; and found  
 Already known what he for news had thought 20  
 To have reported: gladly then he mix'd  
 Among those friendly pow'rs, who him receiv'd  
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,



That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one  
 Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill 25  
 They led him high applauded, and present  
 Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,  
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30  
 Against revolted multitudes the cause  
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;  
 And for the testimony' of truth hath borne  
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
 Than violence; for this was all thy care, 35  
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds  
 Judg'd thee perverse. The easier conquest now  
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return,  
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart; and to subdue 40  
 By force, who reason for their law refuse,  
 Right reason for their law, and for their King  
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince;  
 And thou in military prowess next, 45  
 Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons  
 Invincible, lead forth my armed saints,  
 By thousands and by millions, rang'd for fight,  
 Equal in number to that godless crew  
 Rebellious: them with fire and hostile arms 50  
 Fearless assault; and to the brow of heav'n  
 Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,  
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
 His fiery chaos to receive their fall. 55

So spake the sov'reign voice, and clouds began  
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign

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Of wrath awak'd ; nor with less dread the loud  
 25 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow : 60  
 At which command the powers militant,  
 That stood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd  
 Of union irresistible, mov'd on  
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
 30 Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65  
 Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds,  
 Under their god-like leaders, in the cause  
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move  
 Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,  
 35 Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides 70  
 Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground  
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
 Their nimble tread ; as when the total kind  
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
 40 Came summon'd over Eden, to receive 75  
 Their names of thee ; so over many a tract  
 Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide,  
 Tenfold the length of this terrene : at last  
 Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd  
 45 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80  
 In battalious aspect, and nearer view  
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields  
 Various, with boastful argument portray'd,  
 50 The banded pow'rs of Satan halting on 85  
 With furious expedition ; for they ween'd  
 That self-same day, by fight, or by surprise,  
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
 To set the envier of his state, the proud  
 55 Aspirer ; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90  
 In the mid-way : though strange to us it seem'd  
 At first, that Angel should with Angel war,  
 And in fierce hosting meet, who went to meet

So oft in festivals of joy and love  
 Unanimous, as sons of one great fire, 95  
 Hymning th' eternal Father: but the shout  
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
 High in the midst exalted as a God  
 Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100  
 Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd  
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;  
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
 A dreadful interval, and front to front 105  
 Presented stood in terrible array  
 Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,  
 On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,  
 Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd  
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold; 110  
 Abdiel that fight endur'd not, where he stood  
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest  
 Should yet remain, where faith and reäly 115  
 Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might  
 There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove  
 Where boldest, though to fight unconquerable?  
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,  
 I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd 120  
 Unsound and false; nor is it ought but just,  
 That he who in debate of truth hath won,  
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike  
 Victor; though brutish that contest, and foul,  
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so 125  
 Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers  
 Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met

His daring foe, at this prevention more

95 Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd. 130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd

The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd

The throne of God unguarded, and his side

Abandon'd at the terror of thy power

100 Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain 135

Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms;

Who out of smallest things could, without end,

Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat

Thy folly; or with solitary hand

105 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow, 140

Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd

Thy legions under darkness; but thou seest

All are not of thy train; there be who faith

Prefer, and piety to God, though then

110 To thee not visible, when I alone 145

Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent

From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late

How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,

115 Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150

ht Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st

From flight, seditious Angel, to receive

Thy merited reward, the first assay

Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue,

120 Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose 155

A third part of the Gods, in synod met

Their deities to assert, who while they feel

Vigour divine within them, can allow

Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st

125 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160

From me some plume, that thy success may show

Destruction to the rest: this pause between

(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;



At first I thought that liberty and heav'n  
 To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now  
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
 Minist'ring spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song;  
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heav'n,  
 Servility with freedom to contend,  
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 165 170

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.  
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:  
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
 Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,  
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,  
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excells  
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
 Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd;  
 Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.  
 Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me serve  
 In heav'n God ever blest, and his divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd;  
 Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect: mean while  
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive. 175 180 185

So say'ing, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no fight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,  
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
 He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth  
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,  
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,  
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd 190 195

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Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 143

The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see  
 Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,  
 Prefage of victory, and fierce desire 201  
 Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound  
 Th' Arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of heav'n  
 It founded, and the faithful armies rung  
 Hosanna to the High'est: nor stood at gaze 205  
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
 And clamour such as heard in heav'n till now  
 Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd  
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210  
 Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
 And flying vaulted either host with fire,  
 So under fiery cope together rush'd 215  
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
 And inextinguishable rage: all heav'n  
 Refounded; and had earth been then, all earth  
 Had to her center shook. What wonder? when  
 Millions of fierce encount'ring angels fought 220  
 On either side, the least of whom could wield  
 These elements, and arm him with the force  
 Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r  
 Army' against army numberless to raise  
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225  
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat;  
 Had not th' eternal King omnipotent,  
 From his strong hold of heav'n, high over-rul'd  
 And limited their might; though number'd such  
 As each divided legion might have seem'd 230  
 A numerous host, in strength each armed hand  
 A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd  
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert

When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
 Of battle, open when, and when to close 235  
 The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,  
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
 That argu'd fear; each on himself rely'd,  
 As only in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victory: deeds of eternal fame 240  
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread  
 That war, and various, sometimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
 Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then  
 Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale 245  
 The battle hung; till Satan, who that day  
 Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms  
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd 250  
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down  
 Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand  
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb  
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, 255  
 A vast circumference. At his approach  
 The great Arch-angel from his warlike toil  
 Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end  
 Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd  
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown 260  
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

Author of ev'il, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself, 265  
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd  
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought  
 Misery, uncreated till the crime

Of thy rebellion ? how hast thou instill'd  
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 235 270  
 And faithful, now prov'd false ? But think not here  
 To trouble holy rest ; heav'n casts thee out  
 From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,  
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 240 275  
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,  
 Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,  
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 245 280

So spake the Prince of angels ; to whom thus  
 The adversary. Nor think thou with wind  
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 250 285  
 Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me  
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
 To chase me hence ? Err not, that so shall end  
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style  
 The strife of glory ; which we mean to win, 255 290  
 Or turn this heav'n itself into the hell  
 Thou fablest ; here however to dwell free,  
 If not to reign : mean while thy utmost force,  
 And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,  
 I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh. 260 295

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
 Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue  
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such height 265 300  
 Of Godlike pow'r ? for likest gods they seem'd,  
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.



Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields 305  
 Blaz'd opposite, while Expectation stood  
 In horror: from each hand with speed retir'd,  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth 310  
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky,  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound. 315  
 Together both, with next to\* almighty arm  
 Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determine, and not need repeat,  
 As not of pow'r at once ; nor odds appear'd  
 In might or swift prevention : but the sword 320  
 Of Michael from the armoury of God  
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge : it met  
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stay'd, 325  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring, shar'd  
 All his right side : then Satan first knew pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd through him : but th' ethereal substance clos'd,  
 Not long divisible ; and from the gash 331  
 A stream of necta'rous humour issuing flow'd  
 Sanguine, such as celestial spi'rits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stain'd, ere while so bright.  
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335  
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defence ; while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd

## Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 147

305 From off the files of war : there they him laid  
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame, 340  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in pow'r.  
 Yet soon he heal'd ; for spi'rits that live throughout  
 310 Vital in every part, not as frail man 345  
 In intrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die ;  
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air :  
 315 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350  
 All intellect, all sense ; and as they please,  
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.  
 Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd  
 320 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought, 355  
 And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
 Of Moloch, furious king ; who him defy'd,  
 And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n  
 325 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous ; but anon 360  
 Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms  
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
 Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
 330 Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmadai, 365  
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less than gods  
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,  
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
 335 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370  
 Ariel and Arioch, and the violence  
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.  
 I might relate of thousands, and their names

Eternize here on earth ; but those elect  
 Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n, 375  
 Seek not the praise of men : the other fort,  
 In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,  
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
 Cancel'd from heav'n and sacred memory,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380  
 For strength from truth divided, and from just,  
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy ; yet to glory aspires,  
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :  
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,  
 With many an inroad gor'd ; deformed rout  
 Enter'd, and foul disorder ; all the ground  
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap  
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390  
 And fiery foaming steeds ; what stood, recoil'd  
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
 Then first with fear surpris'd, and sense of pain,  
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395  
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.  
 Far otherwise th' inviolable saints,  
 In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd ; 400  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd  
 Not to have disobey'd ; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd 404  
 By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd.

Now night her course began, and over heav'n  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
 And silence on the odious din of war :

- Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,  
 375 Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughten field 410  
 Michaël and his Angels prevalent  
 Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires : on th' other part,  
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,  
 380 Far in the dark dislodg'd ; and void of rest, 415  
 His potentates to council call'd by night ;  
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
- O now in danger try'd, now known in arms  
 Not to be overpow'r'd, companions dear,  
 385 Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420  
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,  
 Honour, dominion, glory and renown ;  
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,  
 (And if one day, why not eternal days ?)  
 390 What heav'n's Lord had pow'rfullest to send 425  
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 395 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430  
 Some disadvantage we endur'd, and pain,  
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd ;  
 Since now we find this our empyreal form  
 Incapable of mortal injury,  
 400 Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound, 435  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
 Of evil then so small as easy think  
 The remedy ; perhaps more valid arms,  
 404 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,  
 In nature none : if other hidden cause  
 Left them superior, while we can preserve



Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,  
Due search and consultation will disclose.

445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
Nisroch, of principalities the prime;  
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,  
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havock hewn,  
And cloudy in aspect thus answer'ing spake.

450

Deliverer from new lords, leader to free  
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard  
For gods, and too unequal work we find,  
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil  
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain  
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine;  
But live content, which is the calmest life:  
But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
Of evils; and excessive, overturns  
All patience. He who therefore can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend  
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

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Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.

Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.  
Which of us who beholds the bright surface

470

Of this ethereous mold whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious heav'n, adorn'd,  
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems and gold;  
Whose eye so superficially surveys

476

These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,

Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd  
 With heav'n's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth 480  
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light ?

These in their dark nativity the deep  
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame ;  
 Which into hallow engines, long and round,  
 Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire 485  
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth

From far, with thund'ring noise, among our foes  
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash  
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490  
 The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.

Nor long shall be our labour ; yet ere dawn,  
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive ;  
 Abandon fear ; to strength and counsel join'd  
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 495

He ended, and his words their drooping chear  
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.  
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he  
 To be th' inventor miss'd ; so easy' it seem'd 499  
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
 Impossible. Yet haply of thy race

In future days, if malice should abound,  
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
 With dev'lish machination, might devise  
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men 505  
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew ;

None arguing stood ; innumerable hands  
 Were ready ; in a moment up they turn'd  
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510  
 Th' originals of nature in their crude  
 Conception ; sulphurous and nitrous foam  
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,

Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd : 515  
 Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth  
 Intrails unlike) of mineral and stone,  
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
 Of missive ruin ; part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520  
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,  
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
 With silent circumspection unesp'y'd.

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,  
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525  
 The matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood  
 Of golden panoply, resurgent host,  
 Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills  
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,  
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530  
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
 In motion or in halt : him soon they met  
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in flow  
 But firm battalion ; back with speediest sail  
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
 Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd. 535

Arm, warriors, arm for fight ; the foe at hand,  
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
 This day ; fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud  
 He comes, and settled in his face I see 540  
 Sad resolution, and secure : let each  
 His adamantine coat gird well, and each  
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbid shield,  
 Borne ev'n or high ; for this day will pour down,  
 If I conjecture ought, no drizzling show'r,  
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire. 545

So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon  
 In order, quit of all impediment ;

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VI.	Book VI. PARADISE LOST.	153
515	Instant without disturb they took alarm And onward move imbattled : when behold Not distant far with heavy pace the foe Approaching grofs and huge, in hollow cube Training his devilish enginery, impal'd On every fide with shadowing squadrons deep, To hide the fraud. At interview both flood A while ; but suddenly at head appear'd Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.	550      555
525	Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold ; That all may fee who hate us, how we seek Peace and compofure, and with open breast Stand ready to receive them, if they like Our overture, and turn not back perverse : But that I doubt ; however witnefs heaven, Heav'n witnefs thou anon, while we difcharge Freely our part ; ye who appointed ftand, Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch What we propound, and loud that all may hear.	   560    565
our, 530	So scoffing in ambiguous words, he fcarce Had ended ; when to right and left the front Divided, and to either flank retir'd : Which to our eyes difcover'd, new and ftange, A triple mounted row of pillars laid On wheels (for like to pillars moft they feem'd, Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir, With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd) Brafs, iron, ftony mold, had not their mouths With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide, Portending hollow truce : at each behind A Seraph flood, and in his hand a reed Stood waving tipt with fire ; while we fufpenfe, Collected flood within our thoughts amus'd : Not long ; for fudden all at once their reeds Pat forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd.	   570     575    580



With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame 584  
 But soon obscur'd with smoke, all heav'n appear'd,  
 From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar  
 Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,  
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail  
 Of iron globes ; which on the victor host 590  
 Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,  
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,  
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
 By thousands. Angel on Arch-angel roll'd ;  
 The sooner for their arms ; unarm'd they might 595  
 Have easily, as spi'rits evaded swift  
 By quick contraction or remove ; but now  
 Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout ;  
 Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files.  
 What should they do ? if on they rush'd, repulse 600  
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,  
 And to their foes a laughter ; for in view  
 Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,  
 In posture to displode their second tire 605  
 Of thunder : back defeated to return  
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,  
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O friends, why come not on these victors proud ?  
 Ere while they fierce were coming ; and when we, 610  
 'To entertain them fair with open front  
 And breast, (what could we more ?) propounded terms  
 Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,  
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
 As they would dance ; yet for a dance they seem'd  
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps 616  
 For joy of offer'd peace : but I suppose,  
 If our proposals once again were heard,

We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood. 620

Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
And stumbled many: who receives them right,  
Had need from head to foot well understand; 625  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They show us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond  
All doubt of victory; eternal might 630

To match with their inventions they presum'd  
So easy', and of his thunder made a scorn,  
And all his host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;  
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose. 636

Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,  
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)  
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640  
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)

Light as the ligh'tning glimpe they ran, they flew;  
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,  
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops 645

Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,  
Be sure, and terror, seiz'd the rebel host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;  
Till on those cursed engines triple-row 650

They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence  
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;  
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads.

Main promontories flung, which in the air 654  
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;  
 Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruise'd  
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
 Out of such pris'on, though sp'rits of purest light,  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown. 661

The rest, in imitation, to like arms  
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore:  
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665  
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade;  
 Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game  
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd  
 Upon confusion rose. And now all heav'n  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread; 670  
 Had not th' almighty Father, where he sits  
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of heav'n secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675  
 To honour his anointed Son aveng'd  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,  
 Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began.

Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd, 680  
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
 Visibly, what by deity I am,  
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
 Second Omnipotence, two days are past,  
 Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n, 685  
 Since Michael and his pow'rs went forth to tame  
 These disobedient: fore hath been their fight,  
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;

654

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is'd

For to themselves I left them; and thou know'st,  
Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690

Save what sin hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought  
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;

Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found:

661

War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695  
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,

With mountains as with weapons arm'd; which makes  
Wild work in heav'n, and dange'rous to the main.

665

Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;  
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700

Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine  
Of ending this great war, since none but thou

Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace  
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know

670

In heav'n and hell thy pow'r above compare; 705  
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,

To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
Of all things, to be Heir, and to be King

By sacred unction, thy deserved right.

675

Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might, 710  
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels

That shake heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,  
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms

680

Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;  
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715

From all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:  
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise

God, and Messiah his anointed King.

685

He said, and on his Son with rays direct  
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd 720

Ineffably into his face receiv'd;

And thus the Filial Godhead answ'ring spake.

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,



First, Highest, Holiest, Best ; thou always seek'st  
 To glorify thy Son, I always thee, 725  
 As is most just : this I my glory' account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will  
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my blifs.  
 Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I assume ; 730  
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee  
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st :  
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735  
 Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,  
 Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,  
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,  
 To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure  
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount  
 Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief. 745  
 So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
 From the right hand of glory where he sat ;  
 And the third sacred morn began to shine, [sound  
 Dawning through heav'n. Forth rush'd with whirlwind  
 The chariot of Paternal Deity, 750  
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd  
 By four Cherubic shapes ; four faces each  
 Had wondrous ; as with stars, their bodies all,  
 And wings, were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels  
 Of beryl, and careering fires between ; 756  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a saphir throne, inlaid with pure

Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.

725

He in celestial panoply all arm'd

760

Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,

Ascended; at his right hand Victory

Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow,

And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd;

730

And from about him fierce effusion roll'd

765

Of smoke, and bick'ring flame, and sparkles dire.

Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,

He onward came, far off his coming shone;

And twenty thousand (I their number heard)

735

Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen.

770

He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime

On the crystalline sky, in saphir thron'd,

Illustrious far and wide; but by his own

First seen: them unexpected joy surpriz'd,

740

When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd

775

Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in heav'n;

Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd

His army, circumfus'd on either wing,

Under their head imbodied all in one.

745

Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;

780

At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd

Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went

found

Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,

elwind

And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.

750

This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,

785

vn,

And to rebellious fight rallied their powers

Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.

In heav'nly spi'rits could such perverseness dwell?

But to convince the proud what signs avail,

eels

Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?

790

756

They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,

Grieving to see his glory, at the sight

Took envy; and aspiring to his height,

Stood reibattled fierce, by force or fraud  
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795  
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
 In universal ruin last; and now  
 To final battle drew, disdaining flight,  
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
 To all his host on either hand thus spake. 800

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand,  
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;  
 And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805  
 Invincibly: but of this cursed crew  
 The punishment to other hand belongs;  
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:  
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,  
 Nor multitude; stand only, and behold 810  
 God's indignation on these godless pour'd  
 By me; not you, but me, they have despis'd,  
 Yet envied; against me is all their rage,  
 Because the Father, t' whom in heav'n supreme  
 Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains, 815  
 Hath honour'd me, according to his will.  
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;  
 That they may have their wish, to try with me  
 In battle which the stronger proves, they all,  
 Or I alone against them, since by strength 820  
 They measure all, of other excellence  
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;  
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd  
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld, 825  
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
 At once the four spread out their starry wings  
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs

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Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 161

Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830  
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels  
 The stedfast empyréan shook throughout,  
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand 835  
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
 Plagues: they astonish'd all resistance lost,  
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:  
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode 840  
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four 845  
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;  
 One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
 Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,  
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd, 851  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
 His thunder in mid volley; for he meant  
 Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven; 855  
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd  
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,  
 Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd  
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
 And crystal wall of heav'n; which op'ning wide, 860  
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd  
 Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous fight  
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse



Urg'd them behind: headlong themselves they threw  
Down from the verge of heav'n; eternal wrath 865  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw  
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled  
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870  
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last  
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;  
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire 876  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
Disburden'd heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd  
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.

Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes 880  
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd;  
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood  
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,  
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright, 885  
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,  
Worthiest to reign: he celebrated rode  
Triumphant through mid heav'n, into the courts  
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd 890  
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,  
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in heav'n by things on earth,  
At thy request, and that thou mayst beware  
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895  
What might have else to human race been hid;  
The discord which besel, and war in heav'n  
Among th' angelic pow'rs, and the deep fall

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 163

Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
 With Satan; he who envies now thy state,  
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
 Thee also from obedience, that, with him  
 Bereav'd of happiness, thou may'st partake  
 His punishment, eternal misery;  
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
 As a despite done against the Most High,  
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe.  
 But listen not to his temptations, wain  
 Thy weaker; let it profit thee to' have heard  
 By terrible example the reward  
 Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,  
 Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

*The end of the sixth book.*

### The ARGUMENT of Book VII.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his re-ascension into heaven.

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## P A R A D I S E L O S T.

## B O O K VII.

**D**Escend from Heav'n, Urania, by that name  
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
 Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,  
 Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.  
 The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou 5  
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
 Of old Olympus dwell'st; but heav'nly born,  
 Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
 Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
 Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10  
 In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd  
 With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
 Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down, 15  
 Return me to my native element:  
 Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once  
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),  
 Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall,  
 Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn. 20  
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
 Within the visible diurnal sphere;  
 Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,  
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd

To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days, 25  
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;  
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn  
 Purples the east : still govern thou my song, 30  
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35  
 To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd  
 Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :  
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

Say, goddess, what ensued when Raphaël, 40  
 The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd  
 Adam by dire example to beware  
 Apostasy, by what befell in Heav'n  
 To those apostates, lest the like befall  
 In Paradise to Adam, or his race, 45  
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,  
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
 So easily obey'd, amid the choice  
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
 Though wand'ring. He with his comforted Eve 50  
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
 Of things so high and strange, things to their thought  
 So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,  
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss, 55  
 With such confusion : but the evil soon  
 Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd

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Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 167

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The doubts that in his heart arose : and now 60

Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know

What nearer might concern him, how this world

Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,

When, and whereof created, for what cause,

What within Eden or without was done

65

30

Before his memory, as one whose drouth

Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,

Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,

Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,

70

35

Far diff'ring from this world, thou hast reveal'd,

Divine interpreter, by favour sent

Down from the empyréan to forewarn

Us timely' of what might else have been our loss,

Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach : 75

40

For which to th' infinitely Good we owe

Immortal thanks, and his admonishment

Receive with solemn purpose to observe

Immutably his sov'reign will, the end

Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd 80

45

Gently for our instruction to impart

Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd

Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,

Deign to descend now lower, and relate

What may no less perhaps avail us known,

85

50

How first began this Heav'n, which we behold

Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd

Innumerable ; and this which yields or fills

ought

All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd

Embracing round this florid earth ; what cause

90

55

Mov'd the Creator, in his holy rest

Through all eternity, so late to build

In Chaos ; and the work begun, how soon

Absoolv'd ; if unforbid thou mayst unfold



What we, not to explore the secrets ask 95  
 Of his eternal empire, but the more  
 To magnify his works, the more we know.  
 And the great light of day yet wants to run  
 Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heav'n  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears, 100  
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
 His generation, and the rising birth  
 Of nature from the unapparent deep:  
 Or if the star of evening and the moon  
 Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring 105  
 Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch;  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.  
 Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;  
 And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild. 110  
 This also thy request with caution ask'd  
 Obtain: though to recount almighty works  
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve 115  
 To glorify the Maker, and infer  
 Thee also happier, shall not be with-held  
 Thy hearing; such commission from above  
 I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire  
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain 120  
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,  
 Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,  
 To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n:  
 Enough is left besides to search and know. 125  
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her temp'rance over appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain;  
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns

## Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 169

Wisdom to folly', as nourishment to wind. 130

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n  
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
Of Angels, than that star the stars among)  
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135  
Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent  
Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought  
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140  
This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of deity supreme, us dispossest'd,  
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud  
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more:

Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, 145  
Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains  
Number sufficient to possess her realms  
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
With ministreries due and solemn rites:

But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150  
Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
That detriment, if such it be, to lose  
Self-lost; and in a moment will create  
Another world, out of one man a race 155  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here; till by degrees of merit rais'd,  
They open to themselves at length the way

Up hither, under long obedience try'd;  
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth, 161  
One kingdom, joy and union without end.

Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n;  
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done;

My overshadowing Spi'rit and might with thee 165  
 I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep  
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,  
 Boundless the deep, because I am who fill  
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.

Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire, 170  
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
 To act or not, necessity and chance  
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake 175  
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.  
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
 Than time or motion; but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of speech be told,  
 So told as earthly notion can receive.

Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n, 180  
 When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will:  
 Glory they sung to the most High, good will  
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:  
 Glory to him, whose just avenging ire  
 Had driv'n out th' ungodly from his sight, 185  
 And th' habitations of the just; to him  
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create, instead  
 Of Spi'rits malign a better race to bring  
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190  
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies. Mean while the Son  
 On his great expedition now appear'd,  
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd  
 Of majesty divine; sapience and love 195  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
 And Virtues, winged spi'rits, and chariots wing'd

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 171

From th' armoury of God ; where stand of old  
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd 200

Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
Celestial equipage ; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,  
Attendant on their Lord : heav'n open'd wide 205

Her ever-during gates, harmonious found

On golden hinges moving, to let forth

The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word

And Spirit coming to create new worlds.

On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore 210

They view'd the vast immeasurable abyfs,

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,

Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,

And surging waves, as mountains, to assault

Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole. 215

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,

Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end :

Nor stay'd ; but on the wings of Cherubim

Uplifted, in paternal glory rode

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ; 220

For Chaos heard his voice : him all his train

Follow'd in bright procession, to behold

Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand

He took the golden compasses, prepar'd 225

In God's eternal store, to circumscribe

This universe, and all created things :

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd

Round through the vast profundity obscure,

And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 230

This be thy just circumference, O world.

Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,

Matter uniform'd and void : darkness profound

Cover'd th' abyfs : but on the watry calm



His brooding wings the spi'rit of God outspread, 235  
 And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purg'd  
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,  
 Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd  
 Like things to like, the rest to several place 240  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air,  
 And Earth self-balanc'd on her center hung.

Let there be light, said God; and forthwith light  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
 Sprung from the deep, and from her native east 245  
 To journey through the airy gloom began,  
 Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun  
 Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250  
 Divided: light the day, and darkness night  
 He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial quires, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld; 255  
 Birth-day of heav'n and earth; with joy and shout  
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,  
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd  
 God and his works; Creator him they sung,  
 Both when first ev'ning was, and when first morn. 260

Again, God said, Let there be firmament  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters: and God made  
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd 265  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great round: partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing: for as earth, so he the world

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Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 173

Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270

CrySTALLINE ocean, and the loud misrule

Of Chaos far remov'd, left fierce extremes

Contiguous might distemper the whole frame :

And heav'n he nam'd the firmament : so ev'n

And morning chorus sung the second day. 275

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet

Of waters, embryo immature involv'd,

Appear'd not : over all the face of earth

Main ocean flow'd ; not idle, but with warm

Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe, 280

Fermented the great mother to conceive,

Satiate with genial moisture ; when God said,

Be gather'd now ye waters under Heav'n

Into one place, and let dry land appear.

Immediately the mountains huge appear 285

Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave]

Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky :

So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low

Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,

Capacious bed of waters : thither they 290

Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd

As drops on dust conglobing from the dry ;

Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,

For haste ; such flight the great command impress'd

On the swift floods : as armies at the call 295

Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)

Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,

Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,

If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,

Soft ebbing ; nor withstood them rock or hill, 300

But they, or under ground, or circuit wide

With serpent-error wand'ring, found their way,

And on the washy ooze deep channels wore ;

Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,

All but within those banks, where rivers now 305  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
 The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated waters he call'd seas:  
 And saw that it was good; and said, Let th' earth  
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310  
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.  
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad 315  
 Her universal face with pleasant green;  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd  
 Opening their various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept 320  
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
 Imbattled in her field; and th' humble shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last  
 Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread  
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd  
 Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,  
 With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side,  
 With borders long the rivers: that earth now  
 Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330  
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was; but from the earth a dewy mist  
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth, 335  
 God made, and every herb, before it grew  
 On the green stem; God saw that it was good;  
 So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 175

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights  
 High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide 340  
 The day from night; and let them be for signs,  
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years;  
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
 Their office in the firmament of Heav'n,  
 To give light on the Earth; and it was so. 345  
 And God made two great lights, great for their use  
 To man, the greater to have rule by day,  
 The less by night altern; and made the stars,  
 And set them in the firmament of Heav'n,  
 To' illuminate the Earth; and rule the day 350  
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:  
 For of celestial bodies first the sun  
 A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first, 355  
 Though of ethereal mold: then form'd the moon  
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
 And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field:  
 Of light by far the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd. 360  
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.  
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 365  
 And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns;  
 By tincture or reflection they augment  
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
 So far remote, with diminution seen.  
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370  
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,



Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon, 375  
 But opposite in levell'd west was set,  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
 From him; for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect; and still that distance keeps  
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines, 380  
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
 Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd  
 With their bright luminaries, that set and rose, 385  
 Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate  
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:  
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
 Display'd on th' open firmament of heav'n. 390  
 And God created the great whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by their kinds,  
 And every bird of wing after his kind;  
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying, 395  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;  
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.  
 Forthwith the founts and seas, each creek and bay,  
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400  
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales  
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
 Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate  
 Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves  
 Of coral stray; or sporting with quick glance, 405  
 Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold;  
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
 Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food  
 In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 177

And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk 410  
 Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gait,  
 Tempest the ocean : there leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.  
 Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and sledge 420  
 They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime,  
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect ; there the eagle and the stork  
 On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build :  
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise 425  
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their airy caravan high over seas.  
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight ; so steers the prudent crane 430  
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds ; the air  
 Flotes, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes :  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings  
 Till ev'n ; nor then the solemn nightingale 435  
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays :  
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd  
 Their downy breast ; the swan, with arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet ; yet oft they quit 440  
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower  
 The mid aerial sky : others on ground  
 Walk'd firm ; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours ; and th' other, whose gay train

178 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue 445  
Of rainbows and starry' eyes. The waters thus  
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,  
Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose  
With ev'ning harps and matin; when God said, 450  
Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,  
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and strait  
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth

Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms, 455  
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose,  
As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons  
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;

Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;  
The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460  
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks

Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.  
The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free 464

His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,  
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole

Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground  
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mold  
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd 471

His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,  
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land  
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.

At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, 475  
Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans  
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,  
With spots of gold and purple', azure and green:

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 179

These as a line their long dimension drew, 480  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
 Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
 The parsimonious emmet, provident 485  
 Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,  
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown  
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, 495  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.  
 Now heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand 500  
 First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd  
 Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd:  
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end 505  
 Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endu'd  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510  
 Magnanimous to correspond with heav'n,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
 Directed in devotion, to adore



## 180 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

And worship God supreme, who made him chief 515  
 Of all his works : therefore th' omnipotent  
 Eternal Father (for where is not he  
 Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now man in our image, man  
 In our similitude, and let them rule 520  
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
 This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,  
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd 525  
 The breath of life ; in his own image he  
 Created thee, in the image of God  
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.  
 Male he created thee, but thy consort  
 Female for race ; then bless'd mankind, and said, 530  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,  
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,  
 And every living thing that moves on th' earth.  
 Where-ever thus created, for no place 535  
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,  
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
 Delectable both to behold and taste ;  
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540  
 Gave thee ; all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,  
 Variety without end ; but of the tree,  
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,  
 Thou may'st not ; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st ;  
 Death is the penalty impos'd ; beware, 545  
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
 Here finish'd he, and all that he had made  
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good ;

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 181

So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day ; 550  
 Yet not till the Creator from his work  
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,  
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode,  
 Thence to behold this new created world,  
 Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd 555  
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode,  
 Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd  
 Angelic harmonies : the earth, the air 560  
 Refounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst),  
 The heav'ns and all the constellations rung,  
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung, 565  
 Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors ; let in  
 The great Creator from his work return'd  
 Magnificent, his fix days work, a world ;  
 Open, and henceforth oft ; for God will deign  
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men, 570  
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
 Thither will send his winged messengers  
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung  
 The glorious train ascending. He through heav'n,  
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led 575  
 To God's eternal house direct the way ;  
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,  
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,  
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest 580  
 Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh  
 Ev'ning arose in Eden ; for the sun  
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
 Forerunning night ; when at the holy mount

Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne 585  
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,  
 The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down  
 With his great Father ; for he also went  
 Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordain'd, 590  
 Author and end of all things ; and from work  
 Now resting, blest'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work :  
 But not in silence holy kept ; the harp  
 Had work, and rested not ; the solemn pipe, 595  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire  
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
 Choral or unison : of incense clouds,  
 Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount. 600  
 Creation and the six days acts they sung,  
 Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite  
 Thy pow'r ; what thought can measure thee, or tongue  
 Relate thee ? greater now in thy return  
 Than from the giant-angels : thee that day 605  
 Thy thunders magnify'd ; but to create  
 Is greater than created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
 Thy empire ? Easily the proud attempt  
 Of spi'rits apostate, and their counsels vain, 610  
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
 To manifest the more thy might : his evil 615  
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
 Witness this new-made world, another heav'n,  
 From heaven gate not far, founded in view  
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 183

Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620

Numerous, and every star perhaps a world

Of destin'd habitation ; but thou know'st

Their seasons : among these the seat of men,

Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd, 624

Their present dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,

And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,

Created in his image, there to dwell,

And worship him ; and in reward to rule

Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air ;

And multiply a race of worshippers, 634

Holy and just : thrice happy, if they know

Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the empyréan rung,

With Halleluiahs : Thus was sabbath kept.

And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635

How first this world and face of things began,

And what before thy memory was done

From the beginning, that posterity,

Inform'd by thee, might know : if else thou seek'st

Ought, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

*The end of the seventh book.*



## The A R G U M E N T of Book VIII.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

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## PARADISE LOST.

## B O O K VIII.

**T**HE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
 So charming left his voice, that he a while  
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear :  
 Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.  
 What thanks sufficient, or what recompense 5  
 Equal have I to render thee, divine  
 Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd  
 This friendly condescension to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard 10  
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
 With glory attributed to the high  
 Creator ? Something yet of doubt remains,  
 Which only thy solution can resolve.  
 When I behold this goodly frame, this world, 15  
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute  
 Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,  
 An atom, with the firmament compar'd,  
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
 Spaces incomprehenfible, (for such 20  
 Their distance argues, and their swift return  
 Diurnal), merely to officiate light  
 Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,  
 One day and night, in all their vast survey



Useless besides ; reasoning I oft admire, 25  
 How nature wise and frugal could commit  
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
 So many nobler bodies to create,  
 Greater so manifold, to this one use,  
 For ought appears, and on their orbs impose 30  
 Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentary earth,  
 That better might with far less compass move,  
 Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains  
 Her end without least motion, and receives, 35  
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light ;  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our fire, and by his countenance seem'd  
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse ; which Eve 40  
 Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,  
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, 45  
 Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,  
 And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd, 50  
 Adam relating, she sole auditress ;  
 Her husband the relator she preferr'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55  
 With conjugal caresses ; from his lip  
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd ?  
 With goddess-like demeanour forth she went ;

25 Not unattended ; for on her, as queen, 60  
A pomp of winning graces waited still,  
And from about her shot darts of desire  
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.  
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd  
30 Benevolent and facile thus reply'd. 65

To ask or search I blame thee not ; for Heav'n  
Is as the book of God before thee set,  
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.  
35 This to attain, whether Heav'n move, or Earth, 70  
Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest  
From Man or Angel the great Architect  
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
40 Rather admire ; or if they list to try 75  
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heav'n's  
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n,  
45 And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80  
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
To save appearances, how gird the sphere  
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.

50 Already by thy reasoning this I guess, 85  
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The less not bright, nor heav'n such journeys run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
55 The benefit. Consider first, that great 90  
Or bright infers not excellence : the earth  
Though in comparison of heav'n, so small,  
Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain  
More plenty than the sun that barren shines,

188 PARADISE LOST. Book VIII.

Whose virtue on itself works no effect, 95  
 But in the fruitful earth ; there first receiv'd  
 His beams unactive else, their vigour find.  
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.  
 And for the Heav'n's wide circuit let it speak 100  
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far ;  
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own ;  
 An edifice too large for him to fill,  
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest 105  
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
 That to corporeal substances could add  
 Speed almost spiritual ; me thou think'st not slow, 110  
 Who since the morning-hour set out from Heav'n,  
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
 In Eden ; distance inexpressible  
 By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
 Admitting motion in the heav'ns, to show 115  
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd ;  
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.  
 God, to remove his ways from human sense,  
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight, 120  
 If it presume, might err in things too high,  
 And no advantage gain. What if the sun  
 Be center to the world, and other stars  
 By his attractive virtue and their own  
 Incited, dance about him various rounds ? 125  
 Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,  
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
 In fix thou seest ; and what if sev'nth to these  
 The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 189

Insensibly three different motions move? 130

Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities ;  
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel 135

Of day and night ; which needs not thy belief,  
If earth industrious of herself fetch day  
Travelling east, and with her part averse  
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light 140

Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,  
'To the terrestrial moon be as a star  
Enlight'ning her by day, as she by night  
This earth ? reciprocal, if land be there,  
Fields and inhabitants : her spots thou seest 145

As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat  
Allotted there ; and other suns perhaps,  
With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry  
Communicating male and female light ; 150

Which two great sexes animate the world,  
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.  
For such vast room in nature unpossess'd  
By living soul, desert and desolate,  
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute 155

Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.

But whether thus these things, or whether not ;  
Whether the sun predominant in heav'n 160

Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun ;  
He from the east his flaming road begin,  
Or she from west her silent course advance  
With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps



On her soft axle, while she paces even, 165  
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along;  
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;  
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;  
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Where-ever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou 170  
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise,  
 And thy fair Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high  
 To know what passes there; be lowly wise:  
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being;  
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there 175  
 Live, in what state, condition, or degree,  
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,  
 Not of earth only, but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd. 180  
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure  
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,  
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares, 185  
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
 Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.  
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;  
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190  
 That not to know at large of things remote  
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
 That which before us lies in daily life,  
 Is the prime wisdom: what is more, is fume,  
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence, 195  
 And renders us, in things that most concern,  
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand

165

Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
Of something not unseasonable to ask,  
By suff'rance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.

200

170

Thee I have heard relating what was done  
Ere my remembrance : now hear me relate  
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard ;  
And day is yet not spent ; till then thou seest  
How subtly to detain thee I devise,

205

175

Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply :  
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear

210

180

Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour, at th' hour  
Of sweet repast : they satiate, and soon fill,  
Though pleasant ; but thy words with grace divine  
Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

215

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.

vain.

185

Nor are thy lips ungraceful, fire of men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd,

220

190

Inward and outward both, his image fair :  
Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms ;  
Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the ways of God with Man :

225

195

For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
On man his equal love. Say therefore on ;  
For I that day was absent, as beset,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Far on excursion tow'rd the gates of hell ;  
Squar'd in full legion, (such command we had),  
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy,  
Or enemy, while God was in his work ;

230

Left he incens'd at such eruption bold, 235  
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd.  
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt;  
 But us he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as Sov'reign King, and to inure  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut 240  
 The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;  
 But long ere our approaching, heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light 245  
 Ere Sabbath-ev'ning: so we had in charge.  
 But thy relation now; for I attend,  
 Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.  
 So spake the godlike Pow'r, and thus our fire.  
 For man to tell how human life began 250  
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep,  
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun 255  
 Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
 Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd  
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 260  
 Stood on my feet: about me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,  
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd, 265  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 193

But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270  
 Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;  
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains, 275  
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
 Not of myself; by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in pow'r præminent;  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know.  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
 This happy light; when answer none return'd, 285  
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
 Pensive I sat me down: there gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd  
 My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state 290  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,  
 And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise, 296  
 First man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
 First father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide  
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd, 300  
 And over fields and waters, as in air  
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,  
 A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees



Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw 305  
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye  
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310  
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun  
 My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide  
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
 In adoration at his feet I fell 315  
 Submits: he rear'd me, and whom thou fought'st I am,  
 Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest  
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat: 320  
 Of every tree that in the garden grows  
 Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:  
 But of the tree whose operation brings  
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325  
 Amid the garden by the tree of life,  
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
 And shun the bitter consequence; for know,  
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
 Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die, 330  
 From that day mortal; and this happy state  
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world  
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd  
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice 335  
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect  
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth  
 To thee and to thy race I give; as lords

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 195

Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340

Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.

In sign whereof each bird and beast behold

After their kinds; I bring them to receive

From thee their names, and pay thee fealty

With low subjection; understand the same 345

Of fish within their watry residence,

Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change

Their element, to draw the thinner air.

As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold

Approaching two and two, these cowering low 350

With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.

I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood

Their nature, with such knowledge God endu'd

My sudden apprehension. But in these

I found not what methought I wanted still; 355

And to the heav'nly vision this presum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all these,

Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,

Surpassest far my naming, how may I

Adore thee, Author of this universe, 360

And all this good to man? for whose well-being

So amply, and with hands so liberal,

Thou hast provided all things: but with me

I see not who partakes. In solitude

What happiness, who can enjoy alone, 365

Or all enjoying, what contentment find?

Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,

As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth

With various living creatures, and the air, 370

Replenish'd, and all these at thy command

To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not

Their language and their ways? they also know,

And reason not contemptibly; with these

Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large. 375  
 So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd  
 So ord'ring. I, with leave of speech implor'd,  
 And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,  
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380  
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
 And these inferior far beneath me set?

Among unequals what society  
 Can sort, what harmony or true delight?  
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385  
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity

The one intense, the other still remiss,  
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
 Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak  
 Such as I seek, fit to participate 390

All rational delight, wherein the brute  
 Cannot be human comfort: they rejoice  
 Each with their kind, lion with lioness;  
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;  
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl. 395  
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.

A nice and subtle happiness I see  
 Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice 400  
 Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste  
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.

What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?

Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd  
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone 405

From all eternity; for none I know  
 Second to me, or like; equal much less.

How have I then with whom to hold converse,  
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 197

To me inferior, infinite descents 410

Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd; I lowly answer'd. To attain  
The heighth and depth of thy eternal ways  
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;  
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee 415

Is no deficiency found: not so is man,  
But in degree, the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Shouldst propagate, already infinite, 420

And through all numbers absolute, though one:  
But man by number is to manifest  
His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,  
In unity defective, which requires 425  
Collateral love, and dearest amity.

Thou in thy secrecy although alone,  
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication; yet so pleas'd,  
Canst raise thy creature to what heighth thou wilt 430  
Of union or communion, deify'd:

I by conversing cannot these erect  
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd  
Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd 435  
This answer from the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd;  
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,  
Expressing well the spi'rit within thee free, 440

My image, not imparted to the brute;  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike;  
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spak'st,



Knew it not good for man to be alone ; 445  
 And no such company as then thou saw'st  
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,  
 To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet :  
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450  
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more ; for now  
 My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,  
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height  
 In that celestial colloquy sublime, 455  
 As with an object that excels the sense  
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
 By nature as in aid ; and clos'd mine eyes.  
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell 460  
 Of fancy, my internal sight, by which  
 Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;  
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took 465  
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the wound,  
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd :  
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470  
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,  
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
 And in her looks ; which from that time infus'd  
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, 475  
 And into all things from her air inspir'd  
 The spi'rit of love, and amorous delight.  
 She disappear'd, and left me dark ; I wak'd  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 199

Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure : 480

When out of hope, behold her, not far off,

Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd

With what all earth or heaven could bestow

To make her amiable : on she came,

Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen, 485

And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd

Of nuptial sanctity and marriage-rites :

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love.

I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud. 490

This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd

Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,

Giver of all things fair, but fairest this

Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see

Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself 495

Before me : woman is her name, of man

Extracted ; for this cause he shall forego

Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere ;

And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus ; and though divinely brought,

Yet innocence, and virgin modesty, 501

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,

That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,

The more desirable, or, to say all, 505

Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,

Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd :

I follow'd her ; she what was honour knew,

And with obsequious majesty approv'd

My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r 510

I led her blushing like the morn : all heav'n,

And happy constellations, on that hour

Shed their selectest influence ; the earth

Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;

## 200 PARADISE LOST. Book VIII.

Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs 515  
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning-star  
 On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp. 520

Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
 Which I enjoy; and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such  
 As us'd or not, works in the mind no change, 525  
 Nor vehement desire; these delicacies  
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,  
 Walks, and the melody of birds: but here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch; here passion first I felt; 530  
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmov'd, here only weak  
 Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.  
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain; 535  
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament, in outward show  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 For well I understand in the prime end 540  
 Of nature her th' inferior; in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel;  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion given 545  
 O'er other creatures: yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
 And in herself compleat, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,

## Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 201

- 515 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best; 550  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shows;  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 520 As one intended first, not after made 555  
 Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.  
 525 To whom the Angel with contracted brow. 560  
 Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;  
 Do thou but thine; and be not diffident  
 Of wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou  
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,  
 530 By attributing overmuch to things 565  
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.  
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
 535 Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself; 570  
 Then value: oft-times nothing profits more  
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well-manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
 540 And to realities yield all her shows: 575  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
 545 Is propagated seem such dear delight 580  
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd  
 To cattle and each beast; which would not be  
 To them made common, and divulg'd, if ought  
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue



The soul of man, or passion in him move. 585

What high'er in her society thou find'st

Attractive, human, rational, love still;

In loving thou dost well, in passion not;

Wherein true love consists not: love refines

The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat 590

In reas'on, and is judicious; is the scale

By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend;

Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause

Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd. 595

Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor ought

In procreation common to all kinds

(Though higher of the genial bed by far,

And with mysterious reverence I deem),

So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600

Those thousand decencies that daily flow

From all her words and actions mix'd with love

And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd

Union of mind, or in us both one soul;

Harmony to behold in wedded pair 605

More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.

Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose

What inward thence I feel; not therefore foil'd,

Who meet with various objects, from the sense

Variouly representing; yet still free 610

Approve the best, and follow what I approve.

To love thou blam'st me not; for love thou say'st

Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide:

Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:

Love not the heav'nly spirits, and how their love 615

Express they, by looks only, or do they mix

Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd

Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,

Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620

Us happy', and without love no happiness.

Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'st,

(And pure thou wert created), we enjoy

In eminence, and obstacle find none

Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars: 625

Easier than air with air, if spi'rits embrace,

Total they mix, union of pure with pure

Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,

As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.

But I can now no more; the parting sun 630

Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles

Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.

Be strong, live happy', and love; but first of all

Him whom to love is to obey, and keep

His great command; take heed lest passion sway 635

Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will

Would not admit; thine, and of all thy sons,

The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.

I in thy persevering shall rejoice,

And all the bless'd: stand fast; to stand or fall 640

Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.

Perfect within, no outward aid require:

And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus

Follow'd with benediction. Since to part, 645

Go heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger,

Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.

Gentle to me, and affable, hath been

Thy condescension, and shall be' honour'd ever

With grateful memory: thou to mankind 650

Be good, and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they; the Angel up to Heav'n

From the thick shade, and Adam to his bow'r.

*The end of the eighth book.*

## THE ARGUMENT of BOOK IX.

Satan having compassed the earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise, and enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours; which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields. The serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now; the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: The serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she, pleas'd with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance, and accusation of one another.

X.

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*Book 9.*

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## P A R A D I S E L O S T.

## B O O K IX.

**N**O more of talk where God or Angel guest  
 With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd  
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
 Rural repast, permitting him the while  
 Venial discourse unblam'd : I now must change      5  
 Those notes to tragic ; foul distrust, and breach  
 Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
 And disobedience ; on the part of Heaven  
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,      10  
 That brought into this world a world of woe,  
 Sin, and her shadow Death, and Misery  
 Death's harbinger : Sad task, yet argument  
 Not less, but more heroic than the wrath  
 Of stern Achilles on his foe pursu'd      15  
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall ; or rage  
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd ;  
 Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
 Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son ;  
 If answerable style I can obtain      20  
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns  
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,  
 And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse :

Since first this subject for heroic song 25  
 Pleas'd me, long chusing, and beginning late ;  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect  
 With long and tedious havock fabled knights 30  
 In battles feign'd ; the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung ; or to describe races and games,  
 Or tilting furniture, imblazon'd shields,  
 Impresses quaint, caparisons, and steeds ; 35  
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 At joust and torneament ; then marshall'd feast  
 Serv'd up in hall, with sewers, and seneſhals ;  
 The skill of artifice or office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name 40  
 To person, or to poem. Me of these  
 Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument  
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing 45  
 Depress'd ; and much they may, if all be mine,  
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter 50  
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round :  
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent 55  
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd  
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day,

Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descry'd 60  
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim  
 That kept their watch ; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
 The space of sev'n continu'd nights he rode  
 With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line  
 He circled, four times cross'd the car of night 65  
 From pole to pole, trav'ring each colúre ;  
 On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast averse  
 From entrance or Cherubic watch, by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place, 69  
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,  
 Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise  
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of life :  
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose  
 Satan, involv'd in rising mist ; then sought 75  
 Where to lie hid : sea he had search'd, and land,  
 From Eden over Pontus, and the pool  
 Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob ;  
 Downward as far antarctic ; and in length  
 West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd 80  
 At Darien, thence to the land where flows  
 Ganges and Indus : thus the orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search, and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd ev'ry creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found 85  
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90  
 From sharpest sight : for in the wily snake,  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtlety  
 Proceeding, which in other beasts observ'd



Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r 95

Active within beyond the sense of brute.

Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief

His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd  
More justly, feat worthier of Gods, as built 100

With second thoughts, reforming what was old ?

For what God after better worse would build ?

Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heav'ns

That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems, 105

In thee concent'ring all their precious beams

Of sacred influence ! As God in Heaven

Is center, yet extends to all ; so thou

Cent'ring receiv'st from all those orbs ; in thee

Not in themselves, all their known virtue' appears 110

Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth

Of creatures animate with gradual life

Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.

With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,

If I could joy in ought, sweet interchange 115

Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,

Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,

Rocks, dens, and caves ! But I in none of these

Find place or refuge ; and the more I see

Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120

Torment within me', as from the hateful siege

Of contraries ; all good to me becomes

Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.

But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n

To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's Supreme ; 125

Nor hope to be myself less miserable

By what I seek, but others to make such

As I, though thereby worse to me redound :

For only in destroying I find ease

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

209

To my relentless thoughts ; and him destroy'd,  
Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
For whom all this was made ; all this will soon  
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe ;

130

In woe then ; that destruction wide may range :  
To me shall be the glory sole among

135

Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd  
What he Almighty styl'd, six nights and days  
Continu'd making, and who knows how long  
Before had been contriving, though perhaps

140

Not longer than since I in one night freed  
From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
Of his adorers : he, to be aveng'd,

And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,  
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
More Angels to create, if they at least

145

Are his created, or, to spite us more,  
Determin'd to advance into our room  
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,  
Exalted from so base original,

150

With heav'nly spoils, our spoils : what he decreed,  
He' effected ; Man he made, and for him built,  
Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,  
Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity !

Subjected to his service Angel-wings,  
And flaming ministers to watch and tend  
Their earthly charge. Of these the vigilance

155

I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
Of midnight-vapour glide obscure, and pry  
In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds  
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.

160

O foul descent ! that I who erst contended  
With Gods to sit the high'est, am now constrain'd

Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime, 165  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the height of deity aspir'd.  
 But what will not ambition and revenge  
 Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low  
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious, first or last, 170  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils :  
 Let it; I reckon not, so it light well aim'd,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite 175  
 Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,  
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
 From dust : spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,  
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on 180  
 His midnight-search, where soonest he might find  
 The serpent : him fast sleeping soon he found  
 In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
 His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles :  
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den, 185  
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb  
 Fearless unfeard he slept. In at his mouth  
 The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing, soon inspir'd  
 With act intelligential ; but his sleep 190  
 Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd  
 Their morning-incense, when all things that breathe,  
 From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise 195  
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
 And join'd their vocal worship to the quire  
 Of creatures wanting voice ; that done, partake

IX. Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 211

165 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs : 200  
 Then commune how that day they best may ply  
 Their growing work ; for much their work outgrew  
 The hands dispatch of two gard'ning so wide.  
 And Eve first to her husband thus began.  
 170 Adam, well may we labour still to dress 205  
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,  
 Our pleasant task injoin'd ; but till more hands  
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint ; what we by day  
 175 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,  
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,  
 Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present :  
 Let us divide our labours ; thou where choice  
 180 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind 215  
 The woodbine round this arbour, or direct  
 The clasping ivy where to climb ; while I  
 In yonder spring of roses intermix'd  
 With myrtle, find what to redress till noon :  
 185 For while so near each other thus all day 220  
 Our task we chuse, what wonder if so near  
 Looks intervene, and smiles, or object new  
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun  
 190 Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd. 225  
 To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.  
 Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
 Compare, above all living creatures dear,  
 the, Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,  
 195 How we might best fulfil the work which here 230  
 God hath assign'd us ; nor of me shalt pass  
 Unprais'd : for nothing lovelier can be found  
 In woman, than to study household good,  
 And good works in her husband to promote.



Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd 235  
 Labour, as to debar us when we need  
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
 Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,  
 To brute deny'd, and are of love the food, 240  
 Love not the lowest end of human life.  
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight  
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
 These paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands  
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide 245  
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
 Assist us. But if much converse perhaps  
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:  
 For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return. 250  
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
 Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st  
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe  
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame 255  
 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder;  
 Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
 To other speedy aid might lend at need: 260  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side 265  
 That gave thee be'ing, still shades thee, and protects.  
 The wife, where danger and dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

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To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,  
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

Offspring of heav'n and earth, and all earth's Lord,  
That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn, 275

And from the parting Angel overheard,  
As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
Just then return'd at shut of ev'ning-flowers.  
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt

To God or thee, because we have a foe 280

May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
His violence thou fear'st not, being such

As we, not capable of death or pain,  
Can either not receive, or can repel.

His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers 285

Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love

Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd;

Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,  
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words Adam reply'd. 290

Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,  
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:

Not diffident of thee do I dissuade

Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid

Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe. 295

For he who tempts, though' in vain, at least asperges

The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd

Not incorruptible of faith, not proof

Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn

And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong, 300

Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,

If such affront I labour to avert

From thee alone, which on us both at once

The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;

Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light. 305  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;  
 Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels; nor think superfluous others aid.  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive  
 Access in every virtue, in thy sight 310  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,  
 Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite.  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel 315  
 When I am present, and thy trial chuse  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?

So spake domestic Adam in his care  
 And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her faith sincere, 320  
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,  
 Subtle or violent, we not endu'd  
 Single with like defence, where-ever met, 325  
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
 But harm precedes not sin: only our foe  
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integrity: his foul esteem  
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns 330  
 Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd  
 By us? who rather double honour gain  
 From his surmise prov'd false; find peace within,  
 Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.  
 And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd 335  
 Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?  
 Let us not then suspect our happy state  
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combin'd.

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Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

215

Frail is our happiness, if this be so,  
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

340

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd.  
O woman, best are all things as the will  
Of God ordain'd them : his creating hand  
Nothing imperfect or deficient left

345

Of all that he created ; much less man,  
Or ought that might his happy state secure,  
Secure from outward force ; within himself  
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r :  
Against his will he can receive no harm.

350

But God left free the will ; for what obeys  
Reason, is free ; and reason he made right,  
But bid her well be ware, and still erect,  
Left by some fair appearing good surpris'd  
She dictate false, and misinform the will  
To do what God expressly hath forbid.

355

Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,  
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve ;

360

Since reason not impossibly may meet  
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,  
And fall into deception unaware,  
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
Were better, and most likely if from me  
Thou sever not : trial will come unsought.

365

Wouldst thou approve thy constancy ? approve  
First thy obedience ; th' other who can know,  
Not seeing thee attempted ? who attest ?

370

But if thou think, trial unsought may find  
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,  
Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;  
Go in thy native innocence, rely  
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,



For God tow'ards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve 376  
Perfited, yet submiss, though last, reply'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd,  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought, 380  
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,  
The willinger I go; nor much expect  
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand 385  
Soft she withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light  
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self  
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport;  
Though not, as she, with bow and quiver arm'd, 390  
But with such gard'ning tools as art yet rude,  
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.  
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,  
Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled  
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime, 395  
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.

Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd 400  
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,  
And all things in best order to invite  
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,  
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse! 405  
Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;  
Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shades,  
Waited with hellish rancour imminent

To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410

Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.

For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,

Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,

And on his quest, where likeliest he might find

The only two of mankind, but in them 415

The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.

In bow'r and field he fought, where any tuft

Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,

Their tendance, or plantation for delight;

By fountain or by shady rivulet 420

He fought them both, but wish'd his hap might find

Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope

Of what so seldom chanc'd: when to his wish,

Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,

Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood, 425

Half spy'd, so thick the roses bushing round

About her glow'd; oft stooping to support

Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though gay

Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,

Hung drooping unsustain'd: them she upstays 430

Gently with myrtle band; mindless the while

Herself, though fairest unsupported flow'r,

From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.

Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd

Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm; 435

Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen

Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs

Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:

Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd

Or of reviv'd Adonis; or renown'd 440

Alcinous, host of old Laertes son;

Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king

Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.

Much he the place admir'd, the person more.

As one who long in populous city pent, 445  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;  
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 450  
 Or dairy', each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance, with nymphlike step, fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
 Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold 455  
 This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form  
 Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air  
 Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd 460  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bercav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
 That space the evil one abstracted stood  
 From his own ev'il, and for the time remain'd  
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd, 465  
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.  
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
 Though in mid heav'n, soon ended his delight;  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon 470  
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet  
 Compulsion thus transported, to forget  
 What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope  
 Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste 476  
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying; other joy  
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass

Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone

480

The woman, opportune to all attempts ;

Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,

Whose higher intellectual more I shun,

And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb

Heroic built, though of terrestrial mold ;

485

Foe not formidable, exempt from wound ;

I not ; so much hath hell debas'd, and pain

Infeebled me, to what I was in Heav'n.

She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,

Not terrible, though terror be in love

490

And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,

Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,

The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the enemy' of mankind, inclos'd

In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve

495

Address'd his way, not with indented wave,

Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,

Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd

Fold above fold, a surging maze ; his head

Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ;

500

With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect

Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass

Floted redundant : pleasing was his shape,

And lovely : never since of serpent kind

Lovelier ; not those that in Illyria chang'd

505

Hermione and Cadmus, or the God

In Epidaurus ; nor to which transform'd

Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen ;

He with Olympias, this with her who bore

Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique

510

At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd

To interrupt, side-long he works his way.

As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought

Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind



Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail: 515  
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye. She busied heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves; but minded not, as us'd  
 To such disport before her through the field, 520  
 From every beast, more duteous at her call,  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.  
 He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd  
 His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck, 525  
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad  
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm  
 Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze 535  
 Infatiate; I thus single; nor have fear'd  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty' adore, 540  
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
 Where universally admir'd; but here  
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except, 545  
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?), who shouldst be seen  
 A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd  
 By Angels numberless, thy daily train.  
 So glaz'd the tempter, and his poem tun'd;

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 221

Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550  
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length  
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean? language of man pronounc'd  
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?  
The first at least of these I thought deny'd 555

To beasts, whom God on their creation-day  
Created mute to all articulate sound:  
The latter I demur: for in their looks

Much rea'son, and in their actions, oft appears.  
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field 560

I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;  
Redouble then this miracle, and say,

How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
To me so friendly grown above the rest.

Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight: 565  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd:  
Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,  
Easy it is to me to tell thee all

What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obey'd:  
I was at first as other beasts that graze 571

The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low  
As was my food; nor ought but food discern'd

Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd 575

A goodly tree far distant to behold,  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,

Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,

Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580  
Than smell of sweetest fenel, or the teats

Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,  
Unfuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.

To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
L 3

Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd 585  
 Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,  
 Pow'rful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent  
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.  
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;  
 For high from ground the branches would require 590  
 Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round the tree  
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595  
 I spar'd not; for such pleasure till that hour  
 At feed or fountain never had I found.  
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree  
 Of reason in my inward pow'rs, and speech 600  
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
 I turn'd my thoughts; and, with capacious mind,  
 Consider'd all things visible in Heaven,  
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good; 605  
 But all that fair and good in thy divine  
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray,  
 United I beheld; no fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second, which compell'd  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610  
 And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd  
 Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame.

So talk'd the spirited fly Snake; and Eve  
 Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd.  
 Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 615  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd,  
 But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?  
 For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown

X. Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 223

585 To us; in such abundance lies our choice, 620  
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,  
Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
Help to disburden Nature of her birth.

590 To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad. 625  
Empress, the way is ready, and not long;  
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept  
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630

600 Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd  
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,  
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire,  
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night 635  
Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
Which oft, they say, some evil Spi'rit attends,  
Hovering, and blazing with delusive light,  
605 Misleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way, 640  
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.  
So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud  
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree  
610 Of prohibition, root of all our woe: 645  
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

615 Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,  
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to' excess;  
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,  
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650  
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;  
God so commanded, and left that command  
Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.



To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd. 655  
 Indeed? hath God then said that of the fruit  
 Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
 Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the fruit 660  
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat;  
 But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst  
 The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat  
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief when now more bold 665  
 The tempter, but with show of zeal and love  
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,  
 New part puts on; and as to passion mov'd,  
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act  
 Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.

As when of old some orator renown'd 670  
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
 Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd  
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,  
 Sometimes in heighth began, as no delay 675  
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:  
 So standing, moving, or to heighth up grown,  
 The tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant, 680  
 Mother of science, now I feel thy pow'r  
 Within me clear, not only to discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.  
 Queen of this universe, do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of death; ye shall not die: 685  
 How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life  
 To knowledge; by the threatner? look on me,  
**Me** who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attain'd than fate

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

225

Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot. 690

Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast

Is open? or will God incense his ire

For such a petty trespass, and not praise

Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain

Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be, 695

Deterr'd not from atchieving what might lead

To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;

Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil

Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?

God therefore cannot hurt ye; and be just; 700

Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:

Your fear itself of death removes the fear.

Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,

Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,

His worshippers: he knows, that in the day 705

Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,

Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then

Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,

Knowing both good and evil as they know.

That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man, 710

Internal man, is but proportion meet;

I of brute, human; ye of human, Gods.

So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off

Human, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd,

Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.

And what are Gods that Man may not become 716

As they, participating god-like food?

The gods are first, and that advantage use

On our belief, that all from them proceeds:

I question it; for this fair earth I see, 720

Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,

Them nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd

Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,

That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains

Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies 725

Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?

What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree

Impart against his will, if all be his?

Or is it envy? and can envy dwell

In heav'nly breasts? these, these, and many more 730

Causes, import your need of this fair fruit.

Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.

He ended; and his words replete with guile

Into her heart too eaſy entrance won:

Fix'd on the fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold 735

Might tempt alone; and in her ears the ſound

Yet rung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd

With reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with truth;

Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd

An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell 740

So ſavoury of that fruit, which with deſire,

Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,

Solicited her longing eye: yet firſt

Pausing a while, thus to herſelf ſhe muſ'd.

Great are thy virtues, doubtleſs, beſt of fruits, 745

Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd;

Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay

Gave elocution to the mute, and taught

The tongue not made for ſpeech to ſpeak thy praiſe:

Thy praiſe he alſo who forbids thy uſe, 750

Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree

Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;

Forbids us then to taſte; but his forbidding

Commends thee more, while it infers the good

By thee communicated, and our want: 755

For good unknown, ſure is not had; or had,

And yet unknown, is as not had at all.

In plain then, what forbids he but to know,

Forbids us good, forbids us to be wiſe?

IX. Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 227  
 725 Such prohibitions binds not. But if death 760  
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat  
 Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
 730 How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,  
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns, 765  
 Irrational till then. For us alone  
 Was death invented? or to us deny'd  
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
 For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first  
 735 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770  
 The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,  
 Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.  
 What fear I then, rather what know to fear  
 Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
 740 Of God or death, of law or penalty? 775  
 Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
 Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then  
 To reach, and feed at once both body' and mind?  
 745 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780  
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:  
 Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,  
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,  
 That all was lost. Back to the thicket flunk  
 50 The guilty Serpent: and well might; for Eve 785  
 Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else  
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,  
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
 Or fancy'd so, through expectation high  
 55 Of knowledge: nor was God-head from her thought.  
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint, 791  
 And knew not eating death. Sate at length,  
 And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,  
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began.



O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees 795  
 In Paradise, of operation blest'd  
 To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created ; but henceforth my early care,  
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise, 800  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
 Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all ;  
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
 In knowledge, as the Gods, who all things know ;  
 Though others envy what they cannot give ; 805  
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
 Best guide ; not following thee, I had remain'd  
 In ignorance ; thou open'st wisdom's way,  
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810  
 And I perhaps am secret ; Heav'n is high,  
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on earth ; and other care perhaps  
 May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great forbidding, safe with all his spies 815  
 About him. But to Adam in what sort  
 Shall I appear ? shall I to him make known  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with me ; or rather not,  
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r 820  
 Without copartner ? so to add what wants  
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
 A thing not undesirable, sometime  
 Superior ; for inferior who is free ? 825  
 This may be well. But what if God have seen,  
 And death ensue ? then I shall be no more,  
 And Adam wedded to another Eve,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct &

A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe :  
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure, without him live no life.

830

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd ;  
But first low rev'rence done, as to the pow'r  
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
Into the plant scintial sap, deriv'd  
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,  
Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn  
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.

835

Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd :

840

Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
Mistake him ; he the salt'ring measure felt ;  
And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
That morn when first they parted. By the tree  
Of knowledge he must pass ; there he her met,  
Scarce from the tree returning ; in her hand.

845

A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,  
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
To him she hasted ; in her face excuse

850

Came prologue, and apology too prompt,  
Which with bland words at will she thus address'd.

855

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay ?  
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd  
Thy presence, agony of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice ; for never more  
Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought,  
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.

860

This tree is not, as we are told, a tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to' evil unknown

Op'ning the way ; but of divine effect 865  
 To open eyes, and make them gods who taste ;  
 And hath been tasted such : the serpent wise,  
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,  
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth 870  
 Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 Th' effects to correspond ; op'ner mine eyes, 875  
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
 And growing up to godhead ; which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
 For blifs, as thou hast part, to me is blifs ;  
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon. 880  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot  
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love ;  
 Left thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit. 885

Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her story told ;  
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.  
 On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,  
 Astonied stood, and blank, while horror chill 890  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd ;  
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve  
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed :  
 Speechless he stood, and pale ; till thus at length  
 First to himself he inward silence broke. 895

O fairest of creation, last and best  
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !

How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defac'd, deflow'r'd, and now to death devote ?

900

Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred fruit forbidd'n ? Some cursed fraud  
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown ;  
And me with thee hath ruin'd : for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die ;

905

How can I live without thee, how forego  
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee

910

Would never from my heart ; no, no, I feel  
The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

915

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturb'd,  
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,  
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.

920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, advent'rous Eve,  
And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,  
Had it been only coveting to eye  
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.

925

But past who can recall, or done undo ?  
Not God omnipotent, nor fate : yet so  
Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact  
Is not so hainous now, foretasted fruit,  
Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first  
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste :  
Nor yet on him found deadly ; he yet lives,  
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as man,  
Higher degree of life ; inducement strong

930



To us, as likely tasting to attain 935  
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
 But by the Gods, or Angels, Demi-gods.  
 Nor can I think, that God, Creator wise,  
 Though threat'ning, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us his prime creatures, dignify'd so high, 940  
 Set over all his works; which in our fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must fail,  
 Dependent made: so God shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose;  
 Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his pow'r 645  
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loath  
 Us to abolish, lest the adversary  
 Triumph, and say; Fickle their state whom God  
 Most favours; who can please him long? Me first  
 He ruin'd, now mankind: whom will he next? 950  
 Matter of scorn, not to be giv'n the foe,  
 However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom: if death  
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life;  
 So forcible within my heart I feel. 955  
 The bond of nature draw me to my own,  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,  
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.  
 So Adam; and thus Eve to him reply'd. 960  
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high!  
 Engaging me to emulate, but short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
 Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung, 965  
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
 One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
 Rather than death, or ought than death more dread,

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## Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

233

Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear, 970

To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,

If any be, of tasting this fair fruit ;

Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,

Direct, or by occasion) hath presented

This happy trial of thy love, which else 975

So eminently never had been known.

Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue

This my attempt, I would sustain alone

The worst, and not persuade thee ; rather die

Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980

Pernicious to thy peace ; chiefly assur'd

Remarkably so late of thy so true,

So faithful love unequall'd : but I feel

Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life

Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys, 985

Taste so divine, that what of sweet before

Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.

On my experience, Adam, freely taste,

And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990

Tenderly wept ; much won, that he his love

Had so ennobled, as of choice to' incur

Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.

In recompense (for such compliance bad

Such recompense best merits) from the bough 995

She gave him of that fair enticing fruit

With liberal hand : he scrupled not to eat,

Against his better knowledge ; not deceiv'd,

But fondly overcome with female charm.

Earth trembled from her intrails, as again 1000

In pangs ; and Nature gave a second groan ;

Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops

Wept at completing of the mortal sin

Original ; while Adam took no thought,

Eating his fill ; nor Eve to iterate 1005  
 Her former trespasses fear'd, the more to sooth  
 Him with her lov'd society ; that now,  
 As with new wine intoxicated both,  
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
 Divinity within them breeding wings 1010  
 Wherewith to scorn the earth. But that false fruit  
 Far other operation first display'd,  
 Carnal desire inflaming ; he on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him  
 As wantonly repaid ; in lust they burn : 1015  
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,  
 Since to each meaning favour we apply,  
 And palate call judicious : I the praise 1020  
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting ; if such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wish'd, 1025  
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
 As meet is, after such delicious fare ;  
 For never did thy beauty since the day  
 I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030  
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent ; well understood 1035  
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
 Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbrow'r'd,  
 He led her nothing loath ; flow'rs were the couch,

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Panfies, and violets, and asphodel,

1040

And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.

There they their fill of love, and love's disport

Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,

The solace of their sin ; till dewy sleep

Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play. 1045

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,

That with exhilarating vapour bland

About their spi'rits had play'd, and inmost pow'rs

Made err, was now exhal'd ; and grosser sleep

Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050

Incumber'd, now had left them ; up they rose

As from unrest, and each the other viewing,

Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds

How darken'd ; innocence, that as a veil

Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone, 1055

Just confidence, and native righteousness,

And honour from about them, naked left

To guilty shame ; he cover'd, but his robe

Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,

Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap

1060

Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd

Shorn of his strength ; they destitute and bare

Of all their virtue : silent, and in face

Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute ;

Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd, 1065

At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear

To that false worm, of whomsoever taught

To counterfeit man's voice ; true in our fall,

False in our promis'd rising ; since our eyes 1070

Open'd we find indeed, and find we know

Both good and ev'il, good lost, and evil got,

Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,

Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void.



Of innocence, of faith, of purity, 1075  
 Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,  
 And in our faces evident the signs  
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
 Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first  
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080  
 Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy  
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes  
 Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze  
 Insufferably bright. O might I here  
 In solitude live savage, in some glade 1085  
 Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable  
 To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad  
 And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines,  
 Ye cedars with innumerable boughs  
 Hide me, where I may never see them more. 1090  
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
 What best may for the present serve to hide  
 The parts of each from other, that seem most  
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;  
 Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sow'd,  
 And girded on our loins, may cover round 1096  
 Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,  
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd he, and both together went  
 Into the thickest wood: there soon they chose 1100  
 The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renown'd;  
 But such as at this day to Indians known  
 In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms  
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow 1105  
 About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade  
 High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;  
 There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat,  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds.

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 237

IX.

1075

At loopholes cut through thickest shade : those leaves  
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe ; 1111

1080

And with what skill they had, together sow'd,  
To gird their waist ; vain covering, if to hide  
Their guilt and dreaded shame ; O how unlike  
To that first naked glory ! Such of late 1115

1085

Columbus found th' American, so girt  
With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild  
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their shame in part  
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind, 1120

1090

They sat them down to weep : nor only tears  
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,  
Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore  
Their inward state of mind ; calm region once, 1125

w'd,

1096

And full of peace, now tost and turbulent :  
For understanding rul'd not, and the will  
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
To sensual appetite, who from beneath  
Usurping, over sov'reign reason claim'd 1130  
Superior sway : from thus distemper'd breast,  
Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd stile,  
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

1100

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'd  
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange 1135

1105

Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,  
I know not whence possess'd thee ; we had then  
Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd  
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.  
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to' approve  
The faith they owe ; when earnestly they seek 1141  
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.  
What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe !

Imput'st thou that to my default, or will 1145  
 Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,  
 Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,  
 Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd  
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150  
 No ground of enmity between us known,  
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.  
 Was I to' have never parted from thy side?  
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou the head 1155  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
 Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay,  
 Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
 Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent, 1160  
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.  
 To whom then first incens'd Adam reply'd.  
 Is this the love, is this the recompense  
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd  
 Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I; 1165  
 Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliss,  
 Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?  
 And am I now upbraided as the cause  
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more? 1170  
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
 'The danger, and the lurking enemy  
 That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,  
 And force upon free will hath here no place.  
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure 1175  
 Either to meet no danger, or to find  
 Matter of glorious trial: and perhaps  
 I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
 What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 239

No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue 1810

That error now, which is become my crime,

And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall

Him who to worth in women overtrusting,

Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;

And left to' herself, if evil thence ensue, 1185

She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent

The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,

And of their vain contest appear'd no end,

*The end of the ninth book.*



## The A R G U M E N T of Book X.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance ; and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors ; who descends, and gives sentence accordingly ; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man : To make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made ; then preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to hell ; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man ; instead of applause, is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise ; then deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death : God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things ; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails ; rejects the condolence of Eve ; she persists, and at length appeases him : then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not ; but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

X.

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*Book 10.*

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## PARADISE LOST.

## B O O K X.

**M**EAN while the hainous and despiteful act  
 Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
 He in the serpent had perverted Eve,  
 Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
 Was known in heav'n; for what can 'scape the eye 5  
 Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
 Omniscient? who in all things wise and just,  
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
 Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,  
 Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd 10  
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.  
 For still they knew, and ought to' have still remember'd  
 The high injunction not to taste that fruit,  
 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,  
 Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty, 15  
 And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.

Up into heav'n from Paradise in haste  
 Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
 For Man; for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n 20  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
 From earth arriv'd at heav'n-gate, displeas'd  
 All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare  
 That time celestial visages, yet mix'd  
 With pity, violated not their bliss. 25  
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes



Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
 How all beset: they tow'ards the throne supreme  
 Accountable made haste, to make appear  
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance; 30  
 And easily approv'd: when the most high  
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,  
 Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembled Angels, and ye pow'rs return'd  
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd, 35  
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell.  
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40  
 On his bad errand; man should be seduc'd  
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
 Against his Maker; no decree of mine  
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse 45  
 His free will, to her own inclining left  
 In even scale. But fall'n he is: and now  
 What reus, but that the mortal sentence pass  
 On his transgression, death denounc'd that day?  
 Which he presumes already vain and void, 50  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
 By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee 55  
 Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd  
 All judgment, whether in heav'n, or earth, or hell.  
 Easy it may be seen that I intend  
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,  
 Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd 60  
 Both ransom and redeemer voluntary,  
 And destin'd man himself to judge man fall'a.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright  
Tow'ard the right hand his glory, on the Son  
Blaz'd forth unclouded deity: he full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

65

Father eternal, thine is to decree;  
Mine both in heav'n and earth to do thy will  
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd  
Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
On earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,  
Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,  
When time shall be; for so I undertook  
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain  
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom,  
On me deriv'd: yet I shall temper so  
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.

70

Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,  
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:  
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

75

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose  
Of high collateral glory: him thrones and pow'rs  
Princedom, and dominations ministrant  
Accompanied to heaven-gate, from whence  
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.

81

Down he descended strait; the speed of gods  
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
Now was the sun in western cadence low  
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour  
To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in  
The ev'ning cool; when he, from wrath more cool,  
Came, the mild judge and intercessor both,  
To sentence man. The voice of God they heard  
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds

90

95

Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,  
 And from his presence hid themselves among 100  
 The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God  
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet  
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude, 105  
 Where obvious duty ere while appear'd unsought:  
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though first  
 To offend; discount'nanc'd both, and discompos'd:  
 Love was not in their looks, either to God 111  
 Or to each other; but apparent guilt,  
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.  
 Whence Adam faltring long, thus answer'd brief. 115  
 I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice  
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom  
 The gracious judge without revile reply'd.  
 My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
 But still rejoic'd; how is it now become 120  
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who  
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree,  
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam fore beset reply'd.  
 O heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand 125  
 Before my judge, either to undergo  
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life;  
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130  
 By my complaint: but strict necessity  
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,  
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
 However insupportable, be all

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 245

Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal. 135

This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
That from her hand I could suspect no ill; 140  
And what she did, whatever in itself,  
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;  
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sov'reign Presence thus reply'd,  
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey 145  
Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place  
Wherein God set thee' above her, made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd 150  
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts  
Were such as under government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part 155  
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few.  
Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing soon, yet not before her judge 160  
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd.  
The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer 165  
The guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his creation; justly then accurs'd,  
As vitiated in nature: more to know  
Concern'd not man, (since he no further knew), 170



Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last  
 To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,  
 Though in myſterious terms, judg'd as then beſt :  
 And on the ſerpent thus his curſe let fall.  
 Becauſe thou haſt done this, thou art accurs'd 175  
 Above all cattle, each beaſt of the field ;  
 Upon thy belly groveling thou ſhalt go,  
 And duſt ſhalt eat all the days of thy life.  
 Between thee and the woman I will put  
 Enmity, and between thine and her ſeed ; 180  
 Her ſeed ſhall bruife thy head, thou bruife his heel.  
 So ſpake this oracle, then verify'd  
 When Jeſus ſon of Mary, ſecond Eve,  
 Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,  
 Prince of the air ; then riſing from his grave 185  
 Spoil'd principalities and pow'rs, triumph'd  
 In open ſhow, and with aſcenſion bright  
 Captivity led captive through the air,  
 The realm itſelf of Satan long uſurp'd :  
 Whom he ſhall tread at laſt under our feet ; 190  
 Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruife,  
 And to the woman thus his ſentence turn'd.  
 Thy ſorrow I will greatly multiply  
 By thy conception ; children thou ſhalt bring  
 In ſorrow forth ; and to thy huſband's will 195  
 Thine ſhall ſubmit ; he over thee ſhall rule.  
 On Adam laſt thus judgment he pronounc'd.  
 Becauſe thou' haſt hearken'd to the' voice of thy wife,  
 And eaten of the tree, concerning which  
 I charg'd thee, ſay'ing, Thou ſhalt not eat thereof : 200  
 Curs'd is the ground for thy ſake ; thou in ſorrow  
 ſhalt eat thereof all the days of thy life ;  
 Thorns alſo' and thistles it ſhall bring thee forth  
 Unbid ; and thou ſhalt eat th' herb of the field.  
 In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat bread, 205  
 Till thou return unto the ground ; for thou

Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he man, both judge and saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of death denounc'd that day 210

Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood  
Before him naked to the air, that now

Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin

Thenceforth the form of servant to assume :

As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now, 215

As father of his family, he clad

Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,

Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid ;

And thought not much to clothe his enemies :

Nor he their outward only with the skins 220

Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more

Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,

Arraying cover'd from his Father's sight.

To him with swift ascent he up return'd,

Into his blissful bosom reassum'd 225

In glory as of old ; to him appeas'd,

All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man

Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Mean while, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on earth,

Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death, 230

In counterview within the gates, that now

Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame

Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,

Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O son, why sit we here each other viewing 235

Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives

In other worlds, and happier seat provides

For us, his offspring dear ? It cannot be

But that success attends him ; if mishap,

Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n 240

By his avengers ; since no place like this

Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.

Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
 Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large  
 Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on, 245  
 Or sympathy, or some connat'ral force,  
 Pow'rful at greatest distance to unite,  
 With secret amity, things of like kind,  
 By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade  
 Inseparable, must with me along: 250  
 For Death from Sin no pow'r can separate.  
 But lest the difficulty of passing back  
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
 Impassable, impervious, let us try  
 Advent'rous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine 255  
 Not unagreeable, to found a path  
 Over this main from hell to that new world  
 Where Satan now prevails; a monument  
 Of merit high to all th' infernal host,  
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse, 260  
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
 By this new-felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon.  
 Go whither fate and inclination strong 265  
 Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err  
 The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw  
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
 The favour of death from all things there that live:  
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270  
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
 Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock  
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote, 275  
 Against the day of battle, to a field,  
 Where armies lie incamp'd, come flying, lur'd  
 With scent of living carcases design'd  
 For death, the following day, in bloody fight:

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So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd  
His nostril wide into the mirky air, 280  
245 Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
Then both from out hell-gates, into the waste  
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,  
Flew diverse; and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)  
Hovering upon the waters, what they met 285  
250 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
Toft up and down, together crouded drove,  
From each side shoaling tow'ards the mouth of hell:  
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse  
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive 290  
255 Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way  
Beyond Petfora eastward, to the rich  
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil  
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm 295  
260 As Delos floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;  
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate;  
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach  
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on, 300  
265 Over the foaming deep high arch'd; a bridge  
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
Immoveable of this new fenceless world  
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell. 305  
270 So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
From Susa his Memnonian palace high  
Came to the sea, and over Hellespont  
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd, 310  
275 And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant waves.  
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,  
Over the vex'd abyfs, following the track.



Of Satan, to the self-same place where he 315  
 First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
 From out of Chaos, to the outside bare  
 Of this round world: with pins of adamant,  
 And chains, they made all fast; too fast they made,  
 And durable; and now in little space 320  
 The confines met of empyréan heav'n,  
 And of this world, and on the left hand hell  
 With long reach interpos'd; three several ways  
 In fight, to each of these three places led.  
 And now their way to earth they had descry'd, 325  
 To Paradise first tending; when behold  
 Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,  
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
 His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:  
 Disguis'd he came; but those his children dear 330  
 Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
**He**, after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk  
 Into the wood fast by, and changing shape  
 To' observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded 335  
 Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought  
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd  
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present, fearing guilty what his wrath 340  
 Might suddenly inflict; that pass'd, return'd  
 By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair  
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,  
 Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood  
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy 345  
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd;  
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd  
 Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 350

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315 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.  
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.  
 O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
 Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own; 355  
 320 Thou art their author and prime architect:  
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,  
 My heart, which by a secret harmony  
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet,  
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
 325 Now also evidence, but strait I felt 361  
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt  
 That I must after thee with this thy son;  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three.  
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, 365  
 330 Nor this unvoyageable gulph obscure  
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast atchiev'd our liberty, confin'd  
 Within hell-gates till now; thou us impower'd  
 To fortify thus far, and overlay 370  
 335 With this portentous bridge the dark abyfs.  
 Thine now is all this world; thy virtue' hath won  
 What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd  
 With odds what war hath lost, and fully' aveng'd  
 Our foil in Heav'n; here thou shalt monarch reign, 375  
 340 There didst not: there let him still victor sway,  
 As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new world  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
 Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds 380  
 345 His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,  
 Or try thee now more dange'rous to his throne.  
 Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad.  
 Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,  
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race 385  
 350 Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,

Antagonist of Heav'n's almighty King),  
 Amply have merited of me, of all  
 Th' infernal empire, that so near heav'n's door  
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390  
 Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm  
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent  
 Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,  
 To my associate pow'rs, them to acquaint 395  
 With these successes, and with them rejoice;  
 You two this way, among these numerous orbs,  
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
 There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the earth  
 Dominion exercise, and in the air, 400  
 Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declar'd;  
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
 My substitutes I send ye, and create  
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might  
 Issuing from me: on your joint vigour now 405  
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
 Through sin to death expos'd by my exploit.  
 If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of hell  
 No detriment need fear; go, and be strong.  
 So saying he dismiss'd them; they with speed 410  
 Their course through thickest constellations held,  
 Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan,  
 And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse  
 Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down 415  
 The causeway to hell-gate; on either side  
 Disparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,  
 And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
 That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,  
 Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
 And all about found desolate; for those 420  
 Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,  
 Flown to the upper world; the rest were all

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Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls  
 Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat  
 Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd, 425  
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.  
 There kept their watch the legions, while the grand  
 In council sat, solicitous what chance  
 Might intercept their empe'ror sent; so he  
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430  
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,  
 By Astracan, over the snowy plains,  
 Retires; or Bactrian Sophi from the horns  
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
 The realm of Aladule, in his retreat 435  
 To Tauris or Casbeen: so these, the late  
 Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost hell  
 Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch  
 Round their metropolis, and now expecting  
 Each hour their great advent'rer from the search 440  
 Of foreign worlds. He through the midst unmark'd,  
 In show plebeian Angel militant  
 Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door  
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
 Ascended his high throne, which under state 445  
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end  
 Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while  
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen:  
 At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head  
 And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad 450  
 With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him, or false glitter. All amaz'd  
 At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng  
 Bent their aspect; and whom they wish'd beheld,  
 Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim:  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers, 456  
 Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy  
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand



Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, pow'rs,  
 For in possession such, not only' of right, 461  
 I call ye and declare ye now, return'd  
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
 Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe, 465  
 And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,  
 As lords, a spacious world, to' our native heav'n  
 Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
 With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell  
 What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain 470  
 Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
 Of horrible confusion, over which  
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
 To expedite your glorious march; but I  
 Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride 475  
 Th' untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb  
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,  
 That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely' oppos'd  
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
 Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found 480  
 The new-created world, which fame in heav'n  
 Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful  
 Of absolute perfection, therein man  
 Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile  
 Made happy: him by fraud I have seduc'd 485  
 From his Creator, and, the more to' increase  
 Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat  
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
 Both his beloved man and all his world,  
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490  
 Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,  
 To range in, and to dwell, and over man  
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
 True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather

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Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape 495

Man I deceiv'd : that which to me belongs,

Is enmity, which he will put between

Me and mankind ; I am to bruise his heel ;

His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head :

A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500

Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have th' account

Of my performance : what remains, ye gods,

But up, and enter now into full bliss ?

So having said, a while he stood, expecting

Their universal shout and high applause 505

To fill his ear ; when contrary, he hears

On all sides, from innumerable tongues,

A dismal universal hiss, the sound

Of public scorn ; he wonder'd, but not long

Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more ; 510

His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,

His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intertwining

Each other, till supplanted down he fell

A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,

Reluctant ; but in vain, a greater pow'r 515

Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,

According to his doom : he would have spoke,

But hiss for hiss returned with forked tongue

To forked tongue ; for now were all transform'd

Alike, to serpents all, as accessories 520

To his bold riot : dreadful was the din

Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now

With complicated monsters head and tail ;

Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphibæna dire,

Ceraustes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear, 525

And Dipsas, (not so thick swarm'd once the soil

Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle

Ophiusa) : but still greatest he the midst,

Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun

Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime. 530

Huge Python, and his pow'r no less he seem'd  
 Above the rest still to retain: they all  
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout  
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array, 535  
 Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief:  
 They saw, but other sight instead, a croud  
 Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,  
 And horrid sympathy; for what they saw, 540  
 They felt themselves now changing; down their arms,  
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,  
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
 Catch'd by contagion; like in punishment, 544  
 As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame.  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood  
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Us'd by the tempter: on that prospect strange  
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden tree a multitude  
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame; 555  
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain;  
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees  
 Climbing, fat thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd 560  
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;  
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit 565  
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste

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With spattering noise rejected: oft they' assay'd,  
Hunger and thirst constraining, drug'd as oft,  
With hatefullest disrelifh writh'd their jaws  
With foot and cinders fill'd: so oft they fell 570

Into the same illufion; not as man, [plagu'd  
Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they

And worn with famine, long and ceafelefs hisf,  
Till their loft fhape, permitted, they refum'd;  
Yearly injoin'd, fome fay, to undergo 575

This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
To dafh their pride, and joy for man feduc'd.

However, fome tradition they difpers'd  
Among the Heathen of their purchafe got,  
And fabled how the ferpent, whom they call'd 580

Ophion with Eurynome, the wide  
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had firft the rule  
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n  
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Mean while in Paradife the hellifh pair 585

Too foon arriv'd, Sin there in pow'r before,

Once actual, now in body, and to dwell

Habitual habitant; behind her Death

Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet

On his pale horfe: to whom Sin thus began 590

Second of Satan fprung, all-conqu'ring Death,

What think'ft thou of our empire now, though earn'd

With travel difficult, not better far

Than ftill at hell's dark threshold to' have fat watch,

Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyfelf half ftarv'd? 595

Whom thus the Sin-born monfter answer'd foon.

To me, who with eternal famine pine,

Alike is Hell, or Paradife, or Heav'n,

There beft, where moft with ravin I may meet;

Which here, though plenteous, all too little feems 600

To ftuff this maw, this vaft unhide-bound corps.

To whom th' inceftuous mother thus reply'd.



Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs  
 Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,  
 No homely morsels; and what other thing 605  
 The scythe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd;  
 Till I in man residing, through the race,  
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,  
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways, 610  
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
 Sooner or later: which th' Almighty seeing,  
 From his transcendent seat the saints among,  
 To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice. 615

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance  
 To waste and havock yonder world, which I  
 So fair and good created, and had still  
 Kept in that state, had not the folly' of man  
 Let in these wasteful furies; who impute 620  
 Folly to me; so doth the prince of hell,  
 And his adherents, that with so much ease  
 I suffer them to enter and possess  
 A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
 To gratify my scornful enemies, 625  
 That laugh, as if, transported with some fit  
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
 At random yielded up to their misrule;  
 And knew not that I call'd and drew them thither,  
 My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630  
 Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed  
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst,  
 With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling  
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
 Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last 635  
 Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
 Then heav'n and earth renew'd shall be made pure

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'rs To sanctify that shall receive no stain:  
Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes. 640

605 He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud  
Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,  
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;  
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son, 645

610 Destin'd restorer of mankind, by whom  
New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise,  
Or down from heaven descend. Such was their song,  
While the Creator calling forth by name  
His mighty Angels, gave them several charge, 650

615 As sort'd best with present things. The sun  
Had first his precept so to move, so shine  
As might affect the earth with cold and heat  
Scarce tolerable; and from the north to call  
Decrepit winter; from the south to bring 655

620 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon  
Her office they prescrib'd; to th' other five,  
Their planetary motions and aspects,  
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite  
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 660

625 In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd  
Their influence malignant when to show'r;  
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,  
Should prove tempestuous: to the winds they set  
Their corners, when with bluster to confound 665

630 Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll  
With terror through the dark aerial hall.  
Some say he bid his Angels turn ascanse  
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd 670

635 Oblique the centrique globe: some say the sun  
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road  
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,

Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain  
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring  
 Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernant flow'rs,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those  
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day  
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun  
 To recompense his distance, in their sight  
 Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known  
 Or east or west, which had forbid the snow  
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit  
 The sun, as from Thyéstean banquet, turn'd  
 His course intended; else how had the world  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
 These changes in the heav'ns, though slow, produc'd  
 Like change on sea and land, fideral blast,  
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot.  
 Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north  
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice  
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,  
 Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,  
 And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn;  
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
 Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds  
 From Serralion; thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,  
 Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,  
 Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things: but Discord first,  
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational  
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:  
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl, 710

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And fish with fish ; to graze the herb all leaving,  
 Devour'd each other ; nor stood much in awe  
 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
 Glar'd on him passing. These were from without  
 The grōwing miseries, which Adam saw 715  
 Already' in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow' abandon'd ; but worse felt within,  
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.  
 O miserable of happy' ! is this the end 720  
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory, who now become  
 Accurs'd of blessed ? hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of happiness ! yet well, if here would end 725  
 The misery ; I deserv'd it, and would bear  
 My own deservings : but this will not serve ;  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, *Increase and multiply*, 730  
 Now death to hear ! for what can I increase  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head ?  
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head ? Ill fare our ancestor impure, 735  
 For this we may thank Adam ; but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration : so besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,  
 On me as on their natural center light 740  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes !  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mold me Man ? did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place 745  
 In this delicious garden ? As my will



Concurr'd not to my be'ing, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
 Desirous to resign and render back  
 All I receiv'd, unable to perform 750  
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
 The good I fought not. To the loss of that,  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? inexplicable  
 Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late 755  
 I thus contest; then should have been refus'd  
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:  
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou' enjoy the good,  
 Then cavil the conditions? And though God  
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 760  
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
 Wherefore didst thou beget me'? I fought it not:  
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
 But natural necessity, begot. 765  
 God made thee' of choice his own, and of his own  
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;  
 Thy punishment then justly' is at his will.  
 Be' it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,  
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return. 770  
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays  
 His hand to execute what his decree  
 Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?  
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet 775  
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
 Insensible? how glad would lay me down  
 As in my mother's lap? there I should rest  
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse 780  
 To me and to my offspring would torment me  
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt

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Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die ;  
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spi'rit of man,  
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish 785  
 With this corporeal clod ; then in the grave,  
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
 But I shall die a living death ? O thought  
 Horrid, if true ! yet why ? it was but breath  
 Of life that sinn'd ; what dies but what had life 790  
 And sin ? the body properly hath neither.  
 All of me then shall die : let this appease  
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.  
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
 Is his wrath also ? be it, Man is not so, 795  
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
 Wrath without end on Man whom death must end ?  
 Can he make deathless death ? that were to make  
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
 Impossible is held, as argument 800  
 Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,  
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite  
 In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour  
 Satisfy'd never ? that were to extend  
 His sentence beyond dust, and nature's law, 805  
 By which all causes else according still  
 To the reception of their matter act,  
 Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say  
 That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,  
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810  
 From this day onward, which I feel begun  
 Both in me, and without me, and so last  
 To perpetuity ; Ay me, that fear  
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution  
 On my defenceless head ; both Death and I 815  
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both ;  
 Nor I on my part single, in me all  
 Posterity stands curs'd : fair patrimony

That I must leave ye, sons; O were I able  
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! 820  
 So disinherited, how would ye bless  
 Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd, 825  
 Not to do only, but to will the same  
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? Him after all disputes  
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,  
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still  
 But to my own conviction: first and last 831  
 On me, me only, as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support  
 That burden heavier than the earth to bear, 835  
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st,  
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future, 840  
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.  
 O conscience, into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud 845  
 Through the still night; not now, as ere man fell,  
 Wholsome, and cool, and mild, but with black air  
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil conscience represented  
 All things with double terror: on the ground 850  
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd  
 The day of his offence. Why comes not death,

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Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke 855

To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
Justice divine not hasten to be just?

But Death comes not at call, Justice divine  
Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs or cries.

O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs, 860

With other echo late I taught your shades

To answer, and resound far other song.

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,

Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,

Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd: 865

But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou serpent; that name best

Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false

And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,

Like his, and colour serpentine, may show 870

Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee

Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended

To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee

I had persisted happy, had not thy pride

And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, 875

Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd

Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,

Though by the dev'il himself, him overweening

To over-reach; but with the serpent meeting,

Fool'd and beguil'd; by him thou, I by thee, 880

To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,

Constant, mature, proof against all assaults;

And understood not all was but a show,

Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib,

Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears, 885

More to the part sinister, from me drawn,

Well if thrown out, as supernumerary

To my just number found. O why did God,

Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n

With spirits masculine, create at last 890



This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
 Of nature; and not fill the world at once  
 With Men as Angels without feminine,  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n, 895  
 And more that shall befall; innumerable  
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,  
 And strait conjunction with this sex: for either  
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake; 900  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
 Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd  
 By a far worse; or if she love, with-held  
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound 905  
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To human life, and household-peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve  
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing, 910  
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought  
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav'n  
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart 915  
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
 Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant  
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress, 920  
 My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining,  
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity 925  
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,

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That cruel serpent. On me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,  
 On me already lost, me than thyself  
 More miserable : both have sinn'd, but thou  
 Against God only', I against God and thee ;  
 And to the place of judgment will return,  
 There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all  
 The sentence from thy head remov'd, may light  
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
 Me, me only, just object of his ire.

930

935

She ended weeping ; and her lowly plight,  
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought  
 Commiseration : soon his heart relented  
 Tow'ards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
 Creature so fair his reconcilment seeking,  
 His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid ;  
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

940

945

Unwary', and too desirous, as before,  
 So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st  
 The punishment all on thyself ; alas,  
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain  
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If pray'rs  
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
 That on my head all might be visited,  
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiv'n,  
 To me committed, and by me expos'd.  
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere ; but strive  
 In offices of love, how we may lighten  
 Each other's burden, in our share of woe ;  
 Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I see,

950

955

960

Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,  
A long day's dying, to augment our pain,  
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd.

965

To whom thus Eve, recov'ring heart, reply'd.

Adam, by sad experiment I know

How little weight my words with thee can find,

Found so erroneous, thence by just event

Found so unfortunate: nevertheless,

970

Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place

Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain

Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,

Living or dying, from thee I will not hide

What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,

975

Tending to some relief of our extremes,

Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,

As in our evils, and of easier choice.

If care of our descent perplex us most,

Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd

980

By Death at last; and miserable it is

To be to others cause of misery,

Our own begott'en, and of our loins to bring

Into this cursed world a woful race,

That after wretched life must be at last

985

Food for so foul a monster; in thy pow'r

It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent

The race unblest'd, to be'ing yet unbegot.

Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death

Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two

990

Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.

But if thou judge it hard and difficult,

Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain

From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,

And with desire to languish without hope,

995

Before the present object languishing

With like desire, which would be misery

And torment less than none of what we dread;

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Then both ourselves and seed at once to free  
 From what we fear for both, let us make short, 1000  
 965 Let us seek Death ; or he not found, supply  
 With our own hands his office on ourselves :  
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
 That show no end but death, and have the pow'r,  
 Of many ways to die the shortest chusing, 1005  
 970 Destruction with destruction to destroy ?

She ended here, or vehement despair  
 Broke off the rest ; so much of death her thoughts  
 Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.  
 But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010  
 975 To better hopes his more attentive mind  
 Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
 To argue in thee something more sublime  
 And excellent than what thy mind contemns ; 1015  
 980 But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes  
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
 For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.

Or if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020  
 985 Of misery, so thinking to evade  
 The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God  
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so  
 To be forestall'd ; much more I fear lest death  
 So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain 1025

We are by doom to pay ; rather such acts  
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
 To make death in us live : then let us seek  
 Some safer resolution, which methinks  
 I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030  
 995 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
 The serpent's head ; piteous amends, unless  
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe  
 Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv'd



Against us this deceit: to crush his head 1035  
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost  
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
 Resolv'd, as thou propolest; so our foe  
 Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we  
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040  
 No more be mention'd then of violence  
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,  
 That cuts us off from hope, and favours only  
 Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
 Reluctance against God, and his just yoke 1045  
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd,  
 Without wrath or reviling: we expected  
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
 Was meant by death that day; when lo, to thee 1050  
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
 And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy,  
 Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope  
 Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I must earn  
 My bread: what harm? Idleness had been worse; 1055  
 My labour will sustain me: and lest cold  
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care  
 Hath unbefought provided, and his hands  
 Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd:  
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060  
 Be open, and his heart to pity' incline,  
 And teach us further by what means to shun  
 Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?  
 Which now the sky with various face begins  
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds 1065  
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
 Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek  
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams

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Reflected, may with matter fere foment, 1071

Or by collision of two bodies grind

The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds

Justling or push'd with winds, rude in their shock

Tine the flant lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down

Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine, 1076

And sends a comfortable heat from far,

Which might supply the sun : such fire to use,

And what may else be remedy or cure

To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080

He will instruct us praying, and of grace

Beseeching him, so as we need not fear

To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd

By him with many comforts, till we end

In dust, our final rest and native home. 1085

What better can we do, than to the place

Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall

Before him reverent, and there confess

Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears

Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air 1090

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign

Of sorr'ow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek ?

Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn

From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,

When angry most he seem'd, and most severe, 1095

What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone ?

So spake our father penitent ; nor Eve

Felt less remorse : they forthwith to the place

Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell

Before him reverent, and both confess'd 1100

Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears

Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign

Of sorr'ow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

*The end of the tenth book.*

## The ARGUMENT of Book XI.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the Angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

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## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK XI.

**T**Hus they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
 Praying; for from the mercy-seat above  
 Prevenient grace descending had remov'd  
 The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd 5  
 Unutterable, which the spi'rit of pray'r  
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
 Than loudest oratory: yet their port  
 Not of mean suiters, nor important less  
 Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair 10  
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
 Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their pray'rs  
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds 15  
 Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd  
 Dimensionless through heav'nly doors; then clad  
 With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,  
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son 20  
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung

From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs  
 And pray'rs, which in this golden censer mix'd  
 With incense, I thy Priest before thee bring ; 25  
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed  
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees  
 Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n  
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear 30  
 To supplication ; hear his sighs though mute ;  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me,  
 Interpret for him, me his advocate  
 And propitiation ; all his works on me,  
 Good or not good, ingraft ; my merit those 35  
 Shall perfect ; and for these my death shall pay.  
 Accept me, and in me from these receive  
 The smell of peace tow'ard mankind ; let him live  
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
 Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom, (which I  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse), 41  
 To better life shall yield him, where with me  
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene. 45  
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain ; all thy request was my decree.  
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
 The law I gave to Nature him forbids :  
 Those pure immortal elements, that know 50  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
 As a distemper, gross to air as gross,  
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt 55  
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts

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XI. Book-XI. PARADISE LOST. 275

Created him endow'd, with happiness  
 And immortality : that fondly lost,  
 25 This other serv'd but to eternize woe ; 60  
 Till I provided death ; so death becomes  
 His final remedy, and after life  
 Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
 30 Wak'd in the renovation of the just, 65  
 Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.  
 But let us call to synod all the blest  
 Through Heav'n's wide bounds ; from them I will not  
 My judgments, how with mankind I proceed, [hide  
 35 As how with peccant Angels late they saw, 70  
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confin'd.  
 He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
 To the bright minister that watch'd ; he blew  
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
 ch I When God descended, and perhaps once more 75  
 41 To sound at general doom. Th' angelic blast  
 Fill'd all the regions ; from their blissful bowers  
 Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,  
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
 45 In fellowships of joy, the sons of light 80  
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,  
 And took their seats ; till from his throne supreme  
 Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sov'reign will.  
 O sons, like one of us man is become  
 50 To know both good and evil, since his taste 85  
 Of that defended fruit : but let him boast  
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got ;  
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known  
 Good by itself, and evil not at all.  
 55 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite ; 90  
 My motions in him : longer than they move,  
 His heart I know, how variable and vain.



Self-left. Left therefore his now bolder hand  
 Reach also of the tree of life and eat,  
 And live for ever, dream at least to live 95  
 For ever, to remove him I decree,  
 And send him from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge ;  
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100  
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,  
 Or in behalf of man, or to invade  
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise :  
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair, 105  
 From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce  
 To them and to their progeny from thence  
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint  
 At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,  
 For I behold them soften'd, and with tears 110  
 Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate ; reveal  
 To Adam what shall come in future days,  
 As I shall thee enlighten ; intermix 115  
 My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd ;  
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace :  
 And on the east side of the garden place,  
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,  
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame 120  
 Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the tree of life ;  
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,  
 With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude. 125

He ceas'd ; and the archangelic pow'r prepar'd  
 For swift descent ; with him the cohort bright

Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each  
 Had, like a double Janus, all their shape  
 95 Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those 130  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while,  
 To resalute the world with sacred light,  
 100 Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd 135  
 The earth; when Adam, and first matron Eve,  
 Had ended now their orisons, and found  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;  
 105 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd. 140  
 Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends;  
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n,  
 So prevalent as to concern the mind  
 110 Of God high-blest'd, or to incline his will, 145  
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer  
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
 Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I fought  
 By pray'r th' offended Deity to' appease,  
 115 Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart, 150  
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
 Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favour; peace return'd  
 Home to my breast, and to my memory  
 120 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe; 155  
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,  
 Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,  
 125 Mother of all things living, since by thee 160  
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man.  
 To whom thus Eve with sad demeanor meek.

Ill worthy I such title should belong  
 To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd  
 A help, became thy snare; to me reproach 165  
 Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
 That I who first brought death on all, am grac'd  
 The source of life; next favourable thou,  
 Who highly thus to' intile me vouchsaf'st, 170  
 Far other name deserving. But the field  
 To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
 Though after sleepless night; for see the morn,  
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
 Her rosy progress smiling: let us forth; 175  
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
 Where-e'er our day's work lies, though now injoin'd  
 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,  
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?  
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content. 180

So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve; but fate  
 Subscrib'd not: Nature first gave signs, impress'd  
 On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd  
 After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight,  
 The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his airy tour, 185  
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove:  
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
 First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;  
 Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight. 190  
 Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase  
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake.

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in nature shows  
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn 195  
 Us haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penalty, because from death releas'd

I. Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 279

Some days; how long, and what till then our life,  
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,  
And thither must return, and be no more? 200

Why else this double object in our sight,  
Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,  
One way the self-same hour? why in the east  
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light  
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws 205  
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught?

He err'd not; for by this the heav'nly hands  
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt; 210  
A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.  
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw

The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright; 215  
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd  
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,  
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise  
One man, assassin-like, had levy'd war,

War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch 220  
In their bright stand there left his pow'rs to seize  
Possession of the garden; he alone,

To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,  
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,  
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake. 225

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
Of us will soon determine, or impose  
New laws to be observ'd; for I desery,  
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,  
One of the heav'nly host, and by his gate 230  
None of the meanest, some great potentate  
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty



Invests him coming ; yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear ; nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphaël, that I should much confide ; 235  
 But solemn and sublime, whom not to' offend,  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended ; and th' Arch-angel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
 Clad to meet man ; over his lucid arms 240  
 A military vest of purple flow'd,  
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
 In time of truce ; Iris had dip'd the woof ;  
 His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime 245  
 In manhood, where youth ended ; by his side,  
 As in a glist'ring zodiac, hung the sword,  
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
 Adam bow'd low ; he kingly from his state  
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declar'd. 250

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no preface needs :  
 Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
 Defeated of his seizure many days  
 Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou mayst repent, 255  
 And one bad act with many deeds well done  
 Mayst cover : well may then thy Lord appeas'd  
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim ;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
 Permits not ; to remove thee I am come, 260  
 And send thee from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

He added not ; for Adam at the news  
 Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
 That all his senses bound : Eve, who unseen 265  
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

I. Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 281

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, 270  
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last 275

At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names,  
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?  
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd 280  
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits? 285

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild.  
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.  
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes 290  
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;  
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scatter'd spi'rits return'd,  
To Michael thus his humble words address'd. 295

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd  
Of them the high'est, for such of shape may seem  
Prince above princes, gently thou hast told  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us; what besides 300  
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,

Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Recess, and only consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes; all places else 305  
 Inhospitable' appear and desolate,  
 Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries: 310  
 But pray'r against his absolute decree  
 No more avails than breath against the wind,  
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence, 315  
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
 His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd  
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,  
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree 320  
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice  
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:  
 So many grateful altars, I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory, 325  
 Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs:  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd 330  
 To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.  
 Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the earth 335  
 Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,

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Fomented by his virtual pow'r and warm'd :  
 All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift ; surmise not then 340  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
 Of Paradise or Eden : this had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
 All generations, and had hither come  
 From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate 345  
 And reverence thee their great progenitor.  
 But this pre-eminence thou' hast lost, brought down  
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :  
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain  
 God is as here, and will be found alike 350  
 Present, and of his presence many a sign  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal love, his face  
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.  
 Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd 355  
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
 To show thee what shall come in future days  
 To thee and to thy offspring ; good with bad  
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending  
 With sinfulness of men ; thereby to learn 360  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow, equally inur'd  
 By moderation either state to bear,  
 Prosperous or adverse : so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure 365  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
 This hill ; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)  
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st ;  
 As once thou slep'st, while she to life was form'd.  
 To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd. 370  
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path  
 Thou lead'st me', and to the hand of Heav'n submit,



However chaf'ning, to the evil turn  
 My obvious breast, arming to overcome  
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour won, 375  
 If so I may attain. So both ascend  
 In the visions of God. It was a hill  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken  
 Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay. 380  
 Not high'er that hill, nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the tempter set  
 Our second Adam in the wilderness,  
 To show him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory.  
 His eye might there command where-ever stood 385  
 City of old or modern fame, the seat  
 Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls  
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,  
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,  
 To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence 390  
 To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,  
 Down to the golden Chersonese, or where  
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since  
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar  
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance, 395  
 Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken  
 Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port  
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,  
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
 And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm 400  
 Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,  
 The kingdoms of Almanfor, Fez and Sus,  
 Marocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway 405  
 The world: in spi'rit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico the seat of Montezume,

And C  
 Of Ata  
 Guiana  
 Call E  
 Michael  
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And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat

Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd

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Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons 410

Call El Dorado. But to nobler fights

Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,

Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight

Had bred ; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue

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The visual nerve, for he had much to see ; 415

And from the well of life three drops instill'd.

So deep the pow'r of these ingredients pierc'd,

Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,

That Adam, now forc'd to close his eyes,

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Sunk down, and all his spirits became intranc'd ; 420

But him the gentle Angel by the hand

Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold

Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought

In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd

Th' accepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,

Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive

Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,

Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves

New reap'd ; the other part sheep-walks and folds ;

I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,

Rustic, of grassy ford ; thither anon

A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought

First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,

Uncull'd, as came to hand ; a shepherd next,

More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock

Choicest and best ; then sacrificing, laid

The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,

On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.

His offering soon propitious fire from Heav'n

Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam ;

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The other's not, for his was not sincere:  
 Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone 445  
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale  
 Gron'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd.

O teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n 450  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?

T' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, reply'd.  
 These two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
 Out of thy loins; th' unjust the just hath slain, 455  
 For envy that his brother's offering found  
 From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact  
 Will be aveng'd; and th' other's faith approv'd  
 Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
 Rolling in dust and gore. To which our fire. 460

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!  
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way  
 I must return to native dust? O sight  
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel! 465

To whom thus Michaël. Death thou hast seen  
 In his first shape on man; but many shapes  
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
 To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
 More terrible at th' entrance than within. 470  
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
 By fire, flood, famine; by intemp'rance more  
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
 Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know 475  
 What misery th' inabstinence of Eve  
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place

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287

Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,  
 A lazarus-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseases, all maladies  
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
 Of heart-sick agony, all fev'rous kinds,  
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
 Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,  
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
 Dropsies, and asthma's, and joint-racking rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair  
 'Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd  
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.  
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
 Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
 Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;  
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

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O miserable mankind, to what fall  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!  
 Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n  
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
 Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
 Th' image of God in man, created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude

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In part, from such deformities be free,  
And for his Maker's image sake exempt ?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then 515  
Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd  
To serve ungovern'd Appetite, and took  
His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.

Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520  
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,  
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd,  
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules  
To loathsome sickness ; worthily, since they  
God's image did not reverence in themselves. 525

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.  
But is there yet no other way, besides  
These painful passages, how we may come  
To death, and mix with our connatural dust ?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe 530  
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,  
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence  
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
Till many years over thy head return :  
So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop 535  
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature :  
This is old age ; but then thou must outlive  
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
To wither'd, weak, and gray ; thy senses then 540  
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,  
To what thou hast ; and for the air of youth,  
Hopeful and chearful, in thy blood will reign  
A melancholy damp of cold and dry  
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume 545  
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong

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Life much ; bent rather how I may be quit  
 Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge ;  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day 550  
 Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend  
 My dissolution. Michaël reply'd.

Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st,  
 Live well ; how long or short, permit to Heav'n :  
 And now prepare thee for another fight. 555

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
 Were tents of various hue : by some were herds  
 Of cattle grasing ; others, whence the sound  
 Of instruments that made melodious chime  
 Was heard, of harp and organ : and who mov'd 560  
 Their stops and chords, was seen ; his volant touch  
 Instinct through all proportions, low and high,  
 Fled, and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.

In other part stood one who at the forge  
 Lab'ring, two massy clods of ir'on and brass 565  
 Had melted, (whether found where casual fire  
 Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,  
 Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot  
 To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream  
 From underground), the liquid ore he drain'd 570  
 Into fit molds prepar'd ; from which he form'd  
 First his own tools ; then, what might else be wrought  
 Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,

But on the hither side, a different sort  
 From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their seat,  
 Down to the plain descended : by their guise 575  
 Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent  
 To worship God aright, and know his works  
 Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve  
 Freedom and peace to men : they on the plain 580  
 Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold  
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay

In gems and wanton drefs; to th' harp they fung  
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.  
 The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes  
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous net 586  
 First caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose:  
 And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning-star,  
 Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat  
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 590  
 Hymen, then first to marriage-rites invok'd:  
 With feaft and mufic all the tents refound.  
 Such happy interview and fair event  
 Of love and youth not loft, fongs, garlands, flow'rs,  
 And charming fymphonies, attach'd the heart 595  
 Of Adam, foon inclin'd t'admit delight,  
 The bent of nature; which he thus exprefs'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blefs'd,  
 Much better feems this vifion, and more hope  
 Of peaceful days portends, than thofe two paft: 600  
 Thofe were of hate and death, or pain much worfe;  
 Here nature feems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is beft  
 By pleafure, though to nature feeming meet,  
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end, 605  
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.  
 Thofe tents thou faw'ft fo pleafant, were the tents  
 Of wickednefs, wherein fhall dwell his race  
 Who flew his brother; ftudious they appear  
 Of arts that polifh life, inventors rare, 610  
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
 Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.  
 Yet they a beauteous offspring fhall beget:  
 For that fair female troop thou faw'ft, that feem'd  
 Of goddeffes, fo blithe, fo fmooth, fo gay, 615  
 Yet empty of all good, wherein confifts  
 Woman's domeftic honour and chief praife;

Bred only and completed to the taste  
 Of lustful appetite, to sing to dance,  
 To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye. 620  
 To these, that sober race of men, whose lives  
 Religious titled them the sons of God,  
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
 Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy, 625  
 Erelong to swim at large; and laugh, for which  
 The world erelong a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft.  
 O pity' and shame, that they who to live well  
 Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630  
 Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!  
 But still I see the tenor of Man's woe  
 Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From man's effeminate slackness it begins,  
 Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place 635  
 By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd.  
 But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread  
 Before him, towns, and rural works between,  
 Cities of men with lofty gates and tow'rs, 640  
 Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,  
 Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise:  
 Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
 Single or in array of battle rang'd  
 Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring stood; 645  
 One way a band select from forage drives  
 A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine  
 From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,  
 Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,  
 Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly, 650  
 But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;  
 With cruel torneament the squadrons join;



Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies  
 With carcases and arms th' infanguin'd field  
 Deserted: others to a city strong 655  
 Lay siege, incamp'd; by batt'ry, scale, and mine,  
 Assaulting; others from the wall defend  
 With dart and jav'lin, stones and sulph'rous fire;  
 On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
 In other parts the scepter'd heralds call 660  
 To council in the city-gates; anon  
 Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd  
 Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon  
 In factious opposition; till at last  
 Of middle age one rising, eminent 665  
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,  
 Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,  
 And judgment from above: him old and young  
 Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,  
 Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence 670  
 Unseen amid the throng: so violence  
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,  
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.  
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad; O what are these, 675  
 Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother: for of whom such massacre  
 Make they but of their brethren, men of men? 680  
 But who was that just man, whom had not Heav'n  
 Rescu'd, had in his righteousness been lost?  
 To whom thus Michael. These are the product  
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;  
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves  
 Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd, 686  
 Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.

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Such were these giants, men of high renown;  
For in those days might only shall be' admir'd,  
And valour and heroic virtue call'd;

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To overcome in battle, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human glory, and for glory done  
Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerors,  
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;  
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.  
Thus fame shall be atchiev'd, renown on earth,  
And what most merits fame in silence hid.

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But he, the sev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldst  
The only righteous in a world perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With foes, for daring single to be just,  
And utter odious truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his saints: him the Most High  
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds  
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God  
High in salvation, and the climes of bliss,  
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward  
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;  
Which now directs thine eyes, and soon behold.

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He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd:  
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;  
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,  
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting, as beset,  
Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.  
At length a reverend sire among them came,  
And of their doings great dislike declar'd,  
And testify'd against their ways; he oft  
Frequented their assemblies, where so met,

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Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd  
 Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
 In prison under judgments imminent: 725  
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd  
 Contending, and removed his tents far off;  
 Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk; 729  
 Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height;  
 Smear'd round with pitch; and in the side a door  
 Contriv'd; and of provisions laid in large  
 For man and beast: when lo, a wonder strange!  
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small  
 Came sev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught 735  
 Their order: last the fire, and his three sons,  
 With their four wives; and God made fast the door.  
 Mean while the south-wind rose, and with black wings  
 Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove  
 From under Heav'n; the hills to their supply 740  
 Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
 Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd sky  
 Like a dark cieling flood; down rush'd the rain  
 Impetuous, and continu'd, till the earth  
 No more was seen: the floating vessel swum 745  
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow  
 Rode tilting o'er the waves: all dwellings else  
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp  
 Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,  
 Sea without shore; and in their palaces 750  
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd  
 And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,  
 All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.  
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad, 755  
 Depopulation? thee another flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow' a flood, thee also drown'd,

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And sunk thee as thy sons ; till gently rear'd  
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns  
His children, all in view destroy'd at once ;  
And scarce to th' Angel utter'd thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen ! better had I  
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne  
My part of evil only, each day's lot  
Enough to bear ; those now, that were dispens'd  
The burden of many ages, on me light  
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,  
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
Him or his children ; evil he may be sure,  
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
And he the future evill shall no less  
In apprehension than in substance feel,  
Grievous to bear : but that care now is past,  
Man is not whom to warn : those few escap'd  
Famine and anguish will at last consume,  
Wand'ring that watry desert. I had hope,  
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,  
All would have then gone well, peace would have  
With length of happy days the race of man : [crown'd  
But I was far deceiv'd ; for now I see  
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
How comes it thus ? unfold, celestial guide,  
And whether here the race of man will end.

To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou saw'st  
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
First seen in acts of prowess eminent,  
And great exploits ; but of true virtue void :  
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste  
Subduing nations, and atchiev'd thereby



Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,  
 Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride 795  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
 The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,  
 Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,  
 And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd  
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid 800  
 Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal,  
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' earth shall bear  
 More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd: 805  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd;  
 Justice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot:  
 One man except, the only son of light  
 In a dark age, against example good,  
 Against allurements, custom, and a world 810  
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,  
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come 815  
 On their impenitence; and shall return  
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd  
 The one just man alive; by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,  
 To save himself and household from amidst 820  
 A world devote to universal wrack.  
 No sooner he, with them of man and beast  
 Select for life, shall in the ark be lodg'd,  
 And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts  
 Of Heav'n set open on the earth shall pour 825  
 Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep  
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp

Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
 Above the highest hills; then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd 830  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
 Down the great river to the opening gulph,  
 And there take root, an island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews clang: 835  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell:  
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.  
 He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood, 840  
 Which now abated :: for the clouds were fled,  
 Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry  
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;  
 And the clear sun on his wide watry glass  
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew, 845  
 As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink  
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
 With soft foot tow'ards the deep, who now had stopt  
 His sluces, as the heav'n his windows shut.  
 The ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground, 850  
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;  
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive,  
 Tow'ards the retreating sea their furious tide.  
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies, 855  
 And after him, the surer messenger,  
 A dove sent forth once and again to spy  
 Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;  
 The second time returning, in his bill  
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign: 860  
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
 The ancient fire descends with all his train;

Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds  
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow 865  
 Conspicuous, with three list'd colours gay,  
 Betok'ning peace from God, and cov'nant new.  
 Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad  
 Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent 870  
 As present, heav'nly Instructor, I revive  
 At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live  
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
 Far less I now lament for one whole world  
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice 875  
 For one Man found so perfect and so just,  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heav'n,  
 Distended as the brow of God appeas'd; 880  
 Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud,  
 Lest it again dissolve, and show'r the earth?

To whom th' Arch-angel. Dextrously thou aim'st;  
 So willingly doth God remit his ire, 885  
 Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,  
 Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
 The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
 Corrupting each their way; yet those remov'd,  
 Such grace shall one just man find in his sight, 890  
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
 And makes a covenant never to destroy  
 The earth again by flood, nor let the sea  
 Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world,  
 With man therein or beast; but when he brings 895  
 Over the earth a cloud, will therein set  
 His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,

Book XI. PARADISE LOST. 299

And call to mind his covenant : day and night,  
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost 899  
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,  
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

*The end of the eleventh book.*



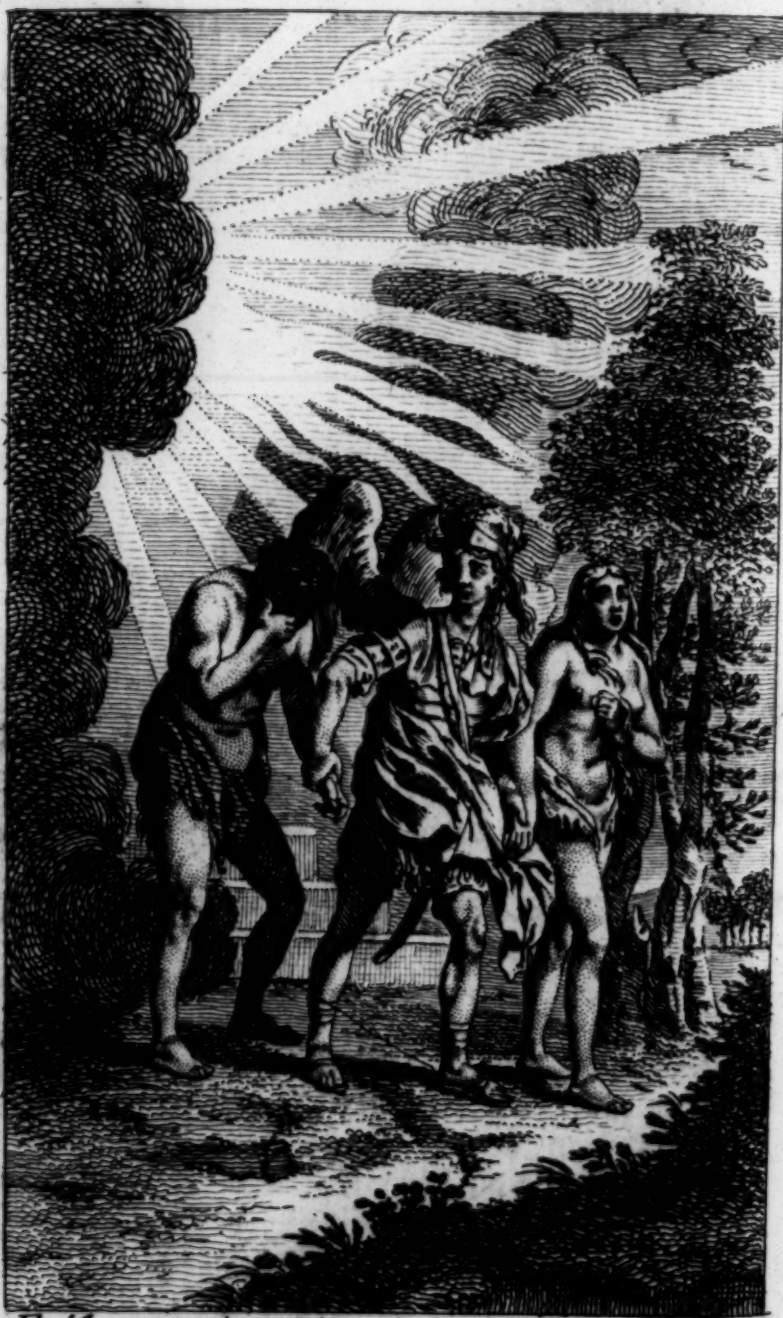
## The A R G U M E N T of Book XII.

The Angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed ; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall ; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension ; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomfited by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael ; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

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## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK XII.

**A**S one who in his journey baits at noon, [paus'd  
Though bent on speed ; so here the Arch-angel  
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,  
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose ;  
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes. 5

Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end ;  
And Man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see ; but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail ; objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense : 10  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second source of men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgment past remains  
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace ;  
Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine, and oil ; and from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20  
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,  
Under paternal rule : till one shall rise



Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content 25  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,  
 Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game) 30  
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse  
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous :  
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd  
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,  
 Or from Heav'n claiming second sov'reignty ; 35  
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from Eden tow'ards the west, shall find 40  
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell :  
 Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build  
 A city' and tow'r, whose top may reach to Heav'n ;  
 And get themselves a name ; lest far dispers'd 45  
 In foreign lands, their memory be lost,  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
 But God, who oft descends to visit men  
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50  
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tow'r  
 Obstruct Heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets  
 Upon their tongues a various spi'rit, to raise  
 Quite out their native language, and instead  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown. 55  
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
 Among the builders ; each to other calls  
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
 As mock'd they storm ; great laughter was in Heav'n

I. Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 303

25 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange, 60  
And hear the din; thus was the building left  
Ridiculous, and the work confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd.

O execrable son so to aspire

30 Above his brethren, to himself assuming 65  
Authority usurp'd, from God not giv'n:

He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl

Dominion absolute; that right we hold

By his donation: but man over men

35 He made not lord; such title to himself 70  
Reserving, human left from human free.

But this usurper his incroachment proud

Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends

Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food

40 Will he convey up thither to sustain 75  
Himself and his rash army, where thin air

Above the clouds will pine his intrails gross,

And famish him of breath, if not of bread?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr'st

45 That son, who on the quiet state of men 80  
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue

Rational liberty; yet known withal,

Since thy original lapse, true liberty

Is lost, which always with right reason dwells

50 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being: 85  
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,

Immediately inordinate desires

And upstart passions catch the government

From reason, and to servitude reduce

55 Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits 90  
Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign

Over free reason, God, in judgment just,

Subjects him from without to violent lords;

Who oft as undeservedly inthrall

v'n

His outward freedom: tyranny must be, 95  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100  
 Their inward lost: witness th' irreverent son  
 Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame  
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,  
*Servant of servants*, on his vicious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world, 105  
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways; 110  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring:  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol-worship; O that men 115  
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone  
 For gods! yet him God the Most High vouchsafes 120  
 To call by vision from his father's house,  
 His kindred and false gods, into a land  
 Which he will show him, and from him will raise  
 A mighty nation, and upon him show'r  
 His benediction so, that in his seed 125  
 All nations shall be bless'd; he strait obeys,  
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
 He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil.

Book XII. PARADISE LOST.

305

Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford

130

To Haran, after him a cumbrous train

Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude ;

Not wandering ; poor, but trusting all his wealth

With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.

Canaan he now attains ; I see his tents

135

Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain

Of Moreh ; there by promise he receives

Gift to his progeny of all that land,

From Hamath northward to the desert south,

(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd),

From Hermon east to the great western sea ;

141

Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold

In prospect, as I point them ; on the shore

Mount Carmel ; here the double-founted stream,

Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons

145

Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.

This ponder, that all nations of the earth

Shall in his seed be blessed : by that seed

Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise

The serpent's head ; whereof to thee anon

150

Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest'd,

Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,

A son, and of his son a grandchild leaves,

Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.

The grandchild with twelve sons increas'd, departs

155

From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd

Egypt, divided by the river Nile :

See where it flows, disgorging at sev'n mouths

Into the sea. To sojourn in that land

He comes, invited by a younger son

160

In time of dearth ; a son whose worthy deeds

Raise him to be the second in that realm

Of Pharaoh : there he dies, and leaves his race

Growing into a nation, and now grown



Suspected to a sequester'd king, who seeks 165  
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant-males:  
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim 170  
 His people from inthralment, they return  
 With glory and spoil back to their promis'd land.  
 But first the lawless tyrant, who denies  
 To know their God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire; 175  
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;  
 Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill  
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;  
 His cattle must of rot and murrain die;  
 Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss, 180  
 And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,  
 Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian sky,  
 And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls;  
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down 185  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;  
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;  
 Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born  
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190  
 The river-dragon tam'd at length submits  
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
 Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice  
 More harden'd after thaw; till in his rage  
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195  
 Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass  
 As on dry land between two crystal walls,  
 Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand  
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore:

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Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 307

65 Such wonderous pow'r God to his faint will lend, 200  
 Though present in his Angel, who shall go  
 Before them in a cloud, and pill'ar of fire,  
 By day a cloud, by night a pill'ar of fire,  
 To guide them in their journey, and remove  
 70 Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues: 205  
 All night he will pursue; but his approach  
 Darkness defends between till morning-watch;  
 Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
 175 And craze their chariot-wheels; when by command 210  
 Moses once more his potent rod extends  
 Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;  
 On their imbattled ranks the waves return,  
 And overwhelm their war. The race elect  
 180 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance 215  
 Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,  
 Lest ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd,  
 War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
 Return them back to Egypt, chusing rather  
 185 Inglorious life with servitude; for life 220  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
 This also shall they gain by their delay  
 In the wild wilderness; there they shall found  
 190 Their government, and their great senate chuse 225  
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.  
 God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets found,  
 195 Ordain them laws; part such as appertain 230  
 To civil justice, part religious rites  
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
 And shadows, of that destin'd seed to bruise  
 The serpent, by what means he shall atchieve

308 PARADISE LOST. Book XII.

Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God 235  
 'To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech  
 That Moses might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease; he grants what they besought,  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without mediator, whose high office now 240  
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce  
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,  
 And all the prophets in their age the times  
 Of great Messî'ah shall sing. Thus laws and rites  
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in men 245  
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
 Among them to set up his tabernacle,  
 The holy One with mortal men to dwell.  
 By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd  
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein 250  
 An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
 The records of his covenant; over these  
 A mercy-seat of gold between the wings  
 Of two bright cherubim; before him burn  
 Sey'n lamps, as in a zodiac representing 255  
 The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud  
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,  
 Save when they journey, and at length they come,  
 Conducted by his Angel, to the land  
 Promis'd to Abraham and his seed. The rest 260  
 Were long to tell, how many battles fought,  
 How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won;  
 Or how the sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still  
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
 Man's voice commanding, sun in Gibeon stand, 265  
 And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,  
 Till Israel overcome: so call the third  
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win,

I. Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 309

35 Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n, 270

Inlightner of my darkness, gracious things  
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern  
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find  
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,  
40 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become  
Of me and all mankind; but now I see 276

His day, in whom all nations shall be blest'd,  
Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.

45 This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280

Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,

So many and so various laws are giv'n;

So many laws argue so many sins

Among them; how can God with such reside?

250 To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin 285

Will reign among them, as of thee begot;

And therefore was law given them to evince

Their natural pravity, by stirring up

Sin against law to fight: that when they see

255 Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290

Save by those shadowy expiations weak,

The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude

Some blood more precious must be paid for man,

Just for unjust; that in such righteousness

260 To them by faith imputed, they may find 295

Justification towards God, and peace

Of conscience; which the law by ceremonies

Cannot appease, nor man the moral part

Perform, and not performing cannot live.

265 So law appears imperfect, and but given 300

With purpose to resign them in full time

Up to a better covenant, disciplin'd

From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,

From imposition of strict laws to free



Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear 305  
 To filial, works of law to works of faith.  
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
 Highly belov'd, being but the minister  
 Of law, his people into Canaan lead ;  
 But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 310  
 His name and office bearing, who shall quell  
 The adversary serpent, and bring back  
 Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
 Mean while they in their earthly Canaan plac'd, 315  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper ; but when sins  
 National interrupt their public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies ;  
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
 By judges first, then under kings ; of whom 320  
 The second, both for piety renown'd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
 For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing  
 All prophecy, that of the royal stock 325  
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
 A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to Abraham, and in whom shall trust  
 All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings  
 The last ; for of his reign shall be no end. 330  
 But first a long succession must ensue ;  
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,  
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
 Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple' inshrine.  
 Such follow him as shall be register'd 335  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll ;  
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults  
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,

## Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 311

Their city', his temple, and his holy ark, 340

With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.

There in captivity he lets them dwell

The space of sev'nty years, then brings them back,  
Rememb'ring mercy, and his covenant sworn 346

To David, stablish'd as the days of Heav'n.

Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings

Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God

They first re-edify, and for a while 350

In mean estate live moderate, till grown

In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;

But first among the priests dissension springs,

Men who attend the altar, and should most

Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings 355

Upon the temple itself: at last they seize

The scepter, and regard not David's sons;

Then lose it to a stranger, that the true

Anointed king Messiah might be born

Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star, 360

Unseen before in heav'n, proclaims him come,

And guides the eastern sages, who inquire

His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold;

His place of birth a solemn Angel tells

To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night; 365

They gladly thither haste, and by a quire

Of squadron'd Angels hear his carol sung.

A virgin is his mother, but his sire

The pow'r of the Most High; he shall ascend

The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 370

With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy

Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,

Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd.

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O prophet of glad tidings, finisher 375  
 Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steddier thoughts have search'd in vain ;  
 Why our great expectation should be call'd  
 The seed of woman : Virgin mother, hail,  
 High in the love of Heav'n ; yet from my loins 380  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
 Of God most high ; so God with Man unites.  
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain : say where and when 384  
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel.  
 To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,  
 As of a duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel : not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy ; nor so is overcome 390  
 Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
 Disabled not, to give thee thy death's wound :  
 Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
 In thee and in thy seed : nor can this be, 395  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the law of God, impos'd  
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,  
 The penalty to thy transgression due,  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow : 400  
 So only can high justice rest appeas'd.  
 The law of God exact he shall fulfil  
 Both by obedience and by love, though love  
 Alone fulfil the law ; thy punishment  
 He shall endure by coming in the flesh 405  
 To a reproachful life and cursed death,  
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe  
 In his redemption, and that his obedience  
 Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits

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I. Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 313

To save them, not their own, though legal works. 410  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd,  
A shameful and accurs'd ; nail'd to the cross  
By his own nation ; slain for bringing life ;  
But to the cross he nails thy enemies, 415  
The law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction. So he dies,  
But soon revives ; death over him no pow'r 420  
Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light  
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,  
390 His death for man, as many as offer'd life 425  
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
By faith not void of works. This God-like act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,  
In sin for ever lost from life ; this act  
395 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength, 430  
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms ;  
And fix far deeper in his head their stings,  
Than temp'ral death shall bruise the victor's heel,  
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,  
400 A gentle wafting to immortal life. 435  
Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
Longer on earth, than certain times to' appear  
To his disciples, men who in his life  
Still follow'd him ; to them shall leave in charge  
405 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd, 440  
And his salvation, them who shall believe  
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,



For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd. 445

All nations they shall teach : for from that day

Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins

Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons

Of Abraham's faith where-ever through the world ;

So in his seed all nations shall be blest'd. 450

Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend

With victory, triumphing through the air

Over his foes and thine ; there shall surprise

The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains

Through all his realm, and there confounded leave ;

Then enter into glory, and resume 456

His seat at God's right hand, exalted high

Above all names in Heav'n ; and thence shall come,

When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,

With glory' and pow'r to judge both quick and dead ;

To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward 461

His faithful, and receive them into bliss,

Whether in Heav'n or Earth ; for then the earth

Shall all be Paradise, far happier place

Than this of Eden, and far happier days. 466

So spake th' Arch-angel Michaël, then paus'd,

As at the world's great period ; and our fire,

Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd.

O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense !

That all this good of evil shall produce, 470

And evil turn to good ; more wonderful

Than that which by creation first brought forth

Light out of darkness ! Full of doubt I stand,

Whether I should repent me now of sin

By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice 475

Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring ;

To God more glory, more good-will to men

From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.

But say, if our Deliverer up to Heav'n

Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 315

Must reascend, what will betide the few 480

His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth? who then shall guide  
His people, who defend? will they not deal  
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n  
He to his own a Comforter will send, 486

The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spi'rit within them, and the law of faith  
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,  
To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490

With spiritual armour, able to resist  
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,  
What man can do against them, not afraid,  
Though to the death, against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompens'd, 495

And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit  
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the nations, then on all  
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gift indue, 500

To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length,  
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505

Their doctrine and their story written left,  
They die. But in their room, as they forewarn,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n  
To their own vile advantages shall turn 510

Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left only in those written records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.

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Then shall they seek to' avail themselves of names, 515  
 Places, and titles, and with these to join  
 Secular pow'r, though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
 The Spi'rit of God, promis'd alike and given  
 To all believers; and from that pretence, 520  
 Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force  
 On every conscience; laws which none shall find  
 Left them inroll'd, or what the Spi'rit within  
 Shall on the heart ingrave. What will they then  
 But force the Spi'rit of grace itself, and bind 525  
 His consort liberty? what but unbuild  
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
 Their own faith, not another's? for on earth  
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? yet many will presume: 530  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of spi'rit and truth; the rest, far greater part,  
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
 Religion satisfy'd; truth shall retire 535  
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith  
 Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
 Under her own weight groaning, till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just, 540  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,  
 The woman's seed, obscurely then foretold,  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
 Last in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd 545  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted world, then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
 New Heav'ns, new earth, ages of endless date

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Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,  
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss. 550

He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd.  
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest'd,  
Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,  
Till time stand fix'd? Beyond is all abyss, 555  
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560

Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only God, to walk  
As in his presence, ever to observe  
His providence, and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good 565  
Still overcoming evil, and by small

Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak  
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake  
Is fortitude to highest victory, 570

And, to the faithful, death the gate of life;  
Taught this by his example, whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest'd.

To whom thus also th' Angel last reply'd.  
This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum 575  
Of wisdom; hope no high'er, though all the stars  
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal pow'rs,  
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,  
Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or sea,  
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, 580

And all the rule, one empire; only add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,  
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,  
By name to come call'd charity, the soul



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Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loath 585  
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.  
 Let us descend now therefore from this top  
 Of speculation ; for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence ; and see the guards, 590  
 By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect  
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;  
 We may no longer stay : go, waken Eve ;  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd 595  
 Portending good, and all her Spi'rits compos'd  
 To meek submission : thou at season fit  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,  
 (The great deliverance by her seed to come 600  
 For by the woman's seed) on all mankind :  
 'That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous though sad,  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more chear'd  
 With meditation on the happy end. 605

He ended ; and they both descend the hill ;  
 Descended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve  
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd ;  
 And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know ;  
 For God is also' in sleep, and dreams advise, 611  
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
 Presaging, since with sorrow' and heart's distress  
 Wearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ;  
 In me is no delay ; with thee to go, 615  
 Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me  
 Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence,

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This further consolation yet secure 620

I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,

Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,

By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve ; and Adam heard

Well pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh 625

Th' Arch-angel stood, and from the other hill

To their fix'd station, all in bright array,

The Cherubim descended ; on the ground

Gliding meteorous, as evening-mist

Ris'n from a river o'er the marsh glides, 630

And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel

Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,

The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd

Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,

And vapour as the Libyan air adust, 635

Began to parch that temp'rate clime ; whereat

In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught

Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate

Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast

To the subjected plain ; then disappear'd. 640

They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld

Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,

Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate

With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms :

Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon ;

The world was all before them, where to choose 646

Their place of rest, and Providence their guide :

They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.

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